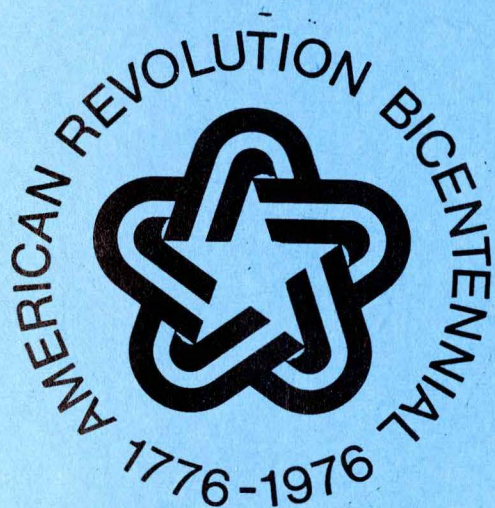


TOWN HALL SERIES



**Ames American
Revolution
Bicentennial
Commission**

INTRODUCTION

People of Ames, Iowa began planning for their 1976 bicentennial celebration in May, 1974, when the Mayor's Ames American Revolution Bicentennial Commission met for the first time. Members divided into Heritage, Festival and Horizons subcommittees, according to their individual interests.

The Heritage Committee people, dealing with history, decided that a Speakers' Bureau and a Town Hall series featuring those speakers should be an important segment of their plan. They hoped to help set the tone and the stage for local celebration and future planning by helping the citizens of Ames realize what came before them.

Between September, 1975, when the bureau became active, and June, 1976, the speakers presented 185 programs on topics covered in the pages that follow.

Listener groups were diverse--from grade school children to senior citizens; from service clubs to social clubs; from religious organizations to foreign student gatherings.

All citizens were invited to hear the speakers during the fifteen-week Town Hall series in Room 202 of Ames High School. Most programs were taped, and the tapes have been transcribed into what we hope will provide a record of the historical portion of the Ames bicentennial celebration.

Heritage Committee
Dorothy Schwieder, Chairman
Ames American Revolution Bicentennial
Commission

APRIL, 1977

T O W N H A L L S E R I E S

A 15-week series of BICENTENNIAL SPEAKERS

Each Thursday evening - January 22 through April 29, 1976 - 7:30 to 9:00 p.m.
Room 202 of the Ames Senior High School

(Tapes edited by Ellen Landon, AARBC Communications Committee)

- January 22 *BICENTENNIAL PERSPECTIVES BEYOND PATRIOTISM: OTHER PARTISAN VIEWS OF THE PAST* - DR. DAVID GRADWOHL, Professor of Anthropology, Iowa State University
- January 29 *BEFORE THE BICENTENNIAL: AN ARCHAEOLOGIST LOOKS AT THE NATIVE AMERICAN PAST IN IOWA* - DR. DAVID GRADWOHL
- February 5 *RURAL LIVING AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY* - RAY CUNNINGHAM, former Executive Secretary of the YMCA at Iowa State University
- February 12 *EARLY AREA CHURCHES* - MRS. JULIUS BLACK, Chairperson of Commission on Archives and History of United Methodist Church and chairperson for churches of the Iowa Bicentennial American Revolution Commission
- February 19 *RESTORATION OF THE FARM HOUSE ON THE ISU CAMPUS* - NEVA PETERSEN, former professor in Applied Art Department, College of Home Economics, Iowa State University
- February 26 *DILEMMAS OF DECISION MAKING DURING THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION* - DR. CLAIR KELLER, Colonial historian, Iowa State University
- March 4 *HISTORY OF AMES CITY GOVERNMENT* -- DR. J. C. SCHILLETTER, former Ames City Councilman and former Director of Residence at Iowa State University.
- March 11 *PAINTING AND SCULPTURE OF EARLY AMERICA* - MRS. MARJORIE RUSSELL, former chairman of Tour Department of the Education Division, Minneapolis Institute of Arts
- March 18 *ARCHITECTURE AND DECORATIVE ARTS OF EARLY AMERICA* - MRS. MARJORIE RUSSELL
- March 25 *AN AMES ALBUM* - FARWELL BROWN. descendant of early Ames family and collector of early Ames pictures
- April 1 *HISTORY OF THE IOWA STATE UNIVERSITY YMCA* - RAY CUNNINGHAM
- April 8 *HISTORY OF AMES* - MRS. WALTER F. MEADS, first Public Information Assistant for the City of Ames and author of *At the Squaw and the Skunk*
- April 15 *A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF IOWA STATE AS SEEN THROUGH ITS PRESIDENTS* - MRS. RALPH BEAN, former Iowa State University Archivist
- April 22 *WHEN WE WERE IN SCHOOL* - DR. MARGARET SLOSS, former professor of Veterinary Medicine and first woman on staff of that College.
- April 29 *WHO WERE THE REVOLUTIONARIES AND THE LOYALISTS?* - Dr. Clair Keller

BICENTENNIAL PERSPECTIVES BEYOND

PATRIOTISM: OTHER PARTISAN

VIEWS OF THE PAST

January 22, 1976

by

David Gradwohl

Dorothy Schwieder: I would like to welcome you tonight to the first presentation in the Town Hall Series. My name is Dorothy Schwieder. I am a member of the Ames Bicentennial Commission and very happy to see so many people here and very pleased that you were able to come. For the next fifteen weeks, as I'm sure most of you know, we'll be presenting a weekly program. We're very pleased that these programs reflect a great deal of variety. Some of them deal more with local history. Many of them deal with a little broader focus such as state history and several of these programs deal with national scenes or national topics. One of the things that has been reflected in our series is what's happening in many parts of the Midwest. If we're talking about white settlement, white government, there wasn't much going on here in 1776. So in many parts of the Midwest, where this was true, the emphasis instead has been on looking at the local history, what has happened since the communities were started. In Ames, for example, starting in 1864 we've been able to really concentrate on our history since that time. So I think it's a very good trend and I think that is reflected, too, in the programs that you will hear.

Our speaker for this evening, David Gradwohl, is a staff member at Iowa State University. He is a professor in the Department of Sociology and Anthropology. He and his family have been residents here for fourteen years and he has been involved in many things. The one area he is identified with is the Native Indian American program. I should say Native American program. He has been involved in several symposia that have been put on regarding the Native Americans; I know that he has been involved in a tutoring program that is being carried on at the Tama settlement by people from Iowa State University. He's talking about an area tonight that he feels very strongly about and next week he will also have a program. That will be along a little different line. His focus tonight is considerably broader than it will be next week when he talks about the pre-history of the Iowa region. Tonight he's going to give us some different perspectives on the Bicentennial and in thinking about what I would say I thought, "Well, I've heard David speak a number of times. He's very gracious in coming to my classes and giving guest lectures and I always know when I invite him that it will be very interesting, that it will be very lively and that it will be somewhat provocative." And I have a feeling that what he will present tonight will be along those same lines and you will be interested and I am sure you will go away with some new perspectives that maybe you didn't have before. So, David Gradwohl, "Bicentennial Perspectives Beyond Patriotism: Other Partisan Views of the Past."

When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation. We hold these truths to be self evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

These are familiar words to us all from the American Declaration of Independence. They are known well from our history textbooks. They are kindling for the fire of our American patriotism.

Less familiar, perhaps, are the reactions of other participants in those events: for example, the attitudes of King George III on the other side of the Atlantic and the other side of the controversy. He said,

May my deluded subjects on the other side of the Atlantic behold their impending destruction with half the horror that I feel on this occasion. Then I think I shall soon hear their throwing off the yoke of Republicanism and, like loyal subjects, returning to that duty they owe an indulgent sovereign.¹

According to the American colonists' position, that sovereign was not very indulgent! Their Declaration of Independence had a long list of specific grievances. It went on to state that

The history of the present king of Great Britain is a history of repeated usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these states. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

Then it lists a bunch of grievances. One grievance involved the colonists' relationships vis-a-vis the Native American, the American Indian. Of King George they said,

He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontier the merciless, Indian savages whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions.

Native Americans, on the other hand, did not and do not consider themselves savages or anything less than fully human. Consider the words, for example, of Luther Standing Bear, an Ogalala LaKota Sioux, in his book, Land of the Spotted Eagle, published in 1933.

White men seem to have difficulty in realizing that people who live differently from themselves might be traveling the upward and progressive road of life. After nearly 400 years living upon this continent, it is still popular conception, on the part of the Caucasian mind, to regard the Native American as a savage, meaning

that he is low in thought and feeling and cruel in acts; that he is a heathen, meaning that he is incapable, therefore void, of high philosophical thought concerning life and life's relations. For this "savage" the white man has little brotherly love and little understanding. From the Indian the white man stands off and aloof, scarcely deigning to speak or to touch his hand in human fellowship.²

It's hard for me in reading that to remember that this was written in the 1930's before the period of Indian militancy and the American Indian movement.

Yet Anglo Americans still extol the upward progress of their nation in haughty terms. Listen to words recently spoken.

As we begin our bicentennial, America is one of the youngest nations in recorded history In man's long upward march from savagery and slavery . . . there have been many deep, terrifying valleys but also many bright and towering peaks One peak stands highest in the ranges of human history. One example shines forth of a people uniting to produce this abundance and to share the good life fairly and in freedom. One union holds out the promise of justice and opportunity for every citizen. That union is the United States of America.³

And those words were the words of President Gerald R. Ford three days ago in his State of the Union address, the history that was written on the nineteenth of January, 1976.

Contemporary Native Americans have different views. Ronnie Lupe, who is chairman of the White Mountain Apache Tribal Council in Arizona had this to say in Wassaja, which is the newspaper put out by the American Indian Historical Society in San Francisco.

It's not our bicentennial celebration. Indians are being asked to participate in the bicentennial celebration but the white man doesn't understand that this is not ours. We are natives to this continent. Indians don't need to celebrate 200 years of existence. We have always been here.⁴

Vine Deloria is a person whom some of you may remember when he was here in this community. He is a graduate of Iowa State University, a matter he doesn't particularly advertise, I might add. He is a Standing Rock Sioux and now an attorney. He's had much to say in books which you have probably read: Custer Died for Your Sins; God Is Red; We Talk, You Listen; Behind the Trail of Broken Treaties. He also commented in the Des Moines Register on the sixteenth of November last year:

Who wants to celebrate 200 years of being ripped off? There are 300 broken treaties. In the last 100 years the federal government has taken our land, water, minerals, and everything else.

Deloria's opinion is shared by many other Native Americans. Mrs. Rose Clifford, who is an Ogalala Sioux and is Director of the Heart of America Indian Center in Kansas City, said this:

It's not the Indian's bicentennial. Two hundred years ago our country was beginning to be taken away. The bicentennial represents a loss. There is nothing to celebrate.⁶

Charles Johnson is Director of the Portland (Oregon) Indian Program. He and his organization were invited to join the Oregon Bicentennial Commission. Johnson declined saying

We felt like the invitation was like the Germans inviting the Jews to celebrate Hitler's rise to power.⁷

These are some of the many different perspectives on the American Revolution of 1776, the bicentennial observances of that event in 1976, and the antagonistic participants in these linked events. How can there be such divergent views of the past and how can such hostilities persist through centuries until today? Each of us has to ask what we know about the past. What kind of historical processes and informational sources have shaped our perspectives?

In 1776, so far as I know, all of my ancestors were still in Europe. Prior to the middle 1800's, however, some of my ancestors had fled to the United States, apparently unappreciative of the liberating influences the Prussians and their kind had in Bavaria and Alsace-Lorraine! By the time of the American Civil War, I had a great grandfather from New York, ultimately in the militia and on the Union side. I also had a great grandfather from North Carolina whose affiliation was on the side of the Confederacy. I used to ask myself, "How could that be?"

My wife and I cope with the fact that our families were on different sides of World War I. While in college my wife was tempted to apply for an American Legion scholarship awarded to descendants of veterans of World War I. She did not, however, suspecting (correctly for the era of Joseph McCarthy) that our local American Legion chapter would not have a sense of humor (much less a sense of dignity) about the fact that her grandfather had been an officer and recipient of the Iron Cross in the German army during World War I.

In the middle of the 1950's I was drafted into the United States Army and served in the military occupation of western Germany: a somewhat unwilling interruption of my graduate studies, but one accepted it as the consequence of being an American citizen. A decade later my students at Iowa State University, candidly avoiding the draft into the army fighting the war in Vietnam, pressed me with the question I had asked of the image of my Confederate great grandfather, "How could that be?"

Now my children must struggle with these various heritages and historical experiences as transmitted to them in books and in the lives of people whom they know personally. They are learning to cope with the knowledge and significance of the fact that during World War II some of their great grandparents were exterminated at Theresienstadt--vibrant human beings loaded into specially constructed crematoria and reduced to ashes, and even those physical

remains of former life further ground and scattered to the anonymous oblivion of time. And my children ask their parents, "How could that be?"

The answers to that recurring question are complex, in some cases, not completely attainable. But they involve varying perspectives and differing kinds of knowledge about the past. In a philosophical, if not a real, sense, there are different pasts: the past as experienced by individual human beings, the past as perceived through the written documents of history, the past as believed through oral traditions (folk tales, legends and myths). There are also the pasts as reconstructed by archaeologists from material remains which have been preserved through time. And that topic I will deal with in next week's Town Hall session.

The study of the past should not be for the past per se or history for history's sake. It should rather be, I believe, an attempt to recognize the degree to which the present has been shaped by the past and an awareness that we can today (to some extent at least) make choices and take sentient courses of action which can recast the present and perhaps contribute toward a better heritage for the future. We cannot relive or literally re-enact the past, though we can rethink and even rewrite history in a figurative sense. We can, however, change the present and, in that sense, shape the future. These possibilities, in my mind, are the essence of what we ought to derive from bicentennial observances.

This evening I want to focus on the historical events relating to the years surrounding 1776, events which we refer to as the American Revolution or the War of Independence. I approach the subject not as an historian, which I am not, but rather as an anthropologist, particularly interested in differing cross-cultural perspectives on the events. I am interested in the events of 1776. More so, I am intrigued with the manner in which those events were perceived by their participants, and most importantly how they are perceived by the actual and fictive descendents of those participants today, some two centuries later. The matter is hopefully more than just a pedantic intrigue: for the controversies and arguments today are heritages of various partisan views of the past.

This presentation ought to be a panel discussion but unfortunately many of the partisans are long dead. Others are alive and well but not with us here in Ames, center of our universe, tonight. Some of them perhaps will be appearing at the symposium which we will be hosting in April, a symposium co-sponsored by the United Native American Student Association, the Committee on American Indian Studies, and the Iowa Bicentennial Commission. This presentation might also be multi-media to give us literal sensations of the noise of cannons and battle cries, the smell of gunpowder, and the stench of death, and the visual images of flags and exhausted soldiers and militiamen. Unfortunately, the Ames Bicentennial Commission could not fund such a multi-media presentation, so I will be the medium and hopefully the bearer of a message. I will depend primarily upon a montage derived from the mouths and pens of various partisans. Throughout these juxtapositions we can see that the actors and scenes are differently cast. Heroes and patriots are villains and traitors. Sons of Liberty are rebels. Freedom fighters are disobedient servants. Brave soldiers are cowards. Everyone is a savage in someone else's play, while the directors are, of course, civilized gentle

people. Wars are battles. Battles are skirmishes. Some confrontations are barely mentioned by one partisan, while others not only mention the event but write odes to places where "embattled farmers stood and fired the shot heard round the world." Even today revisionist military authorities describe well-documented massacres as "spontaneous and heated" confrontations, in which the victors showed "great restraint and compassion" toward the vanquished.

To understand these matters better, let us look further into these differing partisan views.

We are perhaps aware of the initial scene. Our textbooks are full (and the Declaration of Independence is a recital) of the list of inequities as they were perceived by the colonists--the social and economic conditions of the American colonists under the British sovereign. Patrick Henry discussed these in the Assembly of Virginia. And when he discussed them, the speaker of the house gavelled him down shouting "treason, treason." Patrick Henry's response was "Caesar had his Brutus; Charles the First his Oliver Cromwell and George III may profit from their experience. If this be treason, make the most of it."⁸

King George III continued to be imperious, as one might expect of a king about to lose his subjects. In a letter to Lord North, in February of 1774, King George said this,

Since you left me this day, I have seen Lt. General Gage . . . He says they [the Americans] will be lions, whilst we are lambs, but if we take the resolute part, they will undoubtedly prove very meek. All men now seem to feel that the fatal compliance in 1766 [the repeal of the Stamp Act] has encouraged the Americans annually to increase their pretensions to that thorough independency which one state has of another, but which is quite subversive of the obedience which a colony owes its mother country.⁹

King George was particularly piqued at Lord Chatham and he commented as follows after Lord Chatham had made some remarks in the House of Lords.

Like most of the other productions of that extraordinary brain, [referring to Lord Chatham] it contains nothing but specious words and malevolence, for no one who reads it, if unacquainted with the conduct of the mother country and its colonies, (but) must suppose the Americans poor, mild persons, who after unheard of and repeated grievances had no choice but slavery or the sword. Whilst the truth is that the too great lenity of this country increased their pride and encouraged them to rebel.¹⁰

King George, of course, had his detractors in England other than Chatham. He had to deal with not only Chatham and his associates but the American colonists. In an unfinished memorandum, he had this to say about his adversaries:

Perhaps no one in our history can produce so strange a circumstance as the gentlemen who pretend to be patriots, instead of acting agreeable to such sentiments, avowing the unnatural doctrine of encouraging the American colonies in their disputes

with their mother country: This so plainly shows that men, not measures, decide their opinions, that it is not necessary to deduce the total want of principle which this motley tribe by their conduct [shows]¹¹

The memorandum isn't finished, but I think we get the idea.

There are, of course, many other British views and many of these come from the British soldiers who were actually on the scene fighting against the American colonists. They, of course, viewed the American colonists (the guys on our side, the patriots) as disobedient servants, the rabble. To the British soldiers, the American Colonists were guilty of treason and they were also savages. This was a surprise to me because the savages were supposed to be on the other side! Whoever heard of savage patriots? Lord Dartmouth, the colonial secretary to General Gage, wrote this in a letter to General Gage. He speaks of civil disobedience and the maintenance of law and order. One would think, of course, that it was written in the 1960's; but it was written in the 1770's:

The violences committed by those who have taken up arms in Massachusetts have appeared to me as the acts of rude rabble without plans, without concern, without conduct The first essential step to be taken towards reestablishing government would be to arrest and imprison the principal actors and abettors in the provincial congress (whose proceedings appear in every light to be acts of treason and rebellion)¹²

A British historian, J. Steven Watson, a student and tutor of Christ Church College at Oxford, is rather subdued in his description of the battles of Lexington and Concord, the shots heard round the world, our rallying cry. This is how he puts it.

Massachusetts had armed its militia to resist attack from General Gage. They had stored arms at Concord, some twenty miles from Boston. It was likely in such a situation that any chance event would start the firing. On the nineteenth of April, 1775, Gage sent a party to Concord to confiscate the rebel arms. At Lexington, on their road, they were engaged in a small skirmish with a body of the militia. The stores at Concord were destroyed at their approach and the troops then made their way back under skirmishing attacks to Charleston near Boston.¹³

Just a bunch of little skirmishes? The score was the Boston Braves, 60; and George's Gang, 273! The colonials were reported to have lost 60, whereas the British lost 273.

Listen further to the manner in which our patriotic heroes were described by James Wolfe, a British officer, who was referring primarily to his experience at Louisburg.

The Americans are, in general, the dirtiest, most contemptible cowardly dogs that you can conceive. There is no depending on them in action. They will fall down dead in their own dirt and

desert by battalions, officers and all. Such rascals as those are rather an encumbrance than any real strength to an army.

The worst diatribe was probably that by John Montagu, the Fourth Earl of Sandwich (whom we remember every time we eat lunch).¹⁴ Perhaps you would like to remember some of his comments about our great patriots: (As a matter of fact, his comments were such a diatribe that he was even criticized by his own peers as being a little bit too nasty.)

The noble lord mentions the impracticality of conquering America. I cannot think that the noble lord can be serious on this matter. Suppose the colonies do abound in men. What does that signify? They are raw, undisciplined, cowardly men. I wish instead of forty or fifty thousand of these brave fellows, they would produce in the field at least 200 thousand, the more the better, the easier would be the conquest. If they did not run away, they would starve themselves into compliance with our measures.

He refers back to Sir Peter Warren's command at the siege of Louisburg:

Behold, every one of them ran from the front to the rear of the army with as much expedition as their feet could carry them, and threatened to go off entirely if the commander offered to make them a shield to protect the British soldiers at the expense of their blood. They did not understand such usage. Sir Peter, finding out what egregious cowards they were and knowing of what importance such numbers must be to intimidate the French by their appearance, told these American heroes that his orders had been misunderstood . . . Now I can tell the noble lord that this is exactly the situation of all the heroes in North America. They are all Romans. And are all these men to fright us from the post of honor? Believe me, my lords, the very sound of a cannon would carry them off, in Sir Peter's words, as fast as their feet could carry them.¹⁵

A British officer who was engaged in the battle, skirmish, or whatever it was at Lexington and Concord, wasn't quite as benign as the British historian at Christ Church College. The officer said

The rebels fought like savages, and treated some who had the misfortune to fall like savages where they scalped them and cut off their ears with the most unmanly brutality. This has irritated the troops to a very high degree; and if in future contests they should meet with some severities from us, they may thank themselves.¹⁶

Well, that brings up the question of who are the savages? The savages, certainly, weren't on our side, were they? The colonists didn't perceive themselves as savages; the savages were the Native Americans who were standing in the way of their settlement. The whole concept of Manifest Destiny, a concept coming out of the Judeo-Christian world view, is that God gave man dominion over the earth. Western man, particularly, had dominion over all of the beasts and birds and all the beings on earth. This was the rationale to

the westward expansion--Manifest Destiny. It's easier, of course, when there is nobody but savages in the way! You reduce the humanity of your antagonists.

One of the best statements of Manifest Destiny that I have found comes from the pen of James Goodhue, who was editor of the Pioneer, an early Minnesota newspaper. He's referring to the treaty of July 31, 1851, with the Native Americans in Minnesota.

It is the greatest event by far in the history of the territory since it was organized. It is the pillar of fire that lights us into a broad Canaan of fertile lands. We behold, now, clearly in no remote perspective, like an exhibition of dissolving views, the red savages with their teepees, their horses and their famished dogs, fading away; and in their places a thousand farms, with their fences and white cottages and waving wheat fields and vast jungles of rustling maize, and villages and cities crowned with spires, and railroads and trains of cars rumbling afar off

Also, in Minnesota about the same time, Charles Eugene Flandrau, who was an Indian agent, had this to say in regard to the removal of the Santee Dakota from their part of Minnesota:

Now when I think of what the Indians gave up and what they got in return, my heart goes out to them in sympathy. Of course, we must not ignore the fact that it was simply the onward march of a superior race destined to supplant an inferior one in his possession.¹⁸

(Perhaps this is President Ford's onward, upward march, shall we say, to the highest peak known to humanity?)

One of my favorite bigots is Eugene Hastie. He wrote a book called High Points in Iowa History. I don't know how he was getting high when he was looking at Iowa history, but it's simply extraordinary! I will go into some of these Iowa applications a little more next week. I've abstracted parts of this book, High Points in Iowa History, published in 1966 and still in many libraries and used in many schools throughout the state. Listen to what Hastie has to say about the Native Americans:

The true and primitive Americans were the Indians who were found in all parts of the United States. There are over a hundred different named tribes, and to say that they were all alike would be far from the truth. They do have many things in common such as roving and indolence The men cared little for work, but spent their time hunting and fishing and trapping. . . . Being aliens to Christianity, they had little to elevate their thoughts and actions. . . . Sometimes men, women, and children would be drunk. They called it "fire water." Between their annual annuities from the government and the money they received from furs, they had considerable money for those times, but they used poor judgment in using it Dances of various kinds were common, some of which were strenuous and degrading, for they were savages, indeed, not knowing the true God. Their God was the great spirit, more vague than real, and arrival at the happy hunting ground was

their ultimate goal The Sioux were the most vicious and caused more trouble than any of the others. Who hasn't heard of the massacre of General Custer's army by Sitting Bull and his warriors?¹⁹

Siouan students, people of Dakota and Lakota descent in Sioux City and Council Bluffs and Omaha, can read that about their patriots.

For the Mesquakie, Mr. Hastie also has something about their patriots (savages):

The various tribes were friendly except for the Fox who lived along the Wisconsin River. They were so busy in fighting the other tribes that there was little time for the taking of the fur harvest Whether our government did right by the Indians is a debatable question. No doubt they were sometimes tricked and coerced into signing away their lands. Yet the government paid them large sums of money over extended periods and tried to teach them better ways, especially in agriculture. If they had kept their lands and retained their ways, the whole country would still be as it was when Columbus discovered America.²⁰

Many of the Native American militants would say "Yes, right on."

But the Indians didn't react too well to being called savages. After all, they weren't savages! They also weren't emigrants! What is two hundred years to them? They have been here for centuries. They say that they have always been here. One might contest that, but according to their myths and legends, they came up from under the ground from under pieces of wet rock and so forth which isn't much more far fetched perhaps than some of the legends included in Genesis.

There is this difference in time perspective--a difference which we can contrast the Americans (both the colonists and, I would say, ourselves today) with the British and with the Native Americans. I once heard a British historian contrast British people and American people. He said "British think in terms of centuries. Americans think in terms of decades." I have thought about that a lot--the way that we relate through time. What do we feel in the fullness of time? How do we relate? The Native American has experienced long periods of time--hundreds and thousands of years on this continent--and doesn't perceive himself as an emigrant.

Claire A. Manning is a Shoshone-Paiute and she was Miss Indian America in 1975. This is what she commented in Wassaja last June:

I feel like a stranger in my own land. It's time to drop the history book stereotype of the Indian as a bloodthirsty savage and instead approach him on realistic terms.²¹

Wassaja had an editorial in regard to the bicentennial wagon train which was going to start off in Oregon, I believe, and trek across the country to the east coast during the bicentennial year. This is what Wassaja said.

It's a circus, complete with cowboys, pioneer women in full dress, wagons, horses, and the whole gamut of bad theatrical fantasy. But the wagon train is something more. It is an insult to the American Indian to whom the wagon trains symbolize the illegal entry of the settlers who took the Indian land, the adventurers who committed genocide, the destruction of Indian lives and Indian culture.²²

To that, Esther Ross, tribal chairwoman of the Stillaquamish people, said:

For you [white Americans] the train symbolized the strength and determination of the American people. For us it represents the total disregard for those people who first occupied this land.²³

These kinds of comments are rather bland compared to what is coming out of the American Indian Movement. Vernan Bellecourt had this to say:

We have declared this an international year of mourning. We want to focus on two hundred years of infamy, on the events that Americans want to forget, on the death marches, the massacres, and the land grabs.²⁴

Now we know that there were no massacres! There have never been massacres perpetrated by the American army! We have this from the pens of American military reports as recently as this month for example. History is being rewritten: Wounded Knee wasn't a massacre. It just happens that on December 29, 1890, at least 146 Sioux men, women and children were killed. The army says this wasn't a massacre at all. It was just an "unfortunate episode." Actually the soldiers, they said, showed "great restraint and compassion." Here we have photographs, as I might add we do have from My Lai, and the photographs show that the disparity between the two views is something more than semantics. It is something more than the interpretation of certain words.

Some Native Americans have suggested radically different types of celebration for the bicentennial year. Wilson Wolf wrote in Wassaja ("Voice of the Indian: Letters to the Editor") last June:

This is an appeal to the Indian people and tribes. As everyone well knows, the United States will celebrate its bicentennial soon. One nowadays sees political commercials on television of an historic theme. The year of '76 will be an important date. I believe we too have an important date to celebrate. Why not stage our own Indian celebration to coincide with the Fourth of July festivity! When a glorious victory on June 28, 1876, was scored at the Little Bighorn. It will be the centennial of that important Indian date. It was on this date that a great hour of Indian honor and victory occurred, when our gallant forces launched an offensive against enemy frontier aggressors and defeated them.²⁵

Of course the Americans and the English are no longer antagonists. We get along pretty well. One of my memories is spending the Fourth of July in England in 1965. I was faculty advisor for the Iowa State University SPAN

project (Student Project for Amity among Nations). It occurred to us that perhaps, being a project for amity among nations, we should not celebrate the Fourth of July, rub their nose in it and so forth. So we were talking about what we should do and we finally decided that we would have a Fourth of July celebration. But we didn't know whether or not to invite our English colleagues, who were also working on the archaeological dig investigating medieval and Saxon Winchester. The British were quite condescending about it. They said "Well, you'd have gotten your independence sooner or later, anyway. You got it sooner. Let's have a party." They wanted a party so we had the party!

The Euro-Americans and the Native Americans still don't quite agree, however, and this can be seen in historic perspectives and in contemporary perspectives. Let's look first at a statement by Luther Standing Bear, the Lakota whom I quoted before, from his book, Land of the Spotted Eagle.

The white man does not understand the Indian for the reason that he does not understand America. He is too far removed from its formative processes. The roots of the tree of his life have not grasped the rock and soil. The white man is still troubled with primitive fears; he still has in his consciousness the perils of this frontier continent, some of its fastness not yet having yielded to his questing footsteps and inquiring eyes. He shudders still with the memory of the loss of his forefathers upon its scorching deserts and forbidding mountaintops. The man from Europe is still a foreigner and an alien. And he still hates the man who questioned his path across the continent.

But in the Indian the spirit of the land is still vested, it will be until other men are able to divine and meet its rhythm. Men must be born and reborn to belong. Their bodies must be formed of the dust of their forefathers' bones.²⁶

This was written in the 1930's.

Similar voices are heard today. Akwesasne Notes is a newspaper put out by the Mohawk Nation and sponsored by the State University of New York in Buffalo and also D. Q. University. An interesting editorial occurred in the early winter issue of 1975. The title of the editorial was "On Becoming Human Again:"

Two hundred years after the beginning of the United States of America, native people are still experiencing new ravages of their land, resources and dignity Native people have fought for centuries now to keep America free, a place for future generations to put their feet, a land of human dignity where the creation can flourish. They have fought against another way of life and another kind of people who have thought only of themselves, and whose immaturity as human beings causes them to act destructively to other forms of life and even to their own kind The struggle has reached a new phase at this time, however. The oppressor of native people is no longer necessarily a redneck with a gun or a corrupt racist official. People now oppress

native people by flicking switches on their air conditioners-- and cause the flooding of 4,000 James Bay Cree a thousand miles away. They oppress native people with the lifestyle which demands that people all over the world sacrifice basic necessities to support them in luxury.²⁷

Ken Powlas wrote into Wassaja in the April issue last year:

During these next twenty-two months old glory will get an extended workout. The resurrected spirits of the founding fathers will make Lazarus look like a piker. Patriotic oratory, parades, pageantry, and marching bands will inundate the land. The steady drum beat rolls of the revolutionary era will reverberate and echo in every nook and cranny of the nation.

Do you hear the dissent beat that I hear? Why don't you? Why can't you? Why won't you? Is it because you don't care? Disinterested? Apathetic?

Listen to the dissenting beat undercutting your patriotic drum roll Go ahead, white man! Celebrate your American heritage with your bicentennial birthday party of your nation. Why should we celebrate our dependency on your independence day anniversary?

Pardon our black arm bands during such national holidays of yours as Columbus Day, Thanksgiving and Declaration Day.

We Indians will content ourselves daily in our celebration with the great master and mystery of life. We will daily thank him for letting us survive another day. Perhaps by your 400th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, if there are any of us left, the great spirit will have seen fit for the surviving tribes to have an independence of their own to celebrate, daily, not once a year or every century in the hereafter.²⁸

Finally, listen to the words of Clydia Nahwoosky, a Cherokee, who made these comments in front of the Senate Judiciary Committee while a group of people were protesting the American Revolution Bicentennial Commission:

Participation of Native Americans in America's bicentennial should not be a celebration of the past, for no American can truly celebrate in speeches or fireworks, the events of Sand Creek, or Washita, or Wounded Knee. Neither should this be a celebration of the present, for who can celebrate the unemployment, the bad health and poor housing which characterize the lives of so many American Indians, Eskimo and Aleut people. [The] bicentennial should be a time for heightened ethnic awareness and correction of inequities.²⁹

After a few centuries we Euro-Americans can perhaps see a little more maturely and look at things and experience things with the fullness of time. We can experience and relate to centuries and not to decades. Perhaps this is the domain in which we can observe the bicentennial. We cannot choose our ancestors, but we can attempt to understand them and their contemporaries.

Such understanding ought to suggest kinds of better courses of action for ourselves today. In these ways perhaps we can more effectively shape the heritage of our descendants--not with the idea that partisanship and different ways of being human will be eliminated but that the consequences of these differences will result in fewer economic and social inequities within the various groups making up the American society.

That's the end of my oration! I hope maybe I have stimulated some controversy and a basis for discussion.

FOOTNOTES

1. Alan Lloyd, The King Who Lost America: A Portrait of the Life and Times of George III (Garden City: Doubleday, 1971), pp. 239-240.
2. Luther Standing Bear, Land of the Spotted Eagle (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1933), p. vii.
3. Des Moines Register, 20 January, p. 4a.
4. Wassaja, "It's Not Our Bicentennial," Vol. 3, #7, p. 2, August 1975.
5. Des Moines Sunday Register, "No Centennial Joy for Them," 16 November 1975.
6. Wassaja, "Bicentennial: Indian Loss," Vol. 3, #11, p. 12, Nov/Dec 1975.
7. Wassaja, "Divided Opinion on Bicentennial," Vol. 3, #10, p. 8, October 1975.
8. Frank Arthur Mumby, George III and the American Revolution: The Beginnings (Kraus Reprint, 1970. Original: London: Constable & Co., 1924), p. 112.
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10. Dobree 1968, p. 118.
11. Dobree 1968, p. 108.
12. Mumby 1970, p. 375.
13. J. Steven Watson, The Reign of George III, 1760-1815 (Oxford: Clarendon Press, pp. 201-202.
14. Mumby 1970, p. 94.
15. Mumby 1970, pp. 382-383.
16. Lloyd 1971, pp. 222-223.
17. Bertha L. Heilbron, "Frank B. Mayer and the Treaties of 1851, "Minnesota History (St. Paul: Minnesota Historical Society, 1941), Vol. 22, p. 142.
18. Charles Eugene Flandrau, Recollections of the Past in Minnesota (St. Paul: Pioneer Press, 1881), p. 5.
19. Eugene N. Hastie, High Points in Iowa History (Perry, Iowa, 1966), pp. 37, 40-41, 43, 45, 46.
20. Ibid.
21. Wassaja, "Indian is Bypassed Manning Says," Vol. 3, #5, p. 9, June 1975.
22. Wassaja, "Crossing the U.S. in Honor of Genocide," Vol. 3, #6, p. 12, July 1975.
23. Ibid.
24. Des Moines Sunday Register, "No Centennial Joy for Them," 16 November 1975.
25. Wassaja, "Voice of the Indian (Letters to the Editor)," Vol. 3, #5, p. 13, June 1975.
26. Luther Standing Bear 1933, p. 248.
27. Akwesasne Notes, "On Becoming Human Again" (Editorial), Vol. 7, #5, p. 31, Early Winter 1975.

28. Wassaja, "The Bicentennial Celebration of Independence Day: Another Beat," Vol. 3, #3, p. 11, April 1975.
29. Akwesasne Notes, Vol. 7, #3, Late Summer, 1975.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS FOLLOWING DR. GRADWOHL'S LECTURE

Comment from a Member of Audience: I WOULD JUST LIKE TO ADD A NOTE TO THE LAST POINT THAT YOU MADE. IT IS AN INTERESTING PARALLEL BUT IT DOESN'T DEAL WITH THE INDIANS. BUT YOUR POINT AT THE END THAT WE SHOULD BEGIN TO RECOGNIZE AND APPRECIATE DIFFERENCES AND I THINK THAT IN A GENERAL STUDY OF AMERICAN HISTORY THIS IS WHERE I'M SURE YOU'VE HEARD THE OLD MELTING POT THEORY WHERE THE IDEA WAS THAT THE IMMIGRANTS CAME ACROSS; THEY ALL LOST THE OLD CULTURE AND WENT THROUGH THE SAME MEAT GRINDER, THEY BECAME AMERICANIZED. AND FOR MANY, MANY YEARS THIS WAS THE THINKING, THAT EVERYONE LOST ALL THEIR IDENTIFICATION AND THAT THIS WAS GOOD. BUT ANYONE WHO RETAINED THE OLD WAYS, SOMEHOW THIS WAS WRONG. HISTORIANS HAVE COME TO SEE THAT THE MELTING POT THEORY NEVER REALLY DID WORK, THAT THESE PEOPLE DID RETAIN THEIR IDENTITY AND WE'VE FINALLY COME TO THE POINT WHERE WE RECOGNIZE IT WAS REALLY A VERY POSITIVE THING. THESE ETHNIC DIFFERENCES STILL EXIST. WE SHOULD APPRECIATE IT AND WE SHOULD BE VERY PLEASED WITH THE FACT THAT WE ARE A NATION OF DIVERSITY, THAT EVERYONE DIDN'T TURN OUT TO BE THE SAME.

GRADWOHL: I think it does, very much so. I think there was a period where at least at the explicit level there was this one hundred percent American and melting pot, don't-show-your-ethnicity sort of world view, whereas now I think it isn't as though it isn't there; it is simply recognized. To me, those kinds of paths ought to be alternatives. Some people don't want to relate that way, but if they want to, there ought to be those alternatives for various kinds of Euro-Americans, for Afro-Americans, Native Americans, and so forth.

WHAT STEPS CAN BE TAKEN TO RECONCILE THESE TOTALLY DIFFERENT PERSPECTIVES?
(Doris Epstein)

Well, they're not easy answers. I think part of this would be trying to recognize the basis for diversity. You and I have commented on this in regards to books in the library. There are all kinds of racist and sexist things that most of us are very inured to. I mean we just don't even recognize them until we start looking at them. And I didn't even know, for example, that the Indians were savages in the Declaration of Independence until I started reading things for this talk tonight. That really shocked me! I think we can be aware of these things and in various areas where we work in the community and in educational systems and so forth try to correct these as much as we can. In the case of Iowa, I think we ought to try to influence the lawmakers. We have laws which will allow this diversity. Indians at the Mesquakie settlement, many of them, there are factions, but many of them want a bilingual-bicultural school. And it is very difficult for them to have this but I think that those who want a bilingual-bicultural heritage ought to have

it. They are fighting an uphill battle. We are too ethnocentric in our own society that we don't teach foreign languages in the grade schools. They are flushing them out of most of the junior and senior high schools: we don't need to have foreign languages! let everybody speak English! I think that the foreign language and cross-cultural things are one way you see of bringing about this mature, human experience.

WHAT IS THE HANGUP WITH THE MESQUAKIE? WHY ARE THEY HAVING SUCH A DIFFICULT TIME (AS OPPOSED TO THE AMISH)?

Well, part of it is the Bureau of Indian Affairs. I suspect that part of it is that it's easier to make this concession for another European group but if you are going to have to do it for "savages," that's going a little too far. That may be overly cynical but there may be something in that. But with the Mesquakie, first of all, there is a different power base, I think, and I'm certainly not going to speak for the Amish, whose authority is sitting here in front of me. But with the Mesquakie I think there is that. There is also factionalism. There are those Mesquakie (and while I don't agree with that position, I think it ought to be their prerogative) who simply just want to melt into white American society and not to make a wave. Part of it is the manipulation of the BIA. I personally think that they could have their own school.

PART OF IT TOO, I BELIEVE, IS THAT THE AMISH SUBSCRIBES TO THE PROTESTANT WORK ETHIC AND THE INDIAN DOESN'T, NECESSARILY.

I would agree. Do you think that is important in terms of the school issue?

YES, I DO. I LIVED IN MARSHALLTOWN IN 1968 AND 1971 WHEN THEY WERE HAVING DISCUSSION ABOUT WHETHER SOUTH TAMA COUNTY DISTRICT SHOULD CONTINUE TO OPERATE A SCHOOL ON THE SETTLEMENT AND THE BIA SENT OUT ONE OF THEIR BUREAUCRATS. I DON'T REMEMBER THE MAN'S NAME BUT HE CONSTANTLY TALKED ABOUT THE RESERVATION, WHICH IT WASN'T, AND THAT IRRITATED THE INDIANS. THEY HAD PURCHASED THAT LAND WITH THEIR OWN MONEY AND IT WASN'T GIVEN TO THEM BY THE U.S. GOVERNMENT. WHEN THEY HAD THE TRIBAL COUNCIL WHERE THE SCHOOL BOARD AND THE LEADERS OF THE SETTLEMENT MET THE CHIEFS, I GUESS WERE THERE WHENEVER HE REFERRED TO A WHITE PERSON, IT WAS MR. OR MRS. WHENEVER HE REFERRED TO AN INDIAN, IT WAS BY THEIR FIRST NAME. FRANKLY, HE CLASSIFIED IT UP ROYALLY AS FAR AS TRYING TO SMOOTH OVER ANY DIFFICULTY THEY WERE HAVING. AND THE WHITE SCHOOL IN TAMA DID NOT IGNORE THE INDIAN.

This is true. I get this from Indian students that I know, some of whom have come to Iowa State. They are called "chief." "Hello chief." This may be funny or it may not be. Luther Standing Bear commented about this back in 1933. It's like going up to somebody from England or the United States and saying "Hey, Queen," or "Hey, President." What relevance does that add? One Indian student told me that his sister's mouth was washed out with soap by her teacher for speaking Mesquakie. I asked the student if he knew what, to a European, washing the mouth out with soap meant. He didn't. And I said "I do; because many is the time I had my mouth washed out with soap as a child." Dirty, filth, and so forth so you clean the mouth. So you could just see this teacher washing the filth of the Mesquakie language out of the mouth of this student. I don't even know how often these things happen, but they happen.

And they are part of this whole image. If they happen once, it terrorizes generations of students. And I think it is very unfortunate. I think almost, it's the majority situation in most Indian schools. Things that have been written on the way the teachers are trained to teach Indians--and I suspect that it goes on with many other minority groups, too. Even in Ames, there are some problems, perhaps not of that magnitude that we see at the Mesquakie settlement, but there are problems if you are not part of the whole majority.

COULD I ASK YOU TO COMMENT FURTHER ON THE SCHOOLS. IS IT THE BIA WHO IS CONDUCTING THE MESQUAKIE SCHOOL?

The BIA has certain responsibilities or obligations to the Mesquakie, that are analagous to "reservations" that other Indians have, but the Mesquakie land is a settlement and not a reservation. And this is extremely important to them and it is almost unique in the American Indian history.

COULD YOU COMMENT ON THE SCHOOLS THAT ARE OPERATED BY THE BIA.

Most of them, I would say, are not of the quality that they should be. This is one problem with the Mesquakie controversy. They want to hang on to their school at the settlement and yet that isn't quite what they want either. But it is a bad situation. The kids for a while go to the school right on the settlement run by the BIA. Then they are taken off the settlement and most of them go to school in South Tama. Some of them go to Toledo and Montour. The relationships between the Mesquakie and the dominant whites are pretty bad. There is a lot of resentment. I think, again, what the Mesquakie wants (I can't say all Mesquakie, but certainly one faction) would be to have an entire school system there from kindergarten through high school. This might be hard. You have to look at it with this whole consolidation issue in Iowa. How "efficient" is it to have these small schools? But what one faction would like would be to have an entire "K through 12" school there and have it bilingual and bicultural and have it staffed by people who know something about the Mesquakie's heritage and can relate to it.

IN SOUTH DAKOTA I REMEMBER HEARING A LEARNED GENTLEMAN TALK ABOUT WHAT HE CALLED THE FRUITCAKE THEORY. YOU BUILT AN EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM AND A WHOLE COMMUNITY IF THEY'D STAY THERE. OKAY, WE'LL STAND AROUND THE OUTSIDE AND WATCH YOU AND AS LONG AS YOU DON'T HAVE SOME ACTIVITY LIKE A CEREMONY OR RITUAL IN WHICH YOU BECOME THREATENING TO US AND THEN YOU GO TO THE BIA INDIAN SCHOOLS LIKE THEY HAVE AT PIPESTONE AND OTHERS AND ONE OF THE THINGS WE OFTEN FAIL TO SEE IS THAT THESE BECOME THE BIA'S THINGS AND SYSTEM AND THEY'RE INCONSISTENT BETWEEN GENERATIONS OVER TIME. ONE SET OF PEOPLE GROWS UP WITH ONE IDEA OF A SETTLEMENT SCHOOL IN WHICH WE LEARN TO BE ASSIMILATED INTO THE OUTSIDE AND THEN THE NEXT TIME AROUND THE BIA REVERSES THEMSELVES. (Elmer Schwieder)

This is a problem. In the case of the Mesquakie, for years, as an anthropologist observed (and I might add the anthropologists aren't the biggest heroes over on the settlement) but Tax observed that the BIA would come in and say "Hey, folks, how'd you like to close down some grades in your school?" And the Mesquakie would say "No." They'd say: "Okay, we're closing the eleventh and twelfth grades." Years later they'd come back and say, "Hey, how'd you like to close down a couple more grades." They'd

say "No." Finally, until along about 1970, 1971, the Mesquakies just said: "We're taking you to court." And they got that stayed. But it is only part of the case. In a way, it's almost more awkward because they are constantly shifting back and forth.

ONE OF THE MOST HORRIFYING STORIES IN LIGHT OF THIS THAT I HAVE EVER HEARD MADISON, WISCONSIN IT WAS REALLY PART OF THEIR ADULT EDUCATION IN THE SUMMER, AND I WAS VERY PLEASED TO SEE A NUMBER OF INDIANS IN THE GROUP THE INPUT THAT THEY PUT INTO IT. ONE OF THE GIRLS STOOD UP AND DESCRIBED WHAT IT WAS LIKE WHEN SHE WAS A CHILD IN A VERY NORTHERN TRIBE. THEY CAME ONTO THE RESERVATION AND ACTUALLY KIDNAPPED THE CHILDREN OFF THE RESERVATION AND SHIPPED THEM TO ARIZONA TO SCHOOL IN AN ATTEMPT, SUPPOSEDLY, TO BREAK THEM OF ANY POSSIBLE LANGUAGE BARRIER. SHE TALKED ABOUT HOW HER BROTHER HAD ESCAPED THE FIRST ROUNDUP AND HOW HE WAS CAUGHT NEAR A SWIMMING POOL ONE DAY. HE WAS TAKEN OFF AND NEVER SAW HIS MOTHER AGAIN. HIS SISTER THOUGHT HE MUST HAVE BEEN ALL OF SIX OR SEVEN YEARS OLD. HIS MOTHER DIED. HE DIDN'T FIND OUT ABOUT IT UNTIL SEVERAL YEARS LATER. SHE SAID THAT ONE OF THE MOST TERRIBLE THINGS ABOUT ALL OF THIS IS NOW THEY SAY WE ARE SAVAGES BECAUSE OUR MEN ARE NOT FAMILY PEOPLE. "THEY DRINK; THEY DO NOT HOLD JOBS AND ALL THIS. OUR PEOPLE HAVE NEVER EXPERIENCED FAMILY LIFE. THEY WERE REMOVED FROM THE FAMILY AND WERE BROUGHT UP FROM FOUR OR FIVE IN THESE SCHOOLS WHERE TO USE OUR OWN LANGUAGE WAS THE WORST THING TO DO." (Doris Epstein)

That whole boarding school thing. That was a part of that period. One of the main boarding schools, Haskell, has changed radically. For a while Haskell was really bad news. But now they have changed a lot. Of course this is like junior college. It's a little different. But that boarding school period is really tragic. Francis LaFlesche writes about this in The Middle Five. He describes his experience going off to one of these schools.

I'D LIKE YOU TO RESPOND TO THE MAN'S QUESTION ABOUT EDUCATION. I CAN'T SPEAK WITH ANY AUTHORITY ON THE DAY SCHOOL PROGRAM OVER BY TAMA BUT WHEN I LIVED IN MARSHALLTOWN I WENT TO THE IOWA VALLEY COMMUNITY COLLEGE WHICH THEN DIDN'T HAVE A NAME. AND I WAS IN THE FIELD OF ADULT EDUCATION AS AN ADMINISTRATOR FOR THE AREA SCHOOL. WE TRIED TO MOVE INTO THE SETTLEMENT AREA WITH SOME ADULT EDUCATION CLASSES, SPECIFICALLY ADULT BASIC EDUCATION FOR ADULTS WITH LESS THAN A SIXTH GRADE EDUCATION AND HIGH SCHOOL EQUIVALENCY CLASSES, WHICH WOULD LEAD TO THE HIGH SCHOOL EQUIVALENCY CERTIFICATE. TWO OF THE ADMINISTRATORS IN THE TAMA SCHOOL SYSTEM BRIEFED ME ON THE SITUATION OUT THERE AND WHAT THEY TOLD ME IN ESSENCE WAS THAT THE BIA HAD TRIED THESE HIGH SCHOOL EQUIVALENCY CLASSES--THEY HAD ACTUALLY PAID THE PEOPLE TO GO TO SCHOOL, PUT THEM ON A SUBSIDY TO ATTEND CLASSES. THEY SEEMED TO BE PROGRESSING QUITE WELL, ACCORDING TO THE TEACHERS. THEY EVEN HAD SOME TEACHERS WHO WERE INDIANS THEMSELVES AND HAD COLLEGE DEGREES AND SO ON. WHEN IT CAME TO THE TESTING, THEY ALL FAILED. THEIR EXPLANATION WAS THAT THERE WAS A CULTURAL BARRIER. THAT THE INDIANS DID NOT HAVE THE COMPETITIVENESS OF THE WHITES AND THERE WAS FEELING AMONG THEM THAT THEY DID NOT WANT TO EXCEL THEIR NEIGHBOR IN ANY WAY, IN POSSESSIONS, EDUCATION, SKILL. RIGHT AFTER I GOT THAT BRIEFING, THE SITUATION IN THE SCHOOL EXPLODED AND THERE WAS NO SENSE IN TALKING TO ANYBODY ABOUT ADULT EDUCATION OUT THERE.

I don't understand the whole situation. And I'm probably not an expert on anything. But I think I can see certain problems. There are certain

cross-cultural problems and perceptions on both sides correct perceptions, I think, on the part of the Indians and probably some false perceptions of what probably really can be done and so forth. But your words that you've used, and I've seen other people do this: "We wanted to take the adult education to them." Whites tend to do this, you know. "Hello folks, here's what we've got." It's sort of a case of damned if you do and damned if you don't. In the case of the tutoring which I don't know if it is successful or will be successful this was at the response of people at the settlement. They called to Gretchen Bataille, who is here in the audience, (you may want to add something on this) but it was sort of like "You've said, folks, that you'd like to help us; here's something you can do; you can come out on Thursday nights and help the children with math and social studies and English." The first night I went there, it was a real shock in a sense. I was prepared for somewhat shy, stoic children, having read all these fabulous anthropological things, and children tend to be shy around adults and so forth. Our first tutoring session was just a kind of get-to-know-each-other. We took some popcorn and pop along. And I've never seen a more outgoing, warm bunch of kids, physically and verbally. Some of the verbalization was in Mesquakie. Why shouldn't it be? That's their native language. They learn it before they learn the foreign language, English. And it was very difficult for me to come to grips, in a way emotionally, with what I had read intellectually, the dropout rate and the reasons for it. The number of times you get hit in the face and you just quit doing it. Donald Wanatee, from the Mesquakie settlement, describes this as the "charge of the light brigade" and I think he's right. The kids start off exuberant, wanting to learn and so forth, and they are just sort of consistently turned off. My perception was, and it still is, that it must take one hell of an alienating atmosphere to turn those kids off in terms of what I saw in the way they interacted when they would come to the school at night to be tutored. There were problems. I'm not saying there weren't. But it is frightening to think of what must go on in the Tama school system either by design or not.

I MIGHT ADD ONE COMMENT TO EXPLAIN WHAT DAVID IS SAYING. THAT SAME NIGHT, A LITTLE ELEVEN YEAR OLD GIRL WENT OUT TO THE VAN WITH ME TO GET SOME POPCORN AND SHE LOOKED UP AND SAW IT AND SAID: "HUMPH, IOWA STATE UNIVERSITY. WELL, I'VE HEARD OF THAT. I MIGHT GO THERE IF I DON'T END UP DRUNK." AND WITH TEARS IN MY EYES, I THOUGHT AT ELEVEN DID I EVER THINK THAT ENDING UP DRUNK WAS AN ALTERNATIVE FOR ME? AND YET I THINK THOSE KIDS CONSIDER THAT A VIABLE ALTERNATIVE. WHETHER THEY UNDERSTAND HOW OR WHY THEY END UP THAT WAY, THEY KNOW A LOT OF PEOPLE WHO DO END UP THAT WAY. IT WAS SAD. THEY ARE EAGER TO LEARN. (Gretchen Bataille)

WHAT AGES DO YOU TUTOR?

It started out fifth and sixth grades but we tutor whoever comes. And it's amazing the range. Sometimes it's first grade reading and other times a high schooler comes with something he doesn't understand.

I ONCE HAD A PROFESSOR WHO HAD STARTED OFF HIS CAREER IN EDUCATION TEACHER AT A RESERVATION SCHOOL IN UTAH OR SOMEPLACE. HE TOLD ME: "DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, YOU CAN'T TEACH AN INJUN KID." FLOODING THEM WITH WHAT WE CONSIDER THE MEASURE OF SUCCESS AND OUR IDEAS OF SUCCESS. WHY SHOULD THEY COME TO THIS ADULT SCHOOL?

Maybe some of them shouldn't. I think the point is if they want certain alternative courses of action that will require that then there ought to be that alternative, and they ought to be able to utilize that alternative. I see the problem with not just Indian students but students of other minority groups coming to the University. And maybe university is too late to do anything; but I can't assume that. But there are difficulties. A black student told me, for example, that in Chicago he had wanted to take advanced math but his teacher said: "You're not going to take advanced math because you're not going to college." And so he needed remedial math. Meanwhile the University has gotten rid of those so-called remedial courses. I've had to change my tune. I've eaten a little bit of crow pie (which, for those of you who know me, it's hard to do!). But you know when I first came to Iowa State they still had the old "tech institute." And they had high school English and math classes and I wasn't sure that the University ought to be in that bag. They got rid of a lot of the tech institute classes about the time that the minority groups came in and they really needed it. And this is a problem. Getting them into the system. One of the suggestions that I made (and I might add, nobody likes it and it's probably totally impractical) but when we get students at the University who haven't had certain English and math classes maybe we can't afford to do that at the University what's wrong with this building? /i.e., Ames High School/ Why can't they bring them over here? And put them in a class where they could get that level math or that level English? As I say, this suggestion has not been taken. There are problems with trying to use these channels but it starts early. It starts with these little kids, with the "charge of the light brigade." And by the time they are college students or people who might try to relate to adult education, the problems are even more difficult.

TO RESPOND TO THE LITTLE GIRL DOROTHY AND I REMEMBER AN INDIAN BOY FROM PINE RIDGE. HE MENTIONED THAT THE BEST TIME HE EVER REMEMBERED WAS THE DEPRESSION BECAUSE EVERYBODY WAS BROKE. AND IT WAS EVEN. I MEAN THAT KIND OF STATEMENT SHARING FEELING, NONCOMPETITIVENESS THAT CAME UP A MINUTE AGO. IS IT POSSIBLE THAT THE RESERVATION SYSTEM PERPETUATES A VERY LOW LEVEL OF LIVING WHICH WE KNOW ABOUT BUT A SHARING RESPONSE SO THAT EVERYBODY LIVES JUST ABOVE THE STARVATION LEVEL AND THEREBY DESTROYS ANY KIND OF HOPE. THEY WILL GO TO EACH OTHER AND SHARE WITH EACH OTHER WHAT LITTLE THEY HAVE AND IS THE ANSWER, THE CONTEMPLATION TO THE ANSWER, IF YOU CUT IT OFF COMPLETELY YOU WILL STARVE TO DEATH ON THE RESERVATION BUT WHEN YOU'VE GOT 80 PERCENT UNEMPLOYMENT, THE 20 PERCENT CARRY THE 80 PERCENT AT A NORMAL STARVATION LEVEL. (Elmer Schwieder)

Well, I think the reservation can do that but I think there are other alternatives, which you know better than I do from your study of communalistic societies. I think there is that kind of alternative. I think it could be done at the Mesquakie settlement if they want to do it. If the Amish can do it, if the Hutterites can do it, I think that this, there would be problems cross-culturally, you know, but I think those sorts of things might be able to be put into force so that what you suggest wouldn't have to occur.

I HAVE A QUESTION ABOUT THE BICENTENNIAL COMMISSION. (tape totally fuzzy)
(David Halterman)

Would someone from the Commission like to answer that question?
(Dorothy Schwieder) Well, I think what you're hearing tonight is a part of the answer to that question. I think if you look at the list of speakers . . .

IN ANSWER TO THE MAN WHO ASKED ABOUT THE BICENTENNIAL AND WHAT THE FOCUS WAS THERE'S A JOKE GOING AROUND THAT THE BICENTENNIAL IS BEING BROUGHT TO YOU BY PEOPLE WHO WOULD HAVE BEEN TORIES IN 1776 AND I THINK THERE IS A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF TRUTH IN THAT AND I THINK WE OUGHT TO KEEP IT IN MIND AND BE SURE IT DOESN'T.

Part of what the bicentennial is in the country or is in Ames is to some degree fortuitous in terms of who volunteers or who gets snagged to make certain presentations. There are those, and I think you may hear some of them later in the session, who think that the bicentennial should only relate specifically to 1776 and the east coast. I am very opposed to that. For one reason, I grew up in the Midwest and it was sort of like there was no history here. History happened back east. I thought American history was the most boring subject and it can be taught in a boring way, but it doesn't need to be and it can be exciting. Even some of the things that happened here in the "navel of the universe" can be interesting. There is a history here and it is my feeling that if the bicentennial observance, I would rather say than celebration, can focus in on some of these things, if we can get new perspectives and new knowledge, then I think it accomplishes something. I, for one, am a little less cynical than I was even a month ago before I started digging into some of this material. Because I have learned some things, some of you will probably say not enough, but I've learned some things I want to think about. And to me this has been valuable. Perhaps there will be societal benefits to this.

I TEACH AMERICAN HISTORY HERE AT THE HIGH SCHOOL, JUST STARTED A COURSE CALLED 1776 PLUS 200 AS PART OF THE SCHOOL'S EFFORT IN THE BICENTENNIAL, AND WE DO HAVE A COMMITTEE IN THE AMES SCHOOL SYSTEM THAT IS TRYING TO DO THIS. ONE OF THE ASSIGNMENTS I GAVE MY KIDS MONDAY WAS "WHAT SHOULD THE BICENTENNIAL CELEBRATION MEAN TO US?" WELL, THIS STUDENT APPARENTLY MISINTERPRETED WHAT THEY WERE SUPPOSED TO DO BUT HE WROTE WHAT IS HAPPENING, NOT WHAT IT SHOULD MEAN. AND HE SAID, "HURRAH, 1976. . . . AMERICA'S 200TH BIRTHDAY SO WHY ARE SO MANY MERCHANTS TRYING TO REAP EXCESS PROFITS FROM IT? SOME MANUFACTURERS PAINT THINGS A PATRIOTIC RED, WHITE AND BLUE, COMPLETE WITH 1776 OR A PICTURE OF THE LIBERTY BELL AND CALL THEM BICENTENNIAL SOUVENIRS. WHERE ARE THESE TRINKETS MADE? TURN THEM OVER. THEY GENERALLY SAY 'MADE IN JAPAN' OR 'MEXICO.'" A LOT OF THE KIDS FEEL THAT IT IS NOTHING BUT A BIG RIPOFF THE WAY IT IS BEING HANDLED. AND THE NATIONAL BICENTENNIAL COMMITTEE HAS BEEN CRITICIZED FOR THIS VERY THING. YOU HAVE AN UPHILL BATTLE WHEN YOUR YOUNG PEOPLE FEEL THIS WAY ABOUT YOUR BICENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

Well, I think that if they are even shown what is going on they will have something different than what I had. They will have a critical view towards history. Maybe it will be completely cynical or maybe it will be more properly critical. What I see and not just in the case of the bicentennial but I don't know whether it is the old nostalgic kick or what but I see a lot of University students more viably interested in historical aspects, of things related to their family's past and not I think in a chauvinistic way, but in trying to understand things. I think the sense of history can be very important, not in a stodgy sort of way but the way we relate to people in the present to some degree is our perception of what we have been or what we think we have been.

I THINK THAT ONE OF THE LASTING THINGS THAT WILL COME OUT OF THE AMES BICENTENNIAL COMMISSION IS THAT ATTENTION HAS BEEN FOCUSED ON HISTORY HERE IN THE MIDWEST AND OUR HISTORY HERE IN IOWA. STORY COUNTY, AND AMES, AND I THINK THAT THERE WILL BE GREATER PRIDE IN OUR OWN BACKGROUNDS AND OUR OWN IMMEDIATE HISTORY AND I THINK THAT THAT IS VERY GOOD THAT THIS WILL BE A VERY LASTING THING COMING OUT OF THE MIDWEST. IT CREATES COMMUNITY PRIDE, AWARENESS WE BEGIN TO REALIZE THE ETHNIC CONTRAST BETWEEN THE COMMUNITIES. I THINK IT'S ALL VERY GOOD.

Maybe, perhaps, Mr. Halterman was volunteering to give an extra session on some non-Anglo subject.

I THINK WE MIGHT ADD HERE, TOO, THAT OUR CHAIRMAN, VIRGINIA STAFFORD, IS HERE AND I KNOW THAT THERE ARE AN AWFUL LOT OF PEOPLE IN THE COMMUNITY WHO HAVE WORKED VERY HARD, AND VIRGINIA IS AT THE TOP OF THAT LIST. WHAT WE HAVE BEEN TRYING TO DO THERE ARE THREE PARTS TO THE BICENTENNIAL. ONE IS THE HERITAGE, AND THE FOCUS THERE HAS BEEN ON THE PAST, WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE, AND THESE SERIES OF TALKS HAVE COME OUT OF THE HERITAGE IDEA. THEN THERE IS THE GROUP CALLED FESTIVAL THAT IS WORKING MORE ON WHAT WILL TAKE PLACE IN THE COMMUNITY AROUND THE WEEKEND OR THE TIME -- JUNE 30 - JULY 4. THEN THERE IS THE HORIZON GROUP THAT IS DEALING ON SOME KIND OF A LONG TERM PROJECT THAT WILL BE AROUND IN AMES A LONG, LONG TIME AND WILL CONTINUE TO REMIND PEOPLE OF WHAT HAS HAPPENED, NOT ONLY IN THE PAST BUT IN 1976. IT'S REALLY A VERY BROAD ENDEAVOR. (Dorothy Schwieder)

THIS MAY SOUND A LITTLE DEFENSIVE, TOO, BUT IT SEEMS TO ME THAT THE RIPOFF BUSINESS TAKES TWO, THE RIPOFFER AND THE RIPOFFEE. WE DON'T NEED TO BE RIPPED OFF. A LOT OF CRITICISM HAS BEEN AIMED AT THE NATIONAL COMMISSION AND I THINK IN SOME RESPECTS RIGHTLY SO. IN OTHER RESPECTS BECAUSE SOMEBODY GOOFED UP FOR EIGHT OR NINE YEARS, WHICH THEY DID, THAT WAS MADE LAW IN 1966, THE NATIONAL BICENTENNIAL ADMINISTRATION WAS CREATED IN LAW, BUT OF COURSE NOTHING HAPPENED UNTIL WARNER BECAME THE HEAD HONCHO, AND AT THAT POINT REALLY THERE WAS NO WAY A NATIONAL EXPOSITION COULD BE PUT TOGETHER, AND I THINK THAT'S A BLESSING IN DISGUISE. IT'S TURNED INTO A LAISSEZ FAIRE SITUATION. IF YOU LOOK AT THE LIST, FOR EXAMPLE, OF THINGS GOING ON IN IOWA, AND I THINK IOWA HAS MORE BICENTENNIAL ACTIVITIES SANCTIONED BY ITS STATE BICENTENNIAL COMMISSION THAN ANY STATE IN THE UNION. IF SOMETHING DOESN'T COME OUT OF ALL THAT GRASS ROOTS INVOLVEMENT, ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, BY ACCIDENT, PURE FALLOUT OR SOMETHING, THERE ISN'T MUCH HOPE FOR ANY OF US. I BELIEVE WE'RE ALL GOING TO BE INFLUENCED BY IT FAR MORE THAN ANY OF US THINK HERE TONIGHT.

I WOULD HAVE TO AGREE WITH THIS, WITH WHAT WAS JUST SAID. BUT THE LANDSCAPE IS BEING PAINTED RED, WHITE AND BLUE, TEMPORARILY, HOPEFULLY IT WILL WEATHER AWAY. IN SOME RESPECTS I CONSIDER MYSELF LUCKY BECAUSE I'VE LIVED IN BOTH PLACES--THE OLD STATES AND THE NEW. OUR HISTORY, THOUGH, WE SHARE. WHAT WILL COME OUT OF THIS, I BELIEVE, IS A BETTER UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION OF THE INFLUENCE OF THOSE TIMES ON TODAY. THE KIDS THAT ARE TAKING THESE CLASSES, THE KIDS THAT ARE IN THE ROOM NOW, HAVE GAINED SOME INSIGHT AND PERSPECTIVE.

Having given the presentation, I wouldn't want to presume that. I don't know how much non-Anglo, non-Euro-American stuff is going on in Des Moines. As far as I know what we are doing here in Ames is the only planned thing, and I

hope those of you who are interested will spread the word because there will be people here, Native Americans, expressing their viewpoints and maybe there are things going on with other kinds of groups here in the central part of the state which is sort of getting started.

Dorothy says we have to quit at nine or we will turn into pumpkins.
APPLAUSE.

BEFORE THE BICENTENNIAL: AN
ARCHAEOLOGIST LOOKS AT THE
NATIVE AMERICAN PAST IN IOWA

January 29, 1976

by
David Gradwohl

(ABSTRACT of lecture and 35mm slide presentation)

The bicentennial observances allow us to reflect upon the past. Such reflections ought to give us more insights into ourselves in the present; for we are, to a degree, what we have been or what we think we have been.

We can also see ourselves in the ways we have viewed others. In American history, for example, Euro-Americans have tended to elevate themselves and justify their actions by viewing the Native American (American Indians) as "savages", or at least something less than fully human. Many school children's textbooks here in Iowa, for example, refer to Native Americans as bloodthirsty "savages" who were standing in the way of the "progress" of the European settlers.

Not only has there been a tendency to divest Native Americans of their history, but also to rob them of their accomplishments in prehistoric times. For example, the large earthworks (conical burial mounds and the Effigy Mounds) which are well-known in Iowa are usually attributed to a lost race of "Mound Builders" rather than to American Indians whose descendents the pioneers met in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Even though archaeologists have vehemently discounted the "lost race of Mound Builders" hypothesis, popular writers still persist in this myth.

Charles R. Keyes, sometimes considered the "father" of Iowa archaeology, discounted the "Mound Builder" myth as early as 1927 in an article in the Palimpsest. Yet textbooks, published as recently as the 1960s and still used in Iowa public schools, perpetuate this myth.

This presentation summarized the development of Native American cultures in Iowa as discovered through archaeology--see accompanying chart with generalized archaeological sequence as known in 1976. The earliest known inhabitants of Iowa were Native Americans whose archaeological remains are called "Paleo-Indian" and have been dated by carbon-14 methods at 6,000 to 10,000 B.C. After 6,000 B.C. we have evidence of Native Americans whose archaeological remains are called the "Archaic Tradition." A new tradition, the Woodland Tradition, appears at approximately 500 B.C. in Iowa. The people represented by this archaeological complex built burial mounds and other kinds of earthworks--and it is these people who are mistakenly called "mound Builders" and considered a "race" separate from Native Americans.

After 1000 A.D. we can see several regionally distinctive groups of Native Americans who dwelled in settled villages and who grew crops (corn, beans, squash, sunflowers) in addition to hunting and fishing: the Nebraska Culture, Mill Creek Culture, Great Oasis Culture and Oneota Tradition. By 1600 A.D., the Ethnohistoric Period, we can identify known groups from written records: Siouan speakers (Ioway, Oto, Omaha, and Dakota) and Algonquian speakers (the Illinois, the Sac, and the Fox -- who call themselves "Mesquakie").

During the nineteenth century all Native Americans in Iowa were forced, by essentially unilateral treaties, to leave the state. One group of Mesquakie hid out along the Iowa River and eventually bought back some of their land in what is now Tama County. Their descendents reside there today at the Mesquakie Indian Settlement.

Archaeology can yield glimpses of the past although it cannot ever reconstruct the entire story. Suffice it to say, however, that the prehistory of Iowa is devoid of "lost races" and mysterious "Mound Builders." Recognition of these facts will go part of the way in allowing Native Americans to take pride in their past. In the same manner, we should look critically at our past -- taking pride where it is merited and not rationalizing away those aspects we cannot really justify.

GENERALIZED ARCHAEOLOGICAL SEQUENCE IN IOWA

(David M. Gradwohl - 1976)

Culture-Historical "Periods"	Some significant archaeological sites, archaeological complexes, and (known "Tribes")	Miscellaneous comments
HISTORIC PIONEER	<p>1800 A.D.</p> <p>The Bertrand Ft. Atkinson Ft. Madison Coalport Kiln, Noah Creek Kiln (MESQUAKIE)</p>	"Historic archaeology": overlap between history & archaeology
ETHNOHISTORIC	<p>1600 A.D.</p> <p>(OMAHA) (DAKOTA) (IOWAY) (SAC & FOX) (ILLINOIS)</p>	Siouan speakers in central and western part of state; influx of Algonquian speakers from east.
POST-WOODLAND	<p>1000 A.D.</p> <p>NEBRASKA CULTURE: CENTRAL PLAINS TRADITION</p> <p>MILL CREEK CULTURE: MIDDLE MISSOURI TRADITION</p> <p>GREAT OASIS CULTURE: MIDDLE MISSOURI TRADITION(?)</p> <p>ONEOTA TRADITION</p> <p>(Possible overlap with "late Woodland" groups)</p>	<p>Small to medium sized villages; economy based on horticulture & hunting; some fortifications; burials usually in flat cemeteries; elaborate pottery with distinctive regional variations.</p> <p>Oneota Tradition probably represents westward movement of Chiwere Sioux speakers (Ioway-Oto-Missouri group)</p>
WOODLAND	<p>A.D.</p> <p>WOODLAND TRADITION</p> <p>EFFIGY MOUNDS</p> <p>HOPEWELLIAN MOUNDS AND VILLAGE SITES</p> <p>B.C.</p> <p>RED OCHER MOUNDS</p>	Conical burial mounds - often with elaborate mortuary offerings; related to Hopewellian centers in Illinois & Ohio; grit tempered cord-impressed pottery; small villages and camp sites; hunting & some incipient cultivations.
ARCHAIC	<p>500 B.C.</p> <p>TURIN SITE</p> <p>2500 B.C.</p> <p>LOGAN CREEK COMPLEX: SIMONSEN SITE, HILL SITE, ETC.</p> <p>6000 B.C.</p>	Hunters of large bison; kill sites & butchering sites; flexed burials at Turin site.
PALEO-INDIAN	<p>CHEROKEE SEWER SITE</p> <p>Surface finds: parallel flaked lanceolate projectile points</p> <p>Surface finds: CLOVIS FLUTED PROJECTILE POINTS</p> <p>RUMMELLS-MASKE SITE?</p> <p>10,000 B.C.</p>	Surface evidence of big game hunters of the late Pleistocene. Probable hunting of mammoths, mastodons & other large extinct mammals.

RURAL LIVING AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY

February 5, 1976

by

Ray Cunningham

You may not believe this, but I think in my rather short and uneventful career on the speaking circuit, that I have never been quite so embarrassed and quite so "tight up" as I have been over this particular appearance. Partly because it goes for an hour and a half. That's just about twice as long as anybody ought to try to talk about anything to anybody. But I agreed to do it don't know why. We have those weak moments. In your second childhood, you get so that you are apt to respond to almost anything. And very pleasant people wanted me to do this, and I said I would.

As the time grew nearer, this has put me under the old whip. So I want to change the title to "Rural Living at the Turn of the Century." And I was there.

I was born in 1893, and if you will do your arithmetic, I'm 83 years old and don't care to turn the clock back. I've had a good time, and I'm glad the Colonel didn't say I'd spent all my life doing something because I hope to live tomorrow, yet, and I have a little bit of it left. You know when you get in one of these spots--and I've been in a lot of them--everything but the electric chair, really, over the circuit and around places

But seeing the teacher sign up here reminds me that when I was in the legislature and on the Interim Committee we had to visit all the institutions--42 of them--penal, educational, hospitals, the works. At the penitentiary we had to sign in, and then we went in the little locked compartments, you know. They have the heaviest screen doors I've ever seen in my life in those penitentiaries. Bars about that wide. And then they'd open the other one, and we'd go out in there. That's quite an experience, visiting those penitentiaries and those inmates. They call them inmates, and up at the women's reformatory where they keep the naughty girls, they call them clients. That's a new one, to be a client.

Now I'm not going to talk about visiting the institutions. I'm going to talk about how it was way back when. I looked up the word "preamble." You know when you follow academics on a schedule like this, you've got to be a little careful! And I'm not an academic.

Now we can start taping it if you want to, sir. They tell me they're going to tape this. That's a waste of man's time and some good equipment, but that's it and this is February 5, 1976. Here we go on this series. I do hope you'll all come back next week and the next week because there are going to be some good programs as the last two were and don't let me discourage you, get disgusted and decide to leave for good!

I looked up this word "preamble." It said something about what goes before. Well, you can't have a new day without having an old day, and you can't have another month until the other one's gone. You can't go from '76 till '75's out of the way, and you can't have a century until the old century kind of winds down. Well, like I said, I looked it up and I thought this would be fitting to go back a little ways before 1900 and see what went on. Now, of course, Iowa was settled earlier than South Dakota, but South Dakota had this big influx in 1882. And I'm going to come back and race through a little bit of how that took place and what it was sort of like.

For my resource I have a little booklet from my sister, who was born in 1876. She got this material together over the years. She was something of an academic. She taught school, she was County Superintendent of Schools, and she got together a lot of this material and had it published. It's pretty documented. So I must insist that you don't go away with the idea that I drew on my imagination completely although we give it a little workout later on, and we will come to that. Here in this little booklet where the things started out and because I know more about my particular family than I do anybody else, you will have to excuse me, if I need to be excused for making reference to them, because in using them I can be pretty authentic and pretty factual and, of course, with the intellectuals here, these registered teachers, you've got to be factual, or you shouldn't be here!

Now back in 1882, this is the way this sort of thing used to develop. Back in Illinois at Mansfield my grandfather had four children, two boys and two girls. They were all married, and they were all kind of around there and they got to talking, as they did in a lot of other places . . . Well, they're giving away land out in South Dakota. . . . You can go out there and prove up on a claim, live there for a while, and they give it you Now, I've seen some of that country, some years, when they might as well give it to 'em. They tell the story about the Indian who was racing his horses trying to get out of North Dakota, and they stopped him and said what's the hurry. He said: "Well, I understand they're going to give this back to the Indians, and I don't want any of it." But South Dakota had possibilities, eastern South Dakota, Spink County between Aberdeen and Watertown (this area). So these families got together and said why don't we go out there. Grandpa decided he would go. Then his two boys decided they'd go. In 1882 they went out there, and they had somebody take them to the land office. You've heard that expression. Well they had land offices, and they had eager beavers who would take teams and horses and drive them out around there, locating the stakes and markers. They weren't very good markers or very good stakes either but they would locate these corners and what quarter it was, and then they would rush back and file on the claim. Then they had to build a cabin (they each built a cabin on these quarters) and get ready so that they could come back the next spring and start living there -- start proving up on the claim. Well, when grandpa and his two sons went out there and built their cabins, they decided they were going to stay; so they stayed through the winter. Right away my father who married one of the daughters and Dave Eds, a Civil War veteran who married the older daughter, said: "Well, let's go out there."

So then they went out, and they built cabins late in 1882. They went back to get ready to bring the families. That happened in February of 1883. Now the way they would bring them out there the railroad went up there--sort of a railroad--part way and they extended and would go a little further. They would have what they called emigrant cars. Really they were just a kind of box car affairs, and they had a rate to encourage them to go. They'd put their horses and a cow and maybe some chickens and supplies, a wagon, two or three farm implements, and some of their household stuff all in this car destined to go to Doland, South Dakota.

Usually the families would go back and ride in the caboose. If you have ridden in one of those, you know they are not very luxurious, but they stay with it if they stay attached. They get there a little later than the engine, but they finally get there. Saw a train go through here yesterday with 118 cars; I thought they never would get to the caboose. But it showed up. Well those cabooses were a little different than they have now. They had a pot bellied stove in the thing and a bunch of coal. The fireman would come back there and throw in some coal, and the thing would puff smoke all over. After a while it would quiet down and drain out as the car would go.

Families would sit around there, they brought some food with them, and they would get the food, and they would buy a little when they stopped. And they did stop pretty often in those days! They would eat and sleep and try and make it and get out there.

Well, there were my father and my sister, who was born in 1878, (she was five years old) and the little brother, Clark, who was three and then my mother who was expecting her first child which was born six weeks after they got out there. What a condition to be riding around on that caboose! They got as far as Tyler, Minnesota and they got snowbound. This was in late February. Both families were riding together. The men had to spend some of the time in their emigrant cars. They had to water the stock and sometimes ride with them until after the thing had stopped, and then they could come back and get into the caboose for a little change of pace. Then the next stop they'd have to water the stock, take care of it, feed them and all that sort of thing. The railroad was all blocked; so they took the families, and they got one room in a so-called rooming house. No heat in it, but there was a place to put a stove pipe; so they went to their car and got a stove out of the car, brought it down there, set it up, put some stove pipe in it, went and bought some coal, and carried it up there. There were two beds in this one room. There were two families: my father and mother and the two children and the brother-in-law and wife. His three girls were a little older, and there were five of them. That makes a pretty good roomful to spend two weeks before they got out of there. They sort of got on each other's nerves, they report.

I suppose they had the feeling of togetherness as they went along. Finally, they decided they couldn't get the train out of there; so they took them in sleds and went over to Sleepy Eye and caught another train that went another way with the people. They left the cars, and the people finally got to Doland where they got into another hotel arrangement. If you've ever been in Doland, you've got to look quick or you'll be through it. They stayed in this place for a few days, and here come the cars and the men had a nice ride in the cars all the way.

So they unloaded the cars. They could sidetrack them, take a little time to unload them, but they'd get the wagons out and the horses and the mules, or whatever, and then they had to go fourteen miles off across the prairie in the grass. No two of them decided to go in the same track; so you had to have daylight, and you had to watch where you were going. They knew in a general way where it was, but there were no roads. It was flat, though, pretty nearly as flat as this floor in that area. They went up to the cabins they had built the year before and unloaded. That took 14 miles, and they'd come back the next day and make another trip. They finally got the stuff all up there, and the last day they put the family on top of the last load. Here they come up across the prairie and to this little cabin that had been built the year before. They built a little fire in the thing. They had a little stove, and my sister writes in this book that when they sat down to have their first meal, my mother started to cry. My sister, a little five-year-old, wondered when they were about ready to eat, why my mother cried.

Well it's so good to be in a home of our own. Picture a little claim shanty out there in nowhere. They were on their own. It took a certain type of courage to go and do that sort of thing, and I admire those people very much. They got set there, and they had some provisions and they had to go 14 miles to get more, but they got kind of set up and were about ready to do some things. I think I'll do just one more thing with them. Then I want to go back and bring out another outfit from River Falls, Wisconsin. They plowed a furrow with these two mules he had with him. That's all they had. He had three but the mare died when they were in Tyler. I suppose she got tired of waiting for the snow to get unblocked.

They never did say what was the matter with her but horses can die awful easy. Mules will stick with it pretty much. He put them on a walking plow and went around the house, plowed a little furrow. Remember this is prairie country, prairie grass. Nobody had cut it for years. And if they got a little wind in the early spring and a fire started, we had what we called prairie fires. We didn't call them grass fires because they were prairie fires, and if you had a wind, they would move across that unobstructed prairie something terrific and just burn everything on the way. So first thing to do, plow a furrow around there, then go outside of that about 20 feet and plow another one, just to turn up a little sod and get it a little black. Then catch a day when there wasn't any wind and burn the grass between the two. This gave them a 20-foot wide firebreak so that if the fire did come, it wouldn't jump over a 20 foot barrier. That was thought to be wide enough, and I guess it was. They found out quite a bit about prairie fires, later. I've been to a few of them. Then they were kind of settled down and ready to kind of wait it out.

Now let's go back to River Falls, Wisconsin. That was a nice community. I've been there. Know quite a lot of those people. There was a man there by the name of William Newcomb, and he was quite a guy. Born in Vermont in 1826, he was 56 years old at that time, and he had two sons, Oral and Orie. I don't know why they named them so close. I suppose they would yell at them and they would both come. But they had those two boys, and so Mr. Newcomb with his two boys got in one of these emigrant cars and got started out. They got snow-bound part way out there, and they were going to stay in a hotel. They were

about ready to go to bed, and the conductor came and batted on the door and said: "Well we found out we can get you out of here; so you better come down and get on your car. The caboose is too full--you can't get in there--but you can sleep in the car."

So they went and got in the car. One of them slept beside the cow. He wasn't afraid of her, but the boys were over on the other side and they were afraid this old mare might tramp them. So they had quite a time laying up on top of some feed sacks and so forth and so on. This old boy Newcomb kept a diary for six years, and my sister had access to that diary through some of his relatives as she was compiling this. That is a fascinating bit of reading. Those entries. He missed a few days but not too many. And the things that old boy would do for people. He was just a remarkable person. And River Falls--they got excited back there. A family of Taylors, and there were a lot of them, decided they would come out; then the Wales; and the Roberts; and a whole bunch of them. They would come on out there. Fred and Walter Currier. And the Hearsts. And they started coming out there pretty fast.

Now only two days after my folks unloaded their car, Mr. Newcomb unloaded his car. He got the stuff stashed away somewhere, and they made their first trip to the cabin. They made a start, and it got dark on them before they got only half way or less. They had to walk in front of these horses with a lantern to try and see where maybe the trail was. They got in after midnight with one guy walking ahead of the team kind of seeing where to go. A wagon and horses on frozen ground and grass don't make much of a track. They built a fire and got some sleep. You know they spent the other nights with the horses in the car.

Then he starts right out keeping his diary. And that really is something. Later on, after all these folks came out from River Falls, they wrote a tribute to that old boy, and I thought it was pretty good. They called him "the revered and dedicated patriarch of the River Falls community, established in South Dakota in 1883." As you read that diary and see what he did for all of the people, you can well understand why they appreciated him, as did everybody else who was out there.

He could do most anything. He had more education than some of them, but he was a craftsman. He was a carpenter. Some of those old boys who came out there evidently didn't know how to build anything. You should have been along, Carver. That would have helped them. But this old boy knew how to cut the rafters and how to shape them up. They weren't architecturally very beautiful, but they were useful. He would fix them up, and he knew how to lay stone, and he knew how to plaster, and he had fixed up a little blacksmith forge and did their blacksmithing. In one entry he says: "I did my first blacksmithing for pay today. I sharpened Parson's plow lath for 75 cents."

He wasn't bragging about it--just reporting as he went along. He was quite a person. In one of his entries he said: "I was called to Mr."

I must tell you there were other things he would do besides all these crafts. He was the health consultant for the whole area. He would go and see about their sick animals and the people. He just knew enough that he was sort of a referral agent. If he couldn't handle it, he would send for Dr. Craine who had just established a practice in Doland. It would take him half

a day to get down there to tell him he was wanted and another half day to get back up there. People can get in a lot of trouble needing first aid while they wait 24 hours to get somebody or two days to get a doctor; so he took care of a lot of first aid. Particularly he helped bring into the world a lot of babies, and that was an unusual combination!

He would take care of a guy's sick horse tonight, and tomorrow night he might deliver a baby for somebody. In one entry he said: "They called me in the middle of the night to Mr. G's. I spent the whole night there. About 5 o'clock in the morning his wife gave birth to a nine pound boy. The mother was 17 years old."

Well, they had them early, and they had a lot of them. This was the way it went. Entry after entry he would go someplace and then report the birth of a baby. About every week he would put in an entry about the Sabbath. He was quite a Sunday school man, and he missed his Sunday school back in River Falls. He referred to it so many, many times. But as soon as these people got settled--and they got settled pretty fast as much as they got settled--they started a Sunday school in the largest cabin that anybody had, and they would gather every Sunday and have a Sunday school. Each Sunday he would say whether the attendance was pretty good or wasn't good or how it was or the weather and so forth.

One entry is there--"January 4, 42 below 0"--and that is a pretty chill factor in itself. You didn't have to have wind to make it that cold. And it was cold! I've seen a 41 below. That was the coldest I ever saw it in South Dakota. That had some wind with it, and we didn't know about the chill factor or we would have died right then and there. But we made it.

Now we want to go back to pick up the doings there. I've got about 20 some sheets of long hand stuff written out here, and my wife suggested I make an outline. And of course you'd better do what your wife says you'd better do if you want to stay married, even though you've been married 58 years to start with. So we did this.

They got going, and each spring every man would try and break up a little sod. That's tough. That prairie sod. I know what it is. I have measured it later on when I was old enough to plow sod with long moldboards and there would be sixteen feet from where the sod started to lift until it laid flat in the furrow back behind the plow. On a good job of breaking you could ride a bicycle all over it because the sod didn't break. They were that tough. It took a lot of horse power to do it. We used nine horses when we ran a two-bottom breaker. That was modern stuff. These old boys had a little narrow 12-inch plow and two horses, and they hung onto it, and they turned this sod and planted a little stuff and did pretty well.

The first years were pretty productive for them as they went along. They had good garden stuff, and they raised a little wheat, a little flax. Flax was a good first crop, and then they would plant the wheat right on top of this sod which wasn't rotted very much in one year, as well we know. By the second year, it was rotted down enough so that they could plow it. They called it backsetting. And they would chew it up a little if they had a disc--they called them pulverizers--but they were discs really. Then they would get ready and keep planting and increase the acreage as they went along.

Now when they wanted to go and get their flour, they learned pretty early they had to get supplies and keep them on hand pretty much or they could be in trouble. My sister writes how they used to take a little wheat in this wagon and drive those mules 17 miles over to Ashton, South Dakota, where they had a little flour mill. Then they would put blankets down under the wagon and sleep on the ground under the wagon; in the morning they would trade the wheat for flour, and bran, and middlings, and shorts for animal feed and then start back. That was quite an adventure. Some times they would buy a few little things. Didn't have much money to buy but they would buy a few little things and come on home with flour enough to last for a year. That practice was kept up even after I was grown. We would always get flour enough to last a whole year in the fall. Stack it up in 50-pound sacks. But they had it in 100-pound sacks. It didn't take so many sacks that way. A little heavier to handle but they didn't mind that. They were built for it in that country.

They did that, then pretty soon it was necessary to get a cow, some pigs, if they could manage, and a few chickens. My sister wrote about having some hens, and she and my brother had a pet hen apiece. Her hen froze her feet and almost lost them, but she hobbled around for two years after that laying eggs and hatching chickens. Now I think she did pretty well. That was sort of rehabilitation for the handicapped. But she made it.

They had to start school. These children were a year or two older then so they built a little school house a mile and a half from this same shanty where my folks were, and my dad took his team and plowed a furrow the whole distance, a mile and a half, because they had to go through a little draw. When they were in the bottom of that dip in the prairie, they couldn't see either the home or the school; so my dad said: "Now you stay in the furrow all the way over there, and you will be all right." The same way coming back. Imagine that. That's one way to go to school.

As I was talking to 80 children at Northwood School yesterday, I told them that they had it a little different than having a school bus pick them up and take them in. Follow a furrow by foot carry their lunch. Then they had another chore in that connection. That was to take the milk cow out part way and picket her so that she would have a chance to eat during the day. They would bring her back when they came at 4 o'clock. They got pretty ingenious, you know. When they got tired of walking, they figured out they could ride the cow. They had to fix up a little platform so they could get on her because they couldn't make it from the ground, but they got on that little thing and the cow was pretty cooperative. They would ride the cow back home, but they pretty much had to lead her. She wasn't too anxious to go chasing off to school, but she was anxious to come home.

They had to dig a well and they would dig the well by hand. What a process that was. And they got water. Then they curbed it up with these old rough boards and in the description my sister gave it says that when the board curbing was down in there, the water had a kind of a funny taste "but it was cold and we got used to it."

Well, I know what they mean. You can get used to most anything when you are dry enough, you know. So they had the well. Then they dug a kind of cellar under the house. They didn't have time to do it in 1882 but when they got back, they started digging it. That was quite a process, crawling in

under that, digging a hatch way down then keep digging keep digging . . . to get a kind of a hole in the ground under the house so they could put their potatoes and stuff like that down in there. And also, they would put their milk in crocks and cover them, letting the cream come to the top. When they got enough, they would skim it off and churn their own butter with one of those old churns. That was pretty good going.

That was sort of the process, and they kept enlarging the thing a little bit and the mention of all these different neighbors shows it was quite a community. And they were pretty happy. They got together on Sundays; they had their church and their Sunday school, and they kept on going.

Then a little later they had a little better heating system. At first they just had this little stove and a little coal and they used to have to buy lath for kindling because there was no wood in that country. They would buy a bundle of lath and bust it up for kindling. The teachers had to build their own fires at these little school houses with a pot bellied stove in the middle and they never kept a fire overnight but they would break up the lath and had to sweep it out too. If there was any janitor work done, they did it.

When I went to my first school, my sister was the teacher. She was older than I was and I had to go when she went. I had to wait there until it got warm and that sometimes took a little bit of doing. But they had to run their own fire and run their own school. No storm windows, no screens, no nothing on those little old school houses. But they had these coal stoves and they used to twist hay and straw, put it in a thing about like a wash boiler filled full with hay twists, take the lids off the cook stove--the two round ones and the middle one--and turn this thing upside down over there, and light the straw and hay afire. It would draw down in the stove and out the chimney and it would get really hot, especially with flax straw which is one of the best straws to burn if you are going to burn straw. That would make a quick, hot fire, but it was soon out. Then you had to let the thing cool off before you could put more hay back in it. They got what they called base burners. And that was a great luxury, believe me. That was a hard-coal burning stove with a kind of magazine. They would open it up at the top. It had an ornate deal up here at the top, and they would turn that out. Then you would open the lid that was up there and pour the coal down in there, nut sized anthracite, hard coal. You'd fill it up and have the fire going and that thing would burn all winter long. They would keep filling it up and take out the ashes every day. This was kind of a messy job.

And then they had this--we called it isinglass--I checked with Frank Rogers and he said that's what it was, but it really was sheet mica. Well, you can take your pick. But you could look through it and see the hot coals. Take a poker and work the ashes down, shake it a little, and, oh boy, next to a Franklin Stove or a fireplace, that was great stuff. Especially it was the focal point of attention in the family because you'd pretty much undress there.

You didn't take off all your clothes in those days. That is, if you were smart. There was no streaking done in the winter time in South Dakota. They would take their shoes off there, and if it wasn't too cold, they might take their stockings off, but I slept in stockings a good many times. We

didn't take off too many clothes. Then we'd come running back in there as soon as we got up in the morning and gather around this base burner which my father had already shaken and kind of opened up a little and kind of accelerate the positive, you know. There was no energy shortage being announced, and they weren't burning too much of it anyway. But we'd warm up, and that was a great thing.

Of course all we had was kerosene lights and lanterns. I don't know why we didn't burn down more barns than we did with those lanterns. Light those kerosene lanterns, put your arm through there, climb up a ladder into the hay mow, throw hay and stuff, maybe set it down in some hay that seemed level and pitched the hay down through a hole so you could feed the stuff. I'll never know why we didn't, but we didn't seem to burn them down. The old lanterns were pretty good. Course they had to be cleaned up and filled with kerosene. You could buy a lot of kerosene for a buck in those days. You know what I paid. I've got some lanterns and I wanted to show these kids and wanted to get some kerosene. I couldn't find any kerosene in Ames. You can buy lamp fuel at the hardware store, and I did. How much? \$1.62 for one quart. Now I'm not burning that lantern very much of the time. I just light it and let the kids have a look and that's it. But we had to run them, if we were to have light, until we blew them out for the night. There were no yard lights in those days, believe me. You could hear the coyotes howling outside, and it was sort of different.

Well, this sort of went on, and people came out from River Falls. Some of them had more money than others, and they came out and built some pretty nice places. One of those was right close to where my folks had their shanty and their claim. The mother died and left a little two-year-old girl, and this man wanted my folks to move in with him and help take care of the little girl, which they did. They had her for eight years and she refers to us as her brothers and sisters. She is a wonderful person. She is 87 years old up in River Falls. Sharp as she can be, and I write to her right along--sister Maggie.

That started a series of chain reactions, sort of. My folks lived there a while, then they decided they would go over to another family that was going to leave, the Ray family. They had a pretty good little claim shanty, built pretty well, and a barn, so he would like to have them come and live there. That was better than what they had, so they moved in. That's where I was born. I've got a picture of it, but it was abandoned before I got the picture. The structure is there, and it isn't much of a place, but you can be born in a pretty small place. And I was. That made a family of five children living in that one little place with a little kind of an attic where you could hardly stand up, they tell me. I could have, but I couldn't stand. I wasn't old enough.

They moved away that fall. They put me in a clothes basket and hauled me in a wagon two miles down to another place, the Fred Currier place. He had proved up on his claim, and he had a pretty nice little place. He wanted my folks to move down there. That was better than anything they had seen so they went down there and rented that. In the meantime they had made some kind of a switch from their cabin and bought two other quarters, but there were no buildings on them. They went down there. 1892 was a pretty good crop year but 1893 was not good. So they moved down there and kind of waited for 1894, and that wasn't good either.

I admire my father for doing this. When it came time and they realized they weren't going to have any crop, or much money of any kind, he and two or three of the other neighbors decided they would take their teams and their bundle racks and go into North Dakota. There had been a good crop that year up there and they would thresh, be paid by the day for hauling bundles up there and then come back with a little money in their pockets.

For the families that had children old enough to do the chores and take care of the stuff through the summer, that was a pretty good arrangement. My dad did that and here I was just a tiny baby and the other children, but my brother was a little older. My sister was quite a little older. She could manage, and they managed till they got back. While he was up there, he had a chance to sell this nice young team he had, Sam and Sandy. And he sold them for \$100 a piece. The old boy handed him a hundred dollars and said this is for Sam. Another \$100 bill this was for Sandy. And my father put those in his pocket, put the harness on his rack, tied the rack behind a neighbor's and they rode home. He come home with \$200 for the team and the wages he had earned and we were well taken care of.

Some families didn't eat very well that year and it begins to tell when they don't have proper nutrition. I've always been deeply appreciative of the fact that my dad would make that kind of arrangement. He would get out and get it. You see there was no declaration of a disaster or anything like that to come and get you. You either had to take care of yourself or starve to death. Take your pick. And those old pioneers--they chose to keep going. When they got there, they had built this one-room school house about sixteen by twenty-four feet, and it had three windows on each side and a little hallway about four feet wide in the back. In the front (I guess because it just had one door) you hung the coats and everything, and left the little tin dinner pails. We didn't have lunch in those days, you had breakfast, dinner and supper. And there was no and, if, and but about it.

We had dinner pails. They weren't lunch buckets, they were dinner pails, little syrup pails with lids on. We would leave them out there except in the coldest weather; then we'd bring them inside. There was a reason for that. There was no water, no playground equipment, no trees, no nothing, except a couple of little crude barns where you could put the horses that a few people used. We were one of them; we drove an old horse on a buggy and put her inside out of the wind for the worst weather for the day. Get around and hitch up and go on home, two miles. For a long while it was two miles to school. In 1899 I started to school; I was six years old, and my sister was the teacher. We got along pretty good. She tolerated me, and I had sense enough to mind her--no question about that in those days, or since, and we had quite an experience in that school! There were 20 kids that first year when I was in school. I have a picture of them. I didn't bring them along tonight. I take them when I talk to little kids because they are interested. They were all grades but two, one to eight, in this group.

Some of the older boys had to do a lot of farm work. Boys were important; girls were important. They all worked, and the boys, especially, had to help with the farm work in the spring and through the summer when there was not school. They would stay out a while in the fall until some of the harvesting, threshing and some of the fall work were done. Then they would go back to

school during the winter. As soon as they got a little older and got kind of fed up with going to school, they didn't go. They didn't have to, and they didn't. Well, the thing thinned down over the years, and by the time I was in the seventh grade, I was the only kid in the grade--and had no competition. I was tops in the seventh grade. The same held on for the eighth grade, and I had to stay out some of the time. My folks tried to keep me in school, but they would have me stop out and drive horses in the field a while in the spring and again in the fall on some of the plowing--then back in school. Since I was all by myself the teacher could kind of size me up and figure out what I knew and didn't know. They didn't have much trouble discovering that I didn't know much, but we would work it out, and finally the teacher thought I was ready to take the eighth grade examination. I didn't know whether I was or not.

I didn't know anything about it; so the arrangement was to ride this old work horse eight miles to Turton, South Dakota, put her in a livery barn (it was kind of a motel for horses for you people who are too young to know about livery barns) and then get on a little train, a little mixed train, one coach at the back end of a few freight cars, go forty miles to Redfield, and stay in a little hotel, the Central House for \$1.50. I remember it like it was yesterday. Scared to death . . . and then went over to the Court House, sat down with about 10 or 15 other kids and wrote this eighth grade examination. Got on the train, rode back to Turton, got the old mare out, put the saddle on, and rode home. Two or three weeks later I got a note from the County Superintendent. I had been graduated from the eighth grade. What a triumphal thing. When I think of all the commencement exercises I've attended, even with eighth graders being distinguished and set apart, I often think of that, riding that old mare and going down there and writing, scribbling, it was, the eighth grade examination, and passing it, which was a surprise, I think to the teacher and certainly a surprise to you folks! But I made it.

And then we didn't know just what to do. Here we were, old enough to work and should be doing something. There were three of us in the neighborhood there who didn't know what to do. Our folks thought we'd better do something . . . that we weren't too sharp, you know . . . and we'd better get some more training if we could. I don't know where there was a high school. I don't believe there was one within forty miles of there. So there was a man out there in the country working on a big ranch that summer for his health. I've often wondered about that, but that's what he said he was out there for, and he was quite a lady's man. He had taught in high school. They got him to agree to teach a little one room school--I think there were three other kids that were still in the grades--and teach us three boys something about some of the high school stuff. So he got some courses of study from somewhere, and we went to school.

November, December, January, February and most of March, and we learned a little something. Not too much, but it was top hat for us. Then we had to go to work on the farm again. Come the next year, they got another teacher to take us on again and try and go a little further. She did. And then, they found out that down at Brookings, South Dakota, there was a course for farm boys and girls that could go from the first of November to the last of March. Three years. It was kind of a vocational school, but it was academically secondary, and so they sent me down there. I had no idea where Brookings was. Got on the train with a little old rolled-up bundle of stuff--

they called them valises in those times. You could pack them full, then you could keep raising them up as long as the straps could go around. You had your stuff under cover. I went down there and entered in this school of agriculture program for three years. Made it in three years. Graduated in 1913. I took some other high school stuff with it because I began to get the bug that I wanted to go to college. That wasn't shared by my father at all. But my mother thought that might be a good idea--if I wanted to go to school, I should go to school.

Well, in this process going through those years and doing this work on the farm, we had a pretty good exposure to rural living in those years right after 1900. In 1899 I remember we had a 4th of July celebration in Turton. The main street of Turton never was two blocks long, but it was over a block, and so we had a parade. My sister, who was quite ingenious and did a lot of things for a lot of us, made a little red, white and blue bunting suit for me and some blankets for the goat. I had a goat and a cart that my brother fixed up. I drove this goat in that parade for a whole block and a half, and then they loaded him on the wagon and we came on home.

It was quite an experience to be in a parade with a town band. You've heard small town bands and you know what they are like, but they sounded good to us in those days. We had quite a 4th of July celebration. Then people got together for things like that quite regularly. And had a pretty good time.

But in this work process, you know, we talk about Dr. Cabot who wrote a book on what men live by. He had a pretty good formula I thought. He said "work, worship, love, and recreation." And that's not a bad combination.

The work was an interesting thing, and I'd just like to run through the cycle of work by seasons.

In the spring, as early as I can remember, the first thing to do was seed the grain. The first seeders we had of course, Julius Black, he has more old antique stuff than anybody in the state of Iowa were the old endgate seeders. We had them on wagons, but sometimes they used a two-wheeled cart. Had a sprocket wheel on one wheel and that ran a little circular blade. You had a hopper, and you put the seed wheat in there and hoped you were doing it about right and it would throw it out one way. They set stakes down through the field, half mile in those areas, and the guy would stand up front, and he would drive his team down toward those stakes. He didn't pay attention to what was going on in the back, and the man back there was to put the grain in this thing and see that it kept throwing it out there on the ground. Then when he came to a stake, he would stop and step it off about so far and put the stake in again, go back and drive to the end. He would move that stake over and come back. Set the stakes back and forth. If the wind was pretty high, they couldn't do it because the wind would blow the grain all over everywhere. They used to get out early in the morning so's to get going before the wind came up. They would work it into the ground a little bit, and that was what they called seeding the grain. It wasn't a very good process, but that's what was used. Then later came the drills where they had little shoes and disc drills and shoe drills, and press drills. They would put them in rows, you know, and you put it in a box and

mechanically ground it down there at a certain specified rate. You set a little slide, and you put a bushel and a half to the acre or whatever you were doing, and that was it. You drove down through at a marker and drove back and forth, and that was pretty good. The ten-foot drill, put six horses on them, eight-foot--they put four. That was really getting pretty good.

And then they would harrow the fields with the harrows. First they walked behind those harrows. That, I'm telling you, is a terrible experience, walking behind four or five or six horses--the harrows kicking up a dust--and walk, walk, walk. If you did pretty good, you would walk twenty miles. Twenty mile rounds were a good day's work for a team in the field, and a guy had to walk just as far as the horses, just didn't have to pull that harrow. He just had to eat all that dust. You would cough up a horse's mane every morning after you had been harrowing, you know.

Then they got what they called drag carts, a little deal which you could fasten to the harrow and sit up there like a king--up above the dust--and drive. I used to stand in the seat of the drag cart to put me still higher above the dust and maintain poise in a little iron seat up there with a high wind, the lines blowed out around back to the horses, I started doing that when I was pretty young. They figured that was a good way to use the kids, you know, do the harrowing and more experienced people would do the drilling. Later I got to run the drill. That was in the spring.

They had corn, but that wasn't doing good. They would get the corn from back east, and that didn't work so good till they got to using early maturing varieties; then they would have some corn. Sometimes it would freeze, and it would be pretty soft and it never grew very tall, if it was dry. You needed a potato digger, really, to pick corn some of those years. You'd get right down to the ground. But that was South Dakota and that was the spring's work.

Then we would come to the haying season. Lots of prairie grass everywhere. We used to put up 200 acres of prairie grass in our farm in connection with our farming operation, and we had a whole section in a pasture--school section. We paid 18 cents an acre per school section per year for rental on this ground where we would keep the livestock, take in other people's horses and a few cattle.

We didn't like the cattle so well. We'd take the horses and the colts before they were old enough to work, and we'd have a whole bunch of them in there. They'd bring them in the first of May and come and get them the first of October. That was the season--\$3 for the season per animal and 18 cents an acre rental. So you would make a little money. Took a lot of acres sometimes to feed a horse if it didn't rain often enough. We would have a well down in there with a windmill, and it would pump the water. It had a float, and when the water would get down in this great big tank, the windmill would turn on (there is usually wind enough out there to make it go) and it would pump until it was full again then shut itself off, and that was the way it was. The windmill was only 12 feet off the ground. I used to have to go down and oil it. I don't like to climb, and I thought that was about as high as anybody ought to ever go. I'd get up there and hang on for dear life and pump oil where I hoped it was in the right place and get down out of there. I didn't want to be up there 12 feet off the ground.

You can imagine what I felt like when I went out to the Grand Canyon and started looking down from a mile and a half. That's another experience! I don't need that little railing where you stand out and look down there for a mile and a half. They tell the story about the little kid who was down there. He was with his uncle who was quite poetic. And so they had a look at the Grand Canyon. The uncle took a good look up and down. There's plenty of room to look, and the kid horsed around doing what he wanted to do. Then they went back to the hotel, and the professor sat down and wrote a sonnet to the wonders of nature. The kid wrote a postcard to his grandmother, and on the postcard he said: "Dear Grandma, I spit two miles." That's getting up in the air. That 12-foot tower was as high as I want to go.

Well, then, we did the hay. We cut this hay, mowed it and raked it, and stacked it. Used to have to pitch it up on the stack and then later got a stacker, you know, that would put it up there and buckers and hay sweeps and buck it on there. A team would throw it up on and a man would push it around; then we would start another one and that was pretty good. That was the way we finished up stacking hay. Then a little later just after we'd get the hay made would come the harvest.

The first harvest in those years was done with a header. Now that was a reel like a combine only instead, when it would cut the grain, the horses were in back, the cutter was up in front, 12 foot. It had a spout that run up with canvasses that shot those headings (not bound) up into what was called the header box or a barge, and my job as a nine-year-old kid and for the next few years was to drive the team on the header box. My brother, rather ingenious, fixed a little seat up there so I could sit up on the top of that thing, have a place for my feet, and drive these horses. One of them followed in a certain track so that you didn't have to know much to drive them, and the horse knew enough to stay in the track. Then you would turn around, and they had a rudder on this outfit, this header. You'd turn the rudder, you know, and turn around. I thought it was a marvelous thing.

Once in a while my brother would lower the rudder so that I could stand a-straddle of it when I was six or seven years old, and I could steer it a little. That was big league. I later had a chance to stand on the thing and go day after day, but that was the way they cut it and then they would unload it and get another load. They ran two barges. The one would stop when they got to the middle of the field to stack it, and the guy that was mowing the stuff back in the barge would grab me and set me on top of this spout which again was 12 feet high, and too high, and the other guy would drive under and grab me and pull me off of there and the thing started to go. Then I was to scramble and get up on that seat and get ahold again and go a half a mile and then get changed again. I changed seats pretty often, I'm telling you, on those headers.

Then came the binders and that was a lot different. With the headers you had to wait till the crop was pretty ripe and sometimes they got a wind or a hail and damaged it; so they quit running the headers and went to binders. Both the push and the pull binders were the same kind of a deal only they had a binding attachment on the side, and the bundles would be bound. The guy would control it from back there on his little platform where his rudder was and dropped the bundles in a windrow. Then men came along and shocked the

bundles up on end in shocks. That's a terrible job. It took a lot of manpower and a lot of sweating to set those bundles up on end. Before they were ready to thresh they had to be there a little while. I got on the binder detail at a fairly young age, and when I was 19 that summer of 1912, the crop got ripe all at once. We just had the one binder, but we had a lot of horses; so we were going to change off, my dad and I, and run the binder. He would run and I'd run, but mother was in pretty bad shape and he needed to be with her. I said I could run it--"You bring the horses, I can manage it."

So he'd bring me a little lunch once in a while and the horses every four hours and the longest day I put in was 20 hours one time. That's a long while to be out there running a binder. At night you would have these lanterns, one out on the short tongue, Julius, tied down with binding twine so you could see when you got ready to turn, and then one behind so that you could tell how to thread the binder with new twine when you had to. Also you had to kind of watch and see where you dropped them all in about the same windrow, and you could tell by the sound whether they were binding or whether they were cutting loose. That's about all you had.

Best part of that outfit was a thousand shot Daisy air rifle that stood in the whip socket. All those horses had blind bridles and no danger of hitting them in the eye but there were better places to hit them if they needed encouragement and presented a lot bigger target than the eye. You have to have a little horse psychology to manage those, but they know you are going to turn and they'd be glad to do it a little before it's time. If you were smart, you kept your mouth shut, and you used this if you needed to, didn't do anything until you said so, and then you'd turn them and they were ready. They moved right out there. I never had any trouble. I'd get awful sleepy, and I'd sing and carry on at night to keep from going to sleep. I didn't want to fall off of that thing. Of all places. That was the binder. And we would get the crops bound.

Then would come the threshing. There was a lot of romance in threshing in those days. They had big steam threshers. You know there were no trucks, no tractors, no gas-operated jobs in those earlier years, but big steam engines. All kinds of threshing machine makes. And there was always a certain kind of person who liked to own a threshing machine. He would be a character unto himself. His clothes would be the greasiest and the dirtiest of anybody's in the whole countryside, and he changed them when the threshing season was over! No point before. Take his overalls--they'd stand up by themselves.

Those old threshers would agree to go from this farm to this farm to this farm in that order and they would start, and they would all have sort of a run. The way they did it in that country--the man who owned the threshing machine hired all the help and fed the crew and threshed by the bushel. He had a little tally arrangement up there so that you could tell how many bushels they threshed. The farmer would take the grain in as it came out of that place and take it somewhere. They didn't care where he took it, but they were threshing by the bushel and they didn't intend to stop for anything unless it was their fault. If you didn't have a wagon there, they had a system of signals, you know, and the signal for grain haulers was a lot of little short jerks of the steam whistle. It would scare the life out of some of these horses, and the bundle teams would take off. The guys who were pitching bundles into the separator would have to gather them up and cuss and

get back and unload. But they would just whistle, whistle, whistle, and if there was anybody near enough, he'd run his horses and get in there and back in hoping to get there before they started spewing it in the stubble field. Than you'd have to gather it up with a shovel. That's no fun. Well, that was the way they threshed.

The way they did, they had a little cook car, again about twelve by twenty-four feet, just on steel wheels, just a shack, and did have some screen doors on it. That was important--and a couple of windows. They would have a cook and a cook stove and coal and a barrel of water. Water man was supposed to keep that barrel full of good clean water for them to use in cooking. Had another barrel outside and a bunch of towels so when the guys showed up at noon to eat, as grizzly and dirty as they could get, they could wash. They were white once! They had these washpans down along there, and they would sozzle themselves a little bit just to kind of clean off so they could see out and then go in there and eat this big heavy meal. Then they would get out there and lay down in the shade for just a few minutes until they would hear the whistle blow, and they would get back out there.

The first ones that were up with their bundle teams would get in there, and the others knew when they had to get there. They'd take their horses and feed them, usually right at the back of the racks. They didn't bother to take them into barns. And they would water them out there, some of them, and some of them would bring them in and water them. Then they would haul bundles all afternoon. The day was sunup to sundown, and in August in South Dakota that's a pretty long day, believe me! There were no clock watchers, and the men got paid \$2.50 a day for their work.

There were two men on this big rig that my brother owned half interest in--two men to the rack, twelve racks--and then they had the separator man and an engineer. If they burned straw, they had a fireman. He pushed the straw in. The engineer just sat there and enjoyed the thing, but if he was burning coal, he had to shovel it himself. And away they'd go. Thresh, I'll tell you and those big outfits. Now some of you know threshing machines. This rig had a 42-inch cylinder. That's a pretty long thing chewing it up, up there . . . four men pitching in there, and if you had a pretty good crop that was coming out pretty fast on the spout to the wagon, you'd fill a 72-bushel wagon, three box, and they would get about a mile towards town or wherever they were going by the time there would be another one full. They would move out about one every mile, and it would depend on how far it was to town how many teams it took to haul that grain to get back so that you weren't running the grain in the stubble. Well, that was quite a process.

As a little kid, I was sent to town driving a team to haul grain to the elevator. At 11, I know, my dad thought maybe he'd put another box on top and put a hundred bushels on that and gave me four horses, one team ahead of the other. I drove them two different falls, and then he got a bigger wagon--it held 140 bushels. I was getting a little older and we put four horses on that, sometimes six. Your hands are pretty full of lines when you've got six, and I did it and enjoyed it, back and forth with that grain. Sometimes they would take it to the bins and shovel it out. No elevators--shovels.

One time I was working for a guy after I was in college; my folks had left, gone out to Oregon, and I was working on this guy's farm for \$40 a

month, board and room. I didn't need that much. Needed the board worse than I needed the room. I wasn't in the room very much--up at 4 o'clock every morning. He was quite an adventurous sort of person. But I was used to it, and it didn't bother me. You went to bed. You didn't horse around much at night. The board wasn't much. I could go into that, but maybe I'd better not. That was something. Those people were the fightingest family I was ever in. It was just like everybody had a six-shooter laying by his plate, and they were going to get into it about something every meal just as sure as the world and you knew it. You just ate what you wanted out of what was there and got up and left. So they would go ahead with the family conference, if you want to call it that. You could hear them for half a mile when they got to screaming at each other. But that was that.

When you get this threshing out of the way, you'd start plowing. Plow and get ready for next year get the cattle back in as winter froze up running the gangplow, five or six horses to the gangplow, two-bottom plow, back and forth, back and forth, 10 hours in the field every day from seven in the morning until 12 bring them in, leave the horses in the barn an hour at noon. . . . You can fill a tractor gas tank in a few minutes, but a horse has got to have a little time to eat and get set. Of course we would just as soon wait a little, too, at noon. We'd let them eat for an hour and then put them back out again for another five hours. Ten hours in the field. That way you would get quite a bit done. We used to always figure if we had five horses, we could plow five acres a day. With six we could plow six acres a day. That meant 20 rounds with a 14-inch gangplow. I've spent a lot of lonely days. We wouldn't see anybody, you know, from one time to the next, but it was a good life, and I enjoyed it.

Then we got two plows, and we had a fellowship with two of us out there--10 or 12 horses. That one fall, 1912, my folks had moved to Redfield. My mother was still very bad, and my father was out there and I had a sister who lived a half a mile away, and we'd go down there and eat with her. That was the best part of the arrangement. Then we would run these plows. Well, he had to be with her so much; so we weren't getting it done, and I said: "Well I can run both these," and you know an 18 or 19-year-old kid can do anything!

So I would curry those horses, 12 of them, and harness them (feeding them first), get on a saddle horse and go down to my sister's and get my breakfast and then back up there. Get them out there, hitch them up and start down through the field half a mile. They had been plowing all fall--they knew what to do. I'd ride the back plow, we'd move them along, and I'd be up pretty close to the lead plow when they'd get to the end. Then we'd go out and around, get on the lead plow and turn it around, come right back, you know, fairly near, and then go across get the other one, turn it around and follow them again, half a mile. Do them all afternoon, unhitch them all, water them, feed them, go get the lunch, back, hitch them all up and go again. I never thought anything about it except that it was pretty busy stuff. Didn't have much time.

We had about 50 head of cattle. We'd had them out running around the field. There weren't too many fences, and we would let them clean up around the straw stacks. I thought: "Well I've got enough to do with these two

plows without monkeying with them." So I left them inside, shut up, you know. They would bawl and break through the fence half of them out and half of them in so I thought: "All right, I'll turn them out." So I turned them out and let them go to these stacks, the whole business, put the saddle horse behind the last plow, and I'd watch them. When they would get a little wanderlust, I'd get on the saddle horse, start the plow horses down the field a half a mile, go and wrangle these cattle and get back in time to make the turn. It sounds crazy, but you know I never thought anything about it. It was all a part of the day's work, and it did amount to a day's work. Once in a while my dad would come back and spend the day with me, and I'd get rested up and we'd go again. But that was it.

By the first week of November the ground would freeze up and we had to quit the plowing. Then we started to get ready for winter. Haul in the feed, go get these horses all back where they belonged, bring the stock in and fix up this and that. Mostly for doing chores in the winter, we kept one good team shod all winter with good sharp calks because they could get around on the ice and not fall down. The rest would just be turned loose, fed hay had to bring them through, you know. The economical way. They weren't entitled to any grain if they weren't working. And they didn't get it--just good prairie hay, and we had a lot of that. They ate a lot of it.

Then we'd get set, and along in the winter we'd have to fill the ice house. People got ice houses, and we had an ice house. In the meantime, I didn't tell you, we had built a house up on one of these quarters and moved in there. It was pretty raw and different up there. I remember that fall the house was built and they had some lumber for the barn out there, but they didn't have much of a shelter. My dad was busy threshing, and I was eight years old and at nights he would have me hold one of these lanterns while he would try to nail some of these boards together. Now an eight-year-old boy on a cold night he's sleepy and it's dark trying to hold a lantern, which isn't much light for a man who's pretty fussy and knows where he wants the light. That is a pretty boring process. A terrible experience. I was awful glad when we got where I didn't have to do that anymore. But that was building a barn by lantern light, and we got a shelter fixed with some hay over the top for the roof at first. Later developed quite a barn. Had a hip roof, a hay mow, flooring and everything. It was the beginning. And all those beginnings were important.

Then this ice house business. Everybody that could, and most of them did, would dig a pit about 10 or 12 feet square, four or five feet deep and build a kind of roof over them sort of--not too good stuff--but it would turn part of the water and it wouldn't rain in it. Then they would find a pond somewhere, a spring fed pond. Some of them would go over to the river and cut the ice when it was about 24 inches thick, and that happened pretty early in South Dakota. If the water wasn't very deep, it would freeze 24 inches all right. Then they would cut the ice. They would get a hole through it.

They had a saw with a handle that went this way and you worked it up and back, up and back. Some of you have sawed ice, I hope. And saw, saw, saw, get it and then break it loose, put the tongs on it, hitch a sharp shod team on it, pull it up on top of the ice and get it in the sleigh or wagon, whatever it was.

They would get a wagon full of those blocks and take them back to the ice house, slide them in there and arrange them, put them all together, tight together, get another layer, put on top, then another one. They would get it about six feet deep; then they would pack straw all around it and over the top. That would hold pretty good most all summer. Dig down through the straw and with a hand saw, ice saw, a chisel and an axe, and you could cut off chunks. They didn't use it to drink, but they used it in ice boxes to cool the milk and food. One of the good things about that was that you could make home made ice cream pretty easy. I could see the house from the field. I remember particularly one hot day out in the field I saw my dad take the wheelbarrow and go out to the ice house, and I knew what that meant. He did most of the cooking that year, and he was going to make ice cream. So when we came in we would have good home made ice cream for dessert along with our dinner--supper that night.

And they packed those ice cream freezers full of ice and took them quite a ways to picnics and that sort of thing. They did all right with it. We had pretty good going out of our ice. I remember one time, one very cold winter, that we cut some off of a pond that was 30 inches thick, and we didn't want to do too much sawing; so we made them about three feet square. You know that's a lot of weight--a block of ice is pretty near a yard square. Our teams had a hard time pulling them around, and we kept out of the way when they started one of those down into the ice house. They'd bump around, but we got a lot of ice without too much sawing. We had a lot of other incidental labor connected with it.

Well, then, here we are ready for spring again, and I just want to go back and comment on a few things. I think I'm going to dare take a minute about this ice cream business. One awful hot day the crops were all drying up I was over to the neighbors about six miles from home and they had an ice cream freezer. One of them said: "We ought to have some ice cream." Nobody knew how to make it. His folks were gone, and so I said I'd call my sister. We finally got telephones out in that country, and mail delivery--oh, we had it; except no lights! So I called my sister, and she told me, amid her laughter, because I didn't ask the right questions probably. I finally got to know how much stuff we had to have, but we didn't have enough milk. One of these boys said: "We got a cow up there in the pasture. I believe she would stand up there and let me milk her. I'll take a horse and go up and milk her."

So he got a milk pail and got up on the horse, went up in the pasture, and the old cow cooperated. She'd rather stand still than run in that heat, and so he milked her. Put milk pail over his arm, came riding back, and we had enough milk. We made the ice cream and turned it, and when it gets ready to go, it's hard to turn, but we had plenty of manpower. We got it turned good and hard. We took the lid off and sat around that tub with that ice cream freezer. About five or six of us did pretty good justice to a pretty good sized ice cream pack. And it was all right.

Now people wonder how people got along out there. We had fellowship. We had a lot of it. We had our church and Sunday school and a good deal of our activity centered around that. They could get together and sing, and that was good because some families could sing and some couldn't. They didn't know it, but then they entered in and it was a cooperative effort. I can

still hear some of those thunderous and uncertain tones out of those little communities, but they were singing these gospel hymns and thrilling to it. They were sharing the best they knew, and they were studying their Bibles and raising their kids with the idea that God was important and that religion had a very real place in their lives.

I'm glad I was raised in that kind of an atmosphere. We had our days when we had our celebrations. We had to take horses. You couldn't get very far with horses--10 or 15 miles--and get back. That was a full day. But we'd do it, and we'd have a 4th of July. We'd go up in a little gulch--they called it Oak Gulch; there were a few trees up there. I think of it as a national forest, really, but as an older kid I went back hunting for it and could hardly find the trees. It had a little stone creek in there, and once in a while the water would run a little down through there. It was something entirely different than the flat prairie and only 10 miles away. People would go with their wagons and their work horses and their buggies and spread some blankets down and the table cloths, and the pot luck a community dinner. It was really something. I've got pictures of whole families. Most of them are dead and gone now. In one picture I've got my father and mother, and all of the neighbors were there and all the kids and all, and it was quite a thing.

The young people would go up and have a picnic. I remember I had a pretty good driving team later. My father paid for them, but I thought they were mine. I found out that wasn't so when we had the auction sale. But as far as I was concerned, they were my team, and I drove them and took care of them. I had a pretty good buggy and I had these horses pretty well trained. I used to put on exhibitions with them. I'd take the harness and bridle off and just take a whip and tell them what to do and they would do it. It wasn't that they were in love with me, but they understood what we were doing. They were going through a routine and they knew what the routine was. It just amused me that people would think that the horses were fond of me and that's why they would do what I told them to and follow me around. But they never knew. What they don't know doesn't hurt them. But there is an art to training dogs and horses, and I didn't know much about the art. But together we learned quite a bit about it.

We would have get-togethers in the homes of different ones. At Christmas we always shared with quite a few people. We had some good feeds at Christmas. We had our own meat in the winter, and things were just pretty good. At Thanksgiving families were always getting together. They'd plan it this year we'll be there. Next year, we'll be there. And the families would gather around. There was laughter, and they were happy. The young people had their games, their rhythm square dances, one thing and another. One old boy played the fiddle. They didn't have violins out there. Had fiddles! This young man had a fiddle, and he married a girl that could chord pretty good and they spent most of the winter playing for these dances around. They'd saw away on this fiddle, and she would keep the chords on this foot-pedaled organ.

Finally they got a piano. I remember the first piano I heard. I thought it was a wonderful thing. It really was. We had one gal--she was just about the size of a piano--and she was quite a gal. But she would play piano! She went around the country with a little old white horse on a single buggy, and

there wasn't room for anything in that buggy seat but the music teacher and she would go around and give music lessons. She was a great gal. Bless her heart. She helped some of us get a little start, learning to sing a little, and we had a lot of fun doing that sort of thing.

Now this has been a kind of boring session to most of you, I know that. I'm glad it's over with. Tomorrow I meet a bunch of grade school kids. I may survive that one, but I wasn't sure I'd make it on this one. Now I've saved a little time on purpose that some of you might want to ask me some questions. I probably don't have the right answers, but I'll take a shot at it. Most anything you want to ask me.

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WERE THERE INDIANS OUT THERE AT THAT TIME?

Not right where we were. About 40 miles northeast of us, up towards Webster, there was an Indian reservation. There is still old Fort Sisseton. I've visited it, and they had a ditch dug around it so that the Indians couldn't come across it. That was the refuge for Indian attacks and all that sort of thing. But right where we were we weren't bothered. Where my wife grew up--up at Webster--there was a trail that went through, and they had Indians around there. But she never got scalped, and so we made it. But right where we were in Spink County, near Redfield, there weren't many Indians.

YOU DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT HOW YOU MET YOUR WIFE.

Down at college, you know. That's a great place. A coeducational institution is a tremendous thing. That's where it was. I might tell you, of course, when I had that buggy and out in that country, I was looking for a little coeducational fellowship, but it was 11 miles away. You go up there and go to church Sunday night and take a little ride, not much; then come back 11 miles, put the team away, go to bed, and farm at 4 o'clock the next morning, and Monday would get to be a pretty long day! But when I went down to school as a sophomore, here came this girl from Webster, South Dakota. A guy told me: "She's a terrific girl, from a fine family," and tried to sell me on the idea. I hadn't seen her yet.

So I had a look, and one look leads to another, and one thing leads to another, and I don't know why she did it. She's had pretty good judgment, normally, but she made a terrible choice, and we were married May 11, 1918! These little kids wanted to know all about my family, the names of them and what happened to them the other day. That surprised me. Then today I got a real thriller. I got two big envelopes, 86 little handwritten thank you notes from those kids, and two or three of them mentioned the names of our two boys who were killed in World War II. They were sorry about that. Bless their hearts.

IS "LITTLE HOUSE ON THE PRAIRIE" A PRETTY FAIR REPRESENTATION OF LIFE AT THAT TIME?

I have a cabin at Cass Lake, Minnesota, and this is staged in Minnesota, between here and there, west of Minneapolis, and it's--yes--I guess it could

be. They do some nice things. They act the part pretty well. We watch it and enjoy it. I wish we could have had movies of some of the stuff that went on back there.

YOU WERE TALKING ABOUT HOW MUCH FUN IT WAS AT THE BARN DANCES AND THINGS LIKE THAT. WHEN I WAS A CHILD WE HAD A LOT OF THAT IN OUR AREA, TOO, IN SOUTHERN IOWA. I REMEMBER AS A CHILD ONE OF THE FUN THINGS THAT WE USED TO DO. UP IN THE TOP OF THE BARN THERE WERE ALWAYS A LOT OF PIGEONS, AND SO SOME OF US GOT THE IDEA THAT IT MIGHT BE FUN TO DUPLICATE THE PIGEONS; SO WE WOULD COLLECT OATS AND AS THE PEOPLE WERE DANCING BELOW, WE WOULD DROP LITTLE HANDS FULL OF THOSE OATS. THEY THOUGHT IT WAS THE PIGEONS!

Pigeons aren't house broken for the most part, and I know about that. They get on the hay track up in there. That was a good part to stay out from under when you were working in the hay mow. And I learned that the hard way!

DID YOU BREED YOUR OWN HORSES, OR DID YOU HAVE TO BUY THEM SOMEPLACE?

No, we raised our horses pretty much. We kept the brood mares. And we'd raise these colts and then break them when they were three years old. Then when they got so that they were pretty used to what was going on, we would sell them. That was part of the farm income. We had six three-year-olds, and my daddy thought it would be a good idea if I would ride one to school each morning and ride him back and that would get them used to being handled a little bit. They were halter broke, that's all. Big, awkward, dumb, draft colts, three years old . . . long hair, ignorant and everything else! Well, I'd put a saddle on them, and I'd get them outside the door and shut the door. They didn't want to leave the barn, but I had a little persuader with me and I knew a little something about horses. But I learned a lot more! I'd finally get them away from the barn, get them out on the road, herd them--they didn't know anything about the bridle, never had a bit in their mouth and I'd get them over there finally.

I'd start early with a little lunch in the pocket and put them in that little old barn. Then at night they were pretty well ready to come. Sometimes they realized they were going home and when they'd get to where they could see the barn, they were quite eager. It was all right with me. I could ride as fast as they could go, and we let them extend themselves. We went thundering down the line there. I just hoped they wouldn't stumble and fall and they did once in a while when there was snow on the ground.

Then the next morning, take another one. You didn't have any retention of earlier learning or whatever you call that and start all over because you only got to them once a week, you see. Quite a time. I worked those colts that spring when we got to going. Usually we tried to hitch them up and drive them a little bit before we put them in a six-horse team out in the field. But we didn't have too much time that spring; so we had two of these we hadn't gotten to yet to do the preliminaries for. We had a guy working for us that spring, wonderful guy, and I said: "All right, we're a little short. One of the brood mares had a colt, and we had to take her out of the lineup; so we'll have a substitution."

So we went to the bench. And we got these two three-year-olds. We'll put this one in here. He was kind of a wild bird, but we got him harnessed and got him in where we had him tied both ways and I told him he had better bring the other one. About 10 o'clock he was doing some work around home there with the other horses so here he came with the other one. This one was pretty well acclimated and somewhat adjusted by then and pretty darn tired; so we took her out of there and put the harness on the other one, and he led her. She was very docile and ready to go back, and we put this other one in and he wasn't so bad. He got on to it pretty fast. But that's the first and only time that I ever took a colt and put it directly in a six-horse team and let them go ahead.

Runaways. We used to have them all the time. People used to get hurt. I could stand here until morning and tell you about runaways. I've got barb wire marks here and here and here. All over on these horses. And they would run away and get you mixed up in the fences and that was that. All part of it. Nobody thought anything of it.

HOW FAR DID YOU HAVE TO HAUL IN YOUR LUMBER?

To build the cabins they had to haul it 17 miles. But later at this other place they had to haul it eight miles. I was 16 years old, and my cousin and my uncle bought a place up in North Dakota. Tower City, North Dakota. And they had taken a lot of their horses up there and bought 640 acres. They had about 35 head of horses that they wanted to drive across country. My cousin had a wagon and a team and some feed and a little stuff and he was going to ride in the wagon and I was supposed to ride the horse in back and herd these colts and younger horses behind. We were going to drive them across there. Going to take quite a while to go. Made about 15 to a little over 20 miles a day.

Well, the first day out (it was late November) was pretty uneventful. We got along all right. Stayed all night in a farm yard. Put horses in there, fed them, and went to bed. They let us sleep in the house. A good idea. In the morning the lady fixed us some sandwiches and we went out to go again the second day. That was the darkest, coldest day, and I had a little bay bronco which just kept working his head. He wouldn't buck, but he had to prance this way and that. Just had to ride him all day. And that got to be a long day. At noon we stopped and watered the horses and ate our lunch. I know we sat down by the wagon to get out of the wind. It was an awfully cold wind. This sandwich seemed so hard--I pounded it on the wagon wheel. It was just hard! And I was mad to think this gal had made sandwiches out of dry bread. I didn't know that those sandwiches were frozen hard. We gnawed away at them a little bit, and then we went on. It kept getting darker and colder.

My cousin, who was a good deal older, decided we'd better get these in someplace. He spotted a little grove of trees, and we'd gone pretty near till it was dark. We stopped, and they said yes, we could put them in there in that grove of trees. So we put them in there. One team that had been hauling the wagon we put in the barn. Then they said we could have some supper and sleep in the barn. That was all right. We had some blankets. So we went in to eat supper. And this good old gal--her name was Schaefer--knew how to feed guys. She had two big husky boys, and she looked us over and when we were through

eating supper. I was kinda heading for the barn, you know--I knew that wasn't going to be too good. Cold and awfully windy. She said: "If you want to you can sleep in the house."

Those were the sweetest words this side of heaven. So we went up there in one of these soft blanket sheets--oh, what a night after riding that bronco all day long. And wonderful. In the morning, surprise! The worst snow storm I've ever seen. And I've seen a lot of them. You couldn't see your hand in front of you. We put some hay and tied it in bundles and dragged it out there to those horses. We finally got a little water to them before the day was over. But you couldn't see anything, and it was just awful. Wind and snowbanks all over everywhere. The second day it cleared. You couldn't move a thing. Railroads were all blocked. They were opening them up but not the roads.

Finally my cousin made arrangements to ship the horses back up to Air, which was ten miles from this farm. Got a special permit. Had a heck of a time getting them to the railroad. Out through fields. These local yokels knew how to go out around the drifts, and they cut the wires of neighbors' fences. We weren't responsible for that and we got them there and he got a load of oat straw four feet deep in this stock car and loaded them in the stock car. Had one too many, an old balky grey mare. She wouldn't pull your hat off! So he traded her for a gold watch. Gave me the watch. Wasn't much of a watch, either. It balked some. Then we got in the caboose and started by way of Breckinridge to get up there. We didn't have any food with us, and we got hungry. A woman got on this train. She had quite a lunch. She had been eating before; you could tell. She had a pretty good lunch. Women have a way of knowing to carry a lunch. I suppose I looked like I was starving, and she shared her lunch with me, bless her heart. My cousin was older; so he just declined and took a little portion and let the kid have most of it. It was good. Then no more food on into the night, and we finally got to Breckinridge. The conductor said there was a lunch counter about half a mile away. The snow was knee deep.

He said we won't be stopping when we pull up there so if you want to get any lunch you'd better go up there now and come back. So we went up and ate and came back. And got in there--and wouldn't you know they pulled the darned train up and stopped right by the lunch room for 30 minutes! We got to the town of Ayr, unloaded the horses, got on this bronco again and drove them out there ten miles, had two or three days rest up, then back on the train to South Dakota. That was a tremendous adventure. I've had others and glad I had them. We've had a good time with our family. I'm glad I was raised out in that country, and I still own part of it. I don't worry about it. I don't depend on it for a living, but I got a couple of pretty good checks today. It's all right, but it's native land and something kind of sacred and wonderful about it. And I appreciate your staying with me. Didn't suppose there would be anybody here. Thought we could have it in a telephone booth someplace.

APPLAUSE

EARLY AREA CHURCHES

February 12, 1976

by

Helen Black

The first religious group to enter Iowa was Catholic. The Catholic Jesuits, attracted by the lead mines in northeastern Iowa, arrived in the Dubuque area between 1827 and 1833.

In November of 1833, Barton Randle, a Methodist circuit rider was sent to Dubuque from the Rock River Illinois Conference to visit the area. There he entered the tavern of J. M. Harrison, covered the bar with a blanket, and preached to the men. A tavern in those days was a small hotel with a bar. This sermon is believed to be the first preached on Iowa soil. There were not many men, and for the first winter it was a case of men only. No women or families had yet pioneered the area. The winter was rough, cold and boring.

To begin with, land could not be entered until an agreement was made between the U. S. Government and the Indians. The Black Hawk Purchase in February 1833 opened a strip of land about fifty miles wide west of the Mississippi River and extended from the Turkey River on the north to the Missouri line on the south. The new territory was not yet known as "Iowa," but as the "Black Hawk Purchase." Before long there was ferry service in the Burlington, Davenport and Dubuque areas. The ferries stimulated immigration into the new land, and as each treaty was made, the settlers moved westward. Here on the map is shown Agency City located about ten miles east of Ottumwa. It was the first Indian agency west of the Mississippi River. Today we know it as Agency, Iowa.

(The map I am using is "A New Map of Iowa, for 1848-1849 with descriptive notes. Designed for the use of emigrants and travelers, and as a chart of reference invaluable to every citizen of the state, by J. B. Newhall, author of 'Sketches of Iowa'." I have also sketched on this map the principal Indian purchases between 1833 and 1843 and the Red Rock Line as determined in 1845.)

This is the Red Rock Line, and until after 1845 this line was the western limit for entry in the state. As land opened further west of this line, we observed considerable progress in establishment of settlements and small villages.

The Methodist Church held quarterly meetings under the supervision of the Illinois Conference from 1833 to 1839, and in 1840 the Iowa District was included in the Rock River Illinois Conference. In 1844 the first Iowa Conference was formed and organized at Iowa City. Rare are the stories which describe the people of that time, but the following article provides an interesting account of those who attended that first conference:

At this meeting there were about one hundred fifty people present. Many of them had come a great distance--some on foot or in wagons, but most on horseback. There were in the assemblage noble heroes, Christian souls and strong men. But their external appearances were rather savage and grotesque. Buckskin entered largely into the materials of the garments of the men and linsey woolsey was prevailing apparel for the women. Most of the women, instead of bonnets, had handkerchiefs tied around their heads. Occasionally there was a hood or a sunbonnet, and one of the men wore a singular cap made of wolf skin and apparently of home manufacture. When the hat was passed for the collection for the presiding elder (now called the district superintendent), not a cent was received. They must have been a stingy lot--no, money they did not have. Or what they did have they had to pay for their land and the necessities of life. There was plenty of corn and bacon and milk and honey and sorghum, but no money. After a touching appeal from the presiding elder, who stated that he desired to visit his family in Illinois but had no money to pay the ferry man, one man reached in his pocket for his only fifty cents and gave it to him and that was all he had, but at least the presiding elder was happy and his faith in God was kept. Later, two Methodist circuit riders stopped by at a home near a grove. The woman greeted them but said: "Glad as I am to see you, we have not a mouthful of food to eat in the house. My husband has gone to the mill twenty-five miles away and will not be home until tomorrow." But one of the riders was a real pioneer and was equal to the occasion. He made a rough grater out of a tin pail and grated some corn from which the good woman made mush which with milk furnished them a good meal. But there was no bowl. The dishes had been mostly broken on their journey to the new purchase. However, they all ate of the same dish and took turns.

These are examples of problems and hardships the settlers endured when they first arrived in Iowa.

I'd like to give you a short review of a circuit rider. The Methodists, of course, are most famous for circuit riders as John Wesley rode five thousand miles a year on horseback in England, and Francis Asbury covered six thousand miles a year in America. From the beginning, as settlers left the thirteen colonies and moved westward, the horseback riding preacher followed along. He preached to those who would listen, formed preaching points, and rode circuits when settlements were established. Every four weeks the preacher made the rounds of the circuit. Yet the people were faithful in attendance, knowing that the preacher would always be present with a message, regardless of the weather, and they were seldom disappointed.

Although rugged in manner and dress, the pioneers were deeply religious. The preacher was poorly paid. If the people had little money, the preacher received little money--sometimes barely enough to pay for horse feed. Often he was given a slab of meat or other foodstuffs. At first there were no church houses, but every home was open for prayer meetings and preaching services. In fair weather the meetings were held in the pleasant shady groves which were called "God's first temples." The preacher's outfit consisted of

a good horse, saddle, bridle, and warm clothes. In his saddle bag he carried a change of clothing, a small Bible, and a hymn book. He endured the heat of the summers, the blizzards of the winters, the fording of the rivers, and bad storms, but his motto was "never miss an appointment." Week in and week out he rode tirelessly on the trail. Sometimes he rode sixty miles without seeing a house. Indians and foes were always a concern. Capture, torture, and often death were inflicted upon others by the Indians.

The settlers were hospitable and enjoyed their fellowship with the preacher. As he ate at their table, slept in the same room, talked with them of the Christian way, and mingled around the family altar, both preacher and family were refreshed. Before churches were built, the settlers met in homes or in a meeting house. The men sat on one side and the women and children on the other. There was no organ and there were few, if any, hymn books. It was the custom for the preacher to read slowly two lines of a hymn and pause while the congregation repeated them; then two more lines were read, and so on, until the hymn was completed. In this whole-hearted singing, strong lungs counted for more than fine expression.

Settlers came by wagon trains numbering eight to twenty wagons in a train. The wagons were pulled mainly by oxen. However, there were other wagon trains that were much larger. Frequently a train was composed of related family groups or very close friends. It was not uncommon for brothers and sisters to marry sons and daughters of another close family. For example, four brothers might have married four sisters, a situation in my own ancestry. This resulted in small closely knit communities in many instances. As the group stopped to spend the night after a long day's ride, a circle was formed with the covered wagons. This offered them some protection from invaders. In the center of the circle a campfire was built, and following the evening's meal short devotionals often were held.

Loren Muench will now accompany himself on the guitar as he sings two hymns. The first hymn was written by Charles Wesley, brother of John Wesley, who wrote six thousand five hundred hymns during his lifetime. More than sixty of those hymns are still being sung today. These are hymns pioneers may have sung as they worshipped together around the campfire:

O FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES TO SING and SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER

Other prominent Charles Wesley hymns include "Old One Hundred"; "O Divine, All Love Excelling"; "A Charge to Keep I have"; "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing"; and many more.

At the time Iowa was admitted to the Union as the twenty-ninth state in 1846, the boundaries of Story County had been surveyed and its perimeters determined, but no white people had settled there yet. At first Story County was regarded by some as being undesirable for settlements, particularly in the southern area. The rivers and creeks were low and marshy, and their banks were shallow. They were not navigable. There were many cattails, tall grasses--some three, six, and ten feet tall. There were no trees except those along the river banks and streams. Prairie chickens would fly over the area in early

morning and return again at night. Wild deer, skunks, rabbits, wolves, muskrats, ducks, turkeys, snakes, frogs, and mosquitos were products of the land.

However, around 1848 a few early settlers began to straggle into Story County. As Story County began to become established as a separate county in January, 1846, it was combined with Benton, Polk, and Boone Counties for revenue purposes. When the county's organization was completed on April 4, 1853, there were two precincts in the county. One was Indian. This included the Indian Creek area on the east side. The other was Story and included settlements along the Skunk River on the west side. When the first officers were elected, sixty-four votes were cast. Everyone voted straight tickets, but the Story candidates won with a count of thirty-seven votes to Indian's total of twenty-seven.

Around 1854 the first main road was defined by a furrow extending from Newton to Fort Dodge. The United States Land Office was located in Des Moines, but it was moved June 3, 1856 to Fort Dodge.

This, then, is the background of Story County's beginning. If you will notice on this map of Story County, the first churches and schools were located near wooded areas. The pioneers' choices for locations were near a grove of trees and a stream of water! They needed wood for buildings and fuel, water for livestock, drinking, and other purposes, and they needed wild berries, fruits, and game for food. The denseness of the trees offered them some protection from severe winter winds. In fact, later on an appeal was made encouraging settlers to plant trees along fence lines to break the force of the hard-blowing prairie winds. At first there were no bridges or drainage. Prairie fires were common. Occasionally smoke appeared in the distance. Members of one pioneer family traveling in a covered wagon were burned enroute, and by the time help could reach them, only ashes remained.

Small frame schoolhouses were built on the corners of four-mile intersections. The children walked to school. School was in session about five to six months during the winter to enable the pupils to help with chores and farming in the spring and fall. Community entertainments and events were also held in the one-room schoolhouses, and they often doubled as churches. Many early churches had their beginnings in the first rural schoolhouses.

In researching the organization of early churches in Story County, I observed three main procedures predominated:

- (1) Small group organization in which small numbers of persons, usually six to twelve, gathered together and held meetings in homes or public places, then organized, and finally built a house of worship--usually a small frame building. This was typical of most protestant and Catholic churches in the beginning.

- (2) The circuit method in which a leader formed a circuit of satellite preaching points called "classes" in small villages and settlements and nourished them until their growth was such as to enable them to establish, organize and build a church, and to become independent with denominational affiliation. This procedure was used by the Methodists.

(3) The parish procedure whereby a congregation or a portion of it parted from its mother country's church, traveled together overseas to a new land, and established a new community and a new parish. This procedure was exemplified by the Norwegian Lutherans.

The first religious groups organizing in Story County included the Cumberland Presbyterians, Baptists, Norwegian Lutherans, Dunkards, Methodists, Christians or Disciples, Episcopalians, United Brethren and the Evangelical Churches, but not in that order. The posters I've made show some of those churches. There was the Protestant Episcopal Church (I know some of you aren't able to read the names from where you are seated, but at least you might be able to read the headlines) with Iowa Center here, and the Ames Mission there. The Christian or Disciple Churches were located at Ontario, McCallsburg, Zeoring, Maxwell, and there was one--the Church of Christ Church in Ames. I am sorry time does not permit me to name all denominations and their churches in detail.

The Congregationalists in Ames were the only representatives of that denomination in Story County; so they were quite exclusive. I learned during a recent meeting at which I spoke, that the Congregationalists and Presbyterians agreed between themselves, that if one denomination organized a church in a particular town, the other one wouldn't! That was interesting to me and was something I had not known before. The Ames church, however, was not organized until late in 1865.

A Baptist church at Iowa Center appears to have been the second church established in Story County--the Methodist having been the first. That Baptist Church was organized on December 3, 1854. Iowa Center was located in the area in which the first state road--a furrow--helped bring settlers into Story County. Other Baptist churches later were organized at Ames, Nevada and Kelley.

When I started to research the Norwegian Lutheran Churches, I was amazed. Their form of organization was totally different from all others. Most churches were organized by only a few people, and the typical first church cost from eight hundred dollars to one thousand five hundred dollars. The Norwegian churches were a complete contrast. They began with large memberships--six hundred and nine hundred--with one church costing six thousand dollars. But the Norwegians came by parishes! I found their story interesting.

Following my study of the Norwegian Lutherans, I was prompted to check an 1868 Discipline, the book of rules and doctrines of the Methodist Church, to learn what I could concerning the building of churches in those days. I found under "Building Churches":

Let all our churches be built plain and decent, and with free seats wherever practicable; but not more expensive than is absolutely unavoidable, otherwise the necessity of raising money will make rich men necessary to us. But if so we must be dependent on them, yea, and governed by them. And then farewell to Methodist discipline, if not doctrine too.

Obviously there was concern among the officials of the Church that certain individuals with financial means might tend to dominate the Methodist Church. This rule, then, explains the sameness and simple construction many of the early churches had, particularly if they were Methodist.

The Methodists were first to organize in Story County. They were assisted by a horseback riding circuit rider called a presiding elder. (I am attempting to relate this story in the order in which churches were organized in Story County.) The first Methodist circuit was formed in 1854. At a meeting held in September of that year it was reported there were twenty-four members, thirty-four probationers, three preachers, and one parsonage. The first meeting was held at Barker's Schoolhouse on the road to Newton. Not all persons attending the meetings were Methodist, but until their churches were organized, they met with the Methodists.

The Reverend J. L. Hestwood was the first Methodist circuit rider. He came from a family of clergymen--his father and three brothers were also preachers. The Reverend Mr. Hestwood could be regarded as being the father of Methodism in Story County. Indian trails enabled him to make the journey around Story Mission which was fifty-three miles long and thirty miles wide. The work allowed him to be at home only thirty-six hours each week throughout the year.

Small early Methodist churches were called M. E. Chapels, or Methodist Episcopal Churches. Episcopal, of course, means the churches are headed by bishops. How did the name of the Church come about? It began back in the colonies when the American colonists remembered the injustices imposed upon them by the Church of England. At the close of the Revolutionary War John Wesley's attempts to resume direction of American Methodism were not enthusiastically received; for the spirit of independence had quickened. Wesley's background in England came from the Anglican Church, the Church of England. The colonists were not in favor of a bishop for themselves from the Church of England. In 1784 American preachers met in Baltimore for the Christmas Conference, and Francis Asbury was consecrated Bishop in America. They insisted on organizing a church independent of Wesleyan Methodism, and the name "Methodist Episcopal Church" was adopted.

In 1856 the Nevada Class was organized and left the circuit. This was the beginning of the Nevada Methodist Episcopal Church. In 1857 camp meetings were being held. Ideal locations for such gatherings were on the banks of wooded streams where there were ample shade, water, and pasture. Vehicles of every possible description from the most modern buggies to ox-drawn wagons would line up in the groves. A whole neighborhood would abandon everything except the most necessary work to spend the time together. The meetings, indeed, were happy occasions.

Lonely pioneers, parched and thirsty from lack of spiritual drink, and hungry for companionship would meet and mingle with Christian friends for spiritual and social feasts. Orators tried to out-do one another. Hymns were sung. It was difficult to shut out the world; for the devil crept in with his trickery. The huckster, the drink peddler, the politician--all had to be contended with and conquered. A. M. Ball wrote about this in an 1857 newspaper story as follows:

In the summer of 1857 a Methodist preacher organized a Class at my father's house at Ballard's Grove in Union Township. This was the preaching place until the log schoolhouse in District No. 1 was built. It was the first one built in this part of the county. Shortly the Class was merged with one that was formed at Cambridge, and the M. E. Society at Cambridge is partly the outgrowth of that Class. When the Class was organized, we only had preaching once a month, and the old cabin was full to the brim every time. In 1858 a Sabbath School was organized which consisted of Methodists, United Brethren, and German Baptists, as well as nonprofessors. We met every Sunday. Along about that time there was the biggest camp meeting held that it was my privilege to attend. People came from miles around and camped for a month and had a meeting, as it was called. I recall that one woman fell in a trance and laid as if dead for nine days, and when she revived she awakened as though she had just been napping.

I thought that was an interesting article as it was a personal recollection written by a man who had attended those early events.

Singing was an important part of camp meetings. Loren Muench will now sing for us two hymns that may have been sung at those meetings.

NEARER MY GOD TO THEE and AMAZING GRACE

We will now go back and pick up the beginning of the Norwegian Lutheran Churches in Story County. As I stated earlier, the Norwegians came by parishes. There were three: Etne, Skaanevick, and Fjeldberg. Imagine going to church one day and asking members of your congregation to join you in packing up your belongings, boarding a ship, and sailing to a new country! This is what the Norwegians did. The story of St. Petri, or St. Peter, really begins back in Norway in 1846, when a twenty-four-year-old teacher by the name of Torkel Henryson began soliciting passengers for a proposed migration to America the following year. This group came to America aboard the good sailing vessel, Kong Sverre, bringing one hundred sixty-five men and women. Seven weeks were spent on the Atlantic. For several more weeks they plowed the waters of the Hudson River and Lakes Erie, Huron, and Michigan, before landing in Chicago. In July, 1847, the party arrived at Lisbon, Illinois, where practically all of them settled. In the next ten years the Lisbon area had steady successions from the homeland.

Already, however, stories of cheaper lands selling at one dollar twenty-five cents an acre out in Iowa had started a spirit of unrest in the colony, and in 1855 an expeditionary force of six men was sent to "spy out" the land. The result was that a substantial amount of land was bargained for in the area of Story City, and in the spring of 1856, a caravan of eighteen covered wagons containing twelve families and several young unmarried people picked up the trail for northeast Story County. It appears that one team of horses was used and the other eighteen wagons were drawn by oxen. After this there was a steady stream of additions to the new colony, some from Lisbon and some from the old country.

No time was lost in making arrangements for religious services. At first the pastor from Lisbon, Illinois, agreed to make two visits to the settlement each year. This wasn't simple considering that the nearest railroad was first at Iowa City and later Grinnell. To and from those towns the trips were made by horse-drawn lumber wagons. As nearly as can be determined, the first church services were held in the Sheldahl Schoolhouse four miles southeast of Story City; at Ole Hegland's residence six miles southeast of Story City; and at Rasmus Tungesvig's barn two blocks south of the present St. Petri Church. The Reverend Rasmussen seems to have held his first confirmation service November 1, 1858. The formal organization of the congregation was effected in 1857. In 1860 the Reverend Nels Amlund accepted a call to the pastorate, coming here from Norway. In the call no salary was promised, but the congregation agreed that the pastor would have a brotherly share of the blessings that God, in His wisdom, would bestow upon them. Paul Thompson met the Reverend Amlund at Grinnell, and at the end of the long and tedious lumber wagon ride, the young Norwegian pastor reportedly said: "This must be the end of the world."

The first church was erected in 1864 one mile east of Story City. It served the congregation until 1875. Later the Bergen church at Roland was started in 1878, and North and South St. Peter Churches were organized as outgrowths of St. Petri. St. Andrews Lutheran Church in Ames, which organized around 1953 and built its church in 1963, is still another outgrowth of St. Petri Lutheran Church.

In Palestine Township, southeast of Huxley, the Palestine Lutherans, a part of the Norwegian settlement from Lisbon, Illinois, arrived in June, 1855, and another group joined them in September. Their colony consisted of one hundred forty-one people, fifteen horses, forty-four oxen and a number of cattle. Their first winter was difficult because they had not arrived in time to plant crops. They needed corn and money though not much could be bought with money. There was an abundance of hay for livestock, but the animals also needed grain. They made arrangements with other settlers in the area for what grain they could obtain. At times they were so low on grain for their own food that they ground corn in coffee mills to make cornbread and mush. Wild berries and fruits were gathered. They obtained meat by hunting wild game and fishing. They shared their food.

The Palestine Lutheran's first Sabbath day service was held under a roof in the shelter of a hay shed. Under this same shed the first confirmation class was organized. In the summer of 1867 the first schoolhouse was built. It was situated across the road from the present Palestine Lutheran Church, one mile south of Huxley on Highway 69, and east one mile on Highway 210. The present church is a beautiful brick building, having replaced the original frame church after it burned around 1953. The Norwegians cut their own hay with scythes, small grains with cradles, planted corn by hand, and plowed corn with single shovel plows behind single horses.

They used homemade candles or "kallas." These were dishes filled with about one inch of lard with wicks. The kallas sometimes provided more light than the candles.

The Fjeldberg Lutherans at Huxley were the third group to settle in Story County. Their church was established in 1865, a mile south of what later was to become the site of Huxley. Pastors assisting in its organization were the Reverend N. Amlund of Story City, Professor Schmidt of Luther College at Decorah, and the Reverend P. A. Rasmussen of Lisbon. The first church was built on the present site of the Fjeldberg Cemetery at the corner of Highways 69 and 210 and was dedicated November 10, 1867. In 1906 it was moved into the town of Huxley, and in 1913 it was completely remodeled and rededicated. However, bad luck came to the church, and it burned to the ground in February, 1945. A new one was erected and dedicated in February, 1948 at a cost of sixty-five thousand dollars. It seats four hundred people and is fire resistant.

One might conclude that the Norwegian Lutherans are a thrifty, community-type people. They are devout church members and are highly regarded for their fine cooking and delicious Norwegian foods.

Chicago is this country's largest midwestern city. It was incorporated in 1833. Some of its present day department stores were founded more than a century ago. The following requirements were requested of the employees of the Carson, Pirie & Scott store prior to 1870:

- (1) Store must be open from 6 a.m. until 9 p.m. the year around.
- (2) Store must be swept; windows, base shelves and all cases dusted; lamp wicks trimmed, lamps filled with kerosene and chimneys cleaned; pens made up; windows and doors opened; a pail of water and a bucket of coal brought in before breakfast; and attend to the customers who call.
- (3) Store must not be open on the Sabbath unless necessary and then only for a few minutes.
- (4) The employee who is in the habit of smoking Spanish cigars, being shaved by barbers, going to dances and places of amusement, will surely give his employer reason to be suspicious of his integrity and honesty.
- (5) Each employee must pay no less than five dollars per year to the church and must attend Sunday School regularly.
- (6) Men employees are given one evening a week for courting and two if they go to prayer meeting.
- (7) After fourteen hours of work in the store the leisure time should be spent mostly in reading.

In July, 1864, the Cedar Rapids & Missouri River Railroad, later the Chicago & Northwestern, reached Nevada. Its promoters were eager to forge westward to become the first railroad to span the state. However, they ran into opposition. Land owners in what later was to become Ames did not want to part with their land. The Iowa Agricultural College and Model Farm, now known as Iowa State University, was founded in 1859, and its location was west of the

area wanted by the railroad. There were also a few local citizens wanting the railroad placed further north in the Bloomington area. Bloomington was a village platted in 1857 on higher ground. However, the railroad preferred the cheaper lowlands--the land lying east of the new college. Cynthia Duff came to the aid of the railroad and persuaded the land owners in question to sell the land to her. She in turn transferred it to the railroad. This enabled the railroad to continue laying tracks to Boone and across the state. It was the first railroad to cross Iowa.

In December, 1864, a new town was platted and named "Ames" in honor of Oakes Ames, a congressman and one of the promoters of the railroad. Cynthia Duff, who owned a candy store and fed the railroad hands, was a Congregation-
alist. To her credit the railroad gave land for a Congregational church, and Congressman Oakes Ames donated a church bell in honor of the first church built in the town that bears his name. It might be pointed out here, that it was the custom of the railroad to give a couple of lots of land to churches "for the consideration of one dollar in hand" to help promote the growth of a new town.

The first religious movement in the Ames area began in 1863. Twelve citizens around the sparsely settled area organized a Union Sunday School. Meetings were held in the first schoolhouse built in the area and located on the north side of the present Lincoln Way, east of the Squaw Creek bridge. The first superintendent was Thomas Grayson. He became a church trustee when the Methodists decided to organize and build a church three years later.

In the autumn of 1865, the Reverend John White of Woodstock, Connecticut, came to Ames for health reasons. On the Sabbath he preached in the half finished railroad depot. A buffalo robe was thrown over a dry goods box for a pulpit, and planks were placed on nail kegs for seats. Approximately fifty persons gathered for the service, quite a few people for that time. The movement took definite form, and a meeting was called November 5, 1865, in the home of H. F. Kingsbury. He was the first depot stationmaster and postmaster in Ames. At this meeting a Confession of Faith and Covenant was adopted, and Kingsbury was elected deacon.

Early in the spring of 1866, plans were adopted by the Congregationalists for building a house of worship. The church was constructed on the two lots given them by the railroad. This location is the site of the present United Church of Christ--Congregational Church at Sixth Street and Kellogg Avenue. The building was occupied in September and was overflowing for its dedication. Of its charter members, three were Presbyterians, two were Baptists, and three were Congregationalists. The first communion set was brought in a market basket from Syracuse, New York, by Cynthia Duff. Mrs. Duff was born at Onondago, New York, and the name "Onondago" was originally the first main street in Ames, the one we presently know as Main Street.

Bloomington's post office was called Camden, and mail was passed through a window of the small frame building. Incidentally, the first post office at the Iowa Agricultural College and Model Farm was called "College Farm." When the railroad first came to Ames, it was referred to as "Ames Station." By 1859, the Methodist circuit was known as "Bloomington Circuit" and meetings were held there. Louis Osborn and wife deeded land in Bloomington for a church on March 20, 1865. The chapel was reported completed by August 11, 1866.

According to Story County records, Mary A. Ballard gave two lots of land for a parsonage in Bloomington on October 4, 1866. I mention this because I have had recent inquiries concerning Bloomington.

The late George Miller was born in a log cabin three miles north of Ames. He resided there until the age of fourteen and attended school and church at Bloomington. In 1959 he recalled that his grandfather, T. J. Miller, owned a small sawmill then located southeast of the church, one-quarter mile away. One block north and a block west of the mill, stakes had been set out for a possible railroad line. He said: "They couldn't decide where to cross the Skunk River. At times it was necessary, when the water was high, to go up to Hannum's Mill a mile or two further north to cross the river."

The Bloomington church was really called Bloomington M. E. Chapel. George Miller estimated the small chapel probably seated a hundred people. However, from what I have learned about it, it is my opinion that a hundred people would have caused the small chapel to bulge a little! In the front of the chapel was a six-inch raised platform about six or eight feet wide. The building was heated by a wood-burning heating stove. It contained a small organ and hand-made wooden pews with a center aisle. A wooded area came within a hundred feet of the north and west sides of the chapel. To the east of the building was plain open land called "The Commons."

Around 1963 I also interviewed the late Frank Buck. He recalled that his grandfather, Presley R. Craig, arrived in the Bloomington area from Illinois in 1848. Craig built a two-story cabin made of oak and walnut logs and joined together with oak pins. According to Mr. Buck: "To reach that place one would drive to the second road north of the Izaak Walton Park, make a turn, and drive past the Nutty farm. The next farmstead was originally the Craig residence." By the way, I had intended to show pictures this evening, but after arriving, I found the projector is not an opaque projector and I cannot show them. If anyone wishes to see the pictures later, you are most welcome to do so. The Craig cabin was used as a home for a number of years, and during the Civil War it was a recruiting station. In 1838, Preston Niles took the cabin apart, numbered the logs and pins, and reassembled it near Missouri Valley where it stands today, possibly in a park, as I recall.

Frank Buck also shared some Indian stories with me:

There was an Indian village on the opposite side of the river from Top-O-Hollow, and coming around from my grandfather's place, the village was not far away. The Indians knew better than the weatherman when the spring thaw was coming; so they moved on up the hill to higher ground. Some Indians were buried there. When an Indian died, all of his belongings were buried with him--his traps, guns, bows and arrows, and a little mush for him to take along to his happy hunting ground.

I thought that story would be of interest to some of the anthropologists in this area. Mr. Buck continued:

I knew all of the Indians by name. I recall John Muskemo, a young man who had a wife and one small boy. They nearly always came to see me. A hunting pal, George Shomelee, had one stiff

knee. John Smith, their Indian chief, had a daughter. When I was seventeen or eighteen years old, he wanted to give me his daughter for a wife. I recall, too, that the Indian squaws cooked everything all in the same kettle.

Miss Marie Bauge also recalled a similar story. She was an old timer having been raised in the Palestine Lutheran area near Huxley, prior to re-locating in Ames. She died in the late 1960's at the age of ninety-seven years. She remembered watching an Indian squaw in her neighborhood as she prepared a mixture of meats and other items of food in a large kettle over an outdoor fire. She stood there stirring the mixture with a long-handled wooden spoon. All at once she lifted the spoon from the kettle, reached over and struck the dog on the top of the head with it.

The second church built in Ames was the Methodist Church. In 1865, the Ames group was first mentioned as a preaching point on the Bloomington Circuit. On August 16, 1866, Isaac Black, S. O. Osborn, Ira Bixby, S. H. Miller, Thomas M. Gossard, Thomas Grayson and M. R. Wakefield incorporated the Ames church under the name of "The Methodist Episcopal Chapel of Ames, Story County, Iowa." The church, a little frame structure about twenty-four by forty feet in size, cost one thousand seven hundred dollars including furnishings. It was built on the two lots given them by the railroad company and was located at the northeast corner of the intersection of Main Street and Kellogg Avenue. It contained a belfry and a high-pointed spire. After the Baptists built their church a block north of the Methodists six years later, the street was frequently referred to as Church Street because there were three churches on corners one block apart.

In front of the Methodist church were wooden steps leading to a platform. The town's loafers found this an ideal place to spend their time. Two years later a town pump was placed on the corner in front of the church. It was reported the town's citizens quenched their thirst, all drinking from the same tin cup. The chapel was similar in plan to that of the Bloomington M. E. Chapel. On the platform at the north end was a foot-pedaled organ. A heating stove stood at one end of the room with a long stove pipe extending the length of the room to a chimney. This allowed more heat to radiate into the room on cold wintry days. Bracket lamps filled with kerosene lighted the chapel for evening meetings. In 1868 fifty-two members attended church there. Wooden steps were placed temporarily to the side and rear of the pulpit for the annual Children's Day exercises.

Two familiar favorite children's hymns will now be sung by Loren Muench.

JESUS LOVES ME and JESUS LOVES THE LITTLE CHILDREN

In 1887 the second Methodist church was built. Memorial M. E. Church was a beautiful brick edifice with stained glass windows and red carpeting. The local newspaper described it as "the best church in the county." It was used only twenty years until college students swelled its capacity. It was then razed in 1906, and the third church was built in 1907-1908. The little

church on Main Street was then offered for sale. The Church of Christ was organizing, and they purchased the building for two hundred dollars including twenty-five chairs. They moved it to the southwest corner of Fifth Street and Kellogg and used the building until their first church was built. The building was then sold to the independent school district, and used as a school for several more years. Later it was purchased by C. A. Duntz, an Ames builder, and for use as a carpenter shop and a harness shop until the site was wanted for a new post office. The building was then moved to a location just south of the railroad tracks on the west side of Kellogg Avenue. Finally it was torn down.

The third church organized in Ames was the Baptist Church. Prior to 1868 Baptists worshipped with the Methodists and Congregationalists. Captain K. W. Brown, son of a Baptist preacher in New York, came to Ames in 1866 and took first steps to organize a church. In May, 1868, Captain Brown and the Reverend R. V. Childs of Oskaloosa, Secretary of the Iowa Baptist Convention, visited around the countryside in search of members. Five Baptists were located. One Sunday it was announced in the Methodist and Congregational Churches that the Baptists would meet in the rear of the harness shop at 3 o'clock. Eight men and women responded, and prayer meetings were held for the next few weeks. K. W. Brown gave two lots at the corner of Fifth Street and Kellogg to the church. On October 5, 1871 the lots were officially recorded at the Story County Courthouse. The frame church was built in 1872. In 1904 the building was replaced by a larger cement block church. It remained until 1948 when the building was razed and a new brick edifice and parsonage were located at 200 Lynn Avenue.

The Pleasant Grove Church, seven miles northeast of Ames, is the only early church remaining today. It was dedicated as a Methodist church on November 1, 1874. In 1876 the church property was valued at two thousand dollars. It was not actively used in the years that followed. In its early days it was yoked with the Ames and Nevada M. E. Churches and for a time with the Gilbert church. Sometimes the building remained closed. However, in recent years an enthusiastic nondenominational group has adopted it and a basement and electric lights have been added. The church's interior still maintains its original features, including the narrow handmade pews, the ornate window casings and trim, and wainscoting along the lower walls. The 1882 foot-pedaled organ, and original reed collection baskets with red velvet in the bottoms, are still being used. A visit there truly takes one back to yesteryear.

Church bells are an interesting subject. Nearly all early churches had a belfry containing a bell. In recent years, however, bells have been silenced as cities have grown and late morning sleepers complain. At one time the church bells were a form of communication. When the bell rang rapidly, it signaled the villagers to come running with pails of water as a fire was in progress. Their main purpose, however, was to inform the parishoners that worship services were about to begin. Each bell in the town had its own individual tone. On Sunday mornings, first the Congregational bell would ring, followed by the Methodist and Baptist church bells. Church bells also communicated funeral messages. It's been said that for the funeral of a man there were nine strokes of the bell, six strokes for a woman, and three strokes for a child. This was followed by tolling out the age of the deceased. The bell then tolled slowly and continuously as the funeral procession moved along behind horse-drawn equipment enroute to the burial.

It was interesting to learn of the Indians' custom. Marie Bauge recalled, that as a child, she remembered hearing a commotion outside their home. As they looked out of the window, they saw a horse pulling a stretcher with one end dragging on the ground. On the stretcher was the corpse of an Indian. Behind the stretcher other Indians were following enroute to the happy hunting ground on a nearby hillside.

What was considered good funeral etiquette in the early 1880's? According to an expert of those days, when a death occurred, some sign of bereavement was shown--such as placing black crape on the bell-handle or doorknob if the deceased was elderly or married, and white ribbon and white crape if the deceased was young and unmarried. A printed or engraved card or note, bordered with black, sometimes announced a death and would be sent to friends after burial. The cards would contain the name, birth and death dates of the deceased. The deceased was arranged as naturally as possible and clad in a tasteful manner. A deceased woman was commonly dressed in a shroud. A shroud opened down the back and extended below the waist. The appearance of the bodice was similar to that of a dress. "Wakes" were customary when close friends and neighbors came to sit with the deceased throughout the night and day until time for the funeral. Coffins were plain and made of elm or oak and lined with white. They had simple metal handles. On the lid, on a white metal or brass plate was engraved the name, age, and time of death of the deceased. Funerals were held in houses or churches. If they were in churches, private services would generally be held in the homes before the public service.

Flowers were used only sparingly at funerals, and often family members requested friends to omit flowers. Guests were not to salute the mourners, but were to stand with uncovered heads as the coffin passed them, and also as the bereaved moved on their way. The carriage next to the hearse carried the next of kin. The clergyman usually preceded the hearse. The widow was expected to wear a plain bombazine costume trimmed with crape and a small cap border of tarlatan. For the father, mother or children of the deceased, mourning attire was to be worn for six months, and quiet colors were worn for grandparents, aunts, uncles, and distant relatives for a period of three months. Widowers were to wear deep mourning for one year at least. This included black clothes, gloves, neckties and a weed on the hat. Everyone attending a funeral was expected to dress in black or quiet-colored clothing.

Many hymns have been sung at funerals throughout the years. Loren Muench will sing one of the old familiar ones.

IN THE GARDEN

Chautauqua was a greatly anticipated event beginning in 1904 in Ames. Those of us whose parents or grandparents told us about Chautauqua will recall their happy remembrances of that event. People came in horse-drawn buggies from miles around and camped for several days. Chautauqua had its beginning back in New York as an assembly for the instruction of Sunday School teachers in 1874. The movement gained in size and popularity every year thereafter. In the fall of 1903, the Reverend Andrew M. Shea, a native New Yorker, was

appointed to the M. E. Church as its new pastor. He was an ambitious and energetic young man, and judging from the research I've done on church history, I have concluded that he was a real "go getter." Soon after coming to Ames he joined with the Reverend W. D. Elwell, the Baptist pastor, and they instigated the organization of the Ames Chautauqua Assembly. The Reverend Mr. Shea was president and platform manager for four years, and I suspect Mr. Elwell may likely have been secretary of the Assembly.

Chautauqua was first held on the hillside west of Brookridge Avenue. A large assembly tent was surrounded by trees and "tent city"--the thickly populated camper's area. The second Chautauqua was held August 9-18, 1905. Season tickets sold for one dollar and five cents, but the price was increased to two dollars after August 5. Single admission tickets sold for seventy-five cents each. It was not surprising that the Reverend Mr. Shea no longer remained head of Chautauqua days. By this time he was deeply involved with the construction of the third Methodist church--the present First United Methodist Church at Sixth and Kellogg. The church cornerstone was laid in November, 1907, and the new church was dedicated in October, 1908. During much of that time he was faced with many decisions and financial drives. The Reverend Mr. Shea left Ames in 1909. He died in 1967 at the age of one hundred two years.

Chautauqua was not immune to storms. On one beautiful August day a small harmless-looking cloud appeared in the sky. Soon wind and torrential rain and hail hit the city. Hailstones lodged in the slack parts of the assembly tent ripping holes in nearly every section. The piano blew off the platform, hailstones piled up on the ground, people were soaked, and general chaos reigned! That was one Chautauqua and storm the old timers never forgot.

Several years later the Maxwell Park Association built an auditorium to seat three thousand persons. The grounds were located in the east part of the present Ames Municipal Cemetery and down the east hillside. Sides of the octagonal building were open but fitted with canvas curtains that could be lowered in event of a storm or cool weather. Various other gatherings and fairs took place here. Later the building was purchased by the Ames School Board and moved south of Lincoln Way to the present site of the Lincoln Way Shopping Center. The building was enclosed and used as an athletic field house for a number of years, but eventually it was razed to make room for the shopping center.

Chautauqua programs included well known orators such as William Jennings Bryan, William Howard Taft, and the Reverend Billy Sunday. There were also talented musicians and men of magic. Possibly one of the most demonstrative and acrobatic speakers to appear on the Assembly stage was Billy Sunday, the world famous evangelist--the Billy Graham of our time. He was born a mile south of Ames, in 1863, on a farm then located across from the Silver Saddle Motel on South Highway 69. He was born and raised in poverty. His father, William Sunday, went to the Civil War and died of pneumonia at Camp Patterson, Missouri. There was great sadness in the family as the mother endured problems and hardships forcing her to send the three boys to an orphans' home. About this experience, Billy Sunday said:

My father went to the war four months before I was born. He was in Company E, Twenty-third Iowa Division. I have butted and

fought and struggled since I was six years old. That's the reason for wearing the little red, white, and blue button. I know all about the dark and seamy side of life; and if ever a man fought hard, I have fought hard for everything I have ever gained. The wolf scratched hard at the cabin door, and finally my mother said: Boys, I'm going to have to send you to the orphans' home. At Ames we had to wait, and I went to the little hotel and they came for me about one o'clock and said, Get ready for the train.

It was there the mother kissed the boys goodbye as they parted in tears. Mrs. Sunday thought she would not see her sons again for many years. However, a few years later Billy Sunday left the orphans' home at Glenwood and went to Nevada. There he boarded with a family and cared for their ponies.

Billy Sunday learned to play baseball. While Sunday, twenty years old, was playing a game in Marshalltown, the captain of the Chicago White Sox, by chance, saw him. He was impressed. Sunday was the bleacher's favorite. He was recruited, but baseball in Marshalltown and baseball in Chicago did not exactly have the same standards. The recruit had to be drilled. When Sunday began his career, he was not exactly a star, but in time he became sensational. The world of baseball knew him as the speediest base-runner and the most daring base-stealer in the league. His slides into base were adventures loved by the fans. At the height of his baseball career he had second thoughts. He had played ball from 1883 until 1890 and then went into the ministry. Three years later he became a Presbyterian minister and began his evangelistic work.

In no time at all, Billy Sunday was hitting the sawdust trail. In the Puget Sound country, where the sawdust aisles and the rough tabernacle made an especial appeal to the woodsmen, the phrase "hitting the sawdust trail" came into use at Billy Sunday meetings. It continued to appeal to the American public, and the sawdust aisles became a part of his evangelistic reputation. Billy Sunday preached crude, explosive sermons, and his ability to sway emotions led to his winning about 300,000 converts. "As usual when Billy Sunday enters the town, the people go wild over religion," said an item in the Jefferson, Iowa, newspaper. The following is a quotation from Billy Sunday:

I was bred and born, not in old Kentucky, but in old Iowa. I am a rube of the rubes. I am a graduate of the University of Poverty and Hard Knocks. I have blacked my boots with stove blacking, greased my hair with goose grease. I never knew what an undergarment or a night dress was until I was eighteen years old. I have dried my face and wiped my body with a gunny-sack towel. I have helped grub stumps that stood in the way of the plow share and advancing civilization. My autobiography can be summed up in one line from Gray's "Elegy in a Country Church Yard": "the short and simple annals of the poor."

At this time we will pause to listen to a couple of Chautauqua-type hymns.

BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES and JUST AS I AM

We still have one beautiful hymn for the close, but before we do, are there any questions?

IN FRONTIER DAYS IT'S BEEN SAID PREACHERS SOUGHT OUT PROSPECTIVE CHURCH MEMBERS FROM EVERY AVAILABLE SOURCE. DID YOU FIND THIS TO BE TRUE?

Even in saloons, yes. In fact, the early preachers entered taverns and saloons with the idea in mind of converting the men they found there. The Methodists were particularly known for doing this, even in 1912. The tavern in those days, however, was somewhat different than we think of a tavern today. It was basically a hotel then. Peter Cartwright and Barton Randall were big, burly preachers who confronted those men and influenced many of them; and, surprisingly enough, many of the men were converted.

THERE WERE OTHER RELIGIOUS GROUPS WHO CAME TOGETHER, WEREN'T THERE, BESIDES THE LUTHERANS?

. . . and, of course, the Mormons did. In reference to your question, though, I have an interesting article I found on microfilm as I scanned the news of the Ames Intelligencer, one of the first Ames newspapers. It goes like this:

The old Mormon Trail to the Golden West trekked into Story County. Its founders, seeking religious freedom in the far West, followed the old Keokuk trail which came up from Jasper County through the Maxwell-Cambridge neighborhoods. It then swung west coming into Ames from the east and made for the old Farm House on the Iowa Agricultural College grounds. Some were heard to say that the Payne teamsters, who hauled the materials for the Mormon Tabernacle in Salt Lake City, Utah, came through Story County. The stage (stagecoach) is thought to have followed the same route.

I would not know if this story is true or not, but at least it is interesting. In fact, I didn't know that any of the Mormons came this far north.

A NUMBER OF CHURCHES ARE PLANNING SPECIAL BICENTENNIAL WORSHIP SERVICES THIS YEAR, AND I UNDERSTAND SOME ARE COPYING A FEW OF THE OLD-TIME WORSHIP CUSTOMS. WOULD YOU CARE TO COMMENT?

I've visited a number of churches around the state at the time of their centennial celebrations. Several of them copied the old custom of seating men on one side of the church, and the women and children on the other. Many of the ladies wore long dresses. I remember one church in particular. It was similar to the Pleasant Grove Church. In fact, both churches were built about the same time. And really, if you avoided looking at the modern lighting in the room, it was not too difficult to visualize yourself attending church back in the 1870's. It was very interesting!

IN YOUR RESEARCH HAVE YOU RUN ACROSS ANY REFERENCE TO THE SHAKERS HAVING BEEN IN STORY COUNTY?

There were a few people from other denominations who came to Story County, but their numbers were not large enough to organize churches. No, I have found no mention of the Shakers as I've researched the history of Story County.

DO YOU MEAN TO SAY THE PIONEERS USED NO FORM OF ACCOMPANIMENT AT ALL AS THEY SANG HYMNS?

As I said earlier, hymns were sung a cappella. Pioneers had no form of musical accompaniment, particularly those who first came to Iowa. Space in their covered wagons was minimal and only the bare necessities were brought with them. They may have used a pitch pipe.

IN THE OLD-TIME REVIVAL MEETINGS THEY USED TO SWING OUT THE MUSICAL PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT, DIDN'T THEY?

Playing a piano accompaniment in octaves with a swinging rhythm is more like the old-time revival type accompaniment. Possibly the leaders felt this type of rhythm was more stimulating and inspiring to the people. There are some groups who have returned to this kind of accompaniment, and perhaps in terms of today's type of music, that kind may seem a little more modern to some groups. It is a matter of opinion, I'm sure, and preference.

And now for our closing hymn.

HOW GREAT THOU ART

You might be interested to know how the hymns we used were selected. The hymns were chosen on the basis of their relationship to the subject, and the time in history about which I was speaking. I checked the lifetime dates of the hymn writers to make certain the hymns had actually been written before, or during, the period in which I used them. I also selected those which I felt were familiar to most people. The final decision, then, depended upon whether or not Loren--Mr. Muench--was able to chord them on the guitar. In some instances we used alternate selections. The final hymn was written in 1955. This was my way of updating the story from the past to the present time.

I would like to thank you for being a fine and receptive audience. I also want to give Loren a great big "thank you" for joining me and for singing the hymns so beautifully. Will you please join with me in giving him a big hand of appreciation! Thank you. APPLAUSE

Questions on tape inaudible but assumed to be those above because of answers.

RESTORATION OF THE FARM HOUSE ON THE ISU CAMPUS

February 19, 1976

by
Neva Petersen

When I was ready to retire several years ago, I said to Carl Hamilton: "The only reason I don't want to retire is that you will take me off the Farm House committee." He assured me I could stay on, and so this is my retirement recreation. I can tell you I've thoroughly enjoyed it. There have been lots of headaches, and I look forward to many more headaches before it's finished but they've been sort of joyful headaches. So I'm real pleased to come to talk to you.

I'm surprised that we have a crowd like this because it seems to me everybody from the fourth grade through the Golden Agers have heard this talk here in Ames. But I appreciate having all of you here. Now I'm going to start right away because I've put a lot of slides in, and I told Dave that if I see some of you going to sleep, I'll stop right now! So I can talk for any length of time on it.

This is the Farm House, and I'm sure that most of you know where it is. It is on campus right north of Ross Hall and west across from the Dairy Industry building, and I think it is the oldest structure on campus. Back in about 1965, I believe, it was made a national landmark. Now, I do have some brochures here. If you are interested in them, I'll be glad to give you one. It tells you a little bit about the history of the house. The house was built in 1860, and it was called the "farmer's house" because after this land had been given for a school, they needed to have a house for the farmer to live in so he could train the Iowa boys how to till the soil. They started with a smaller house and kept building on to it until it now has fourteen rooms.

It looks just like this and it will remain looking like this. Many people have asked: "Won't you take the stucco off?" Well, that isn't possible because they made the brick on the grounds, and they were probably better farmers than they were brick makers. It's powdered, and they'd have to put all new brick on if they took the stucco off. The stucco was put on about the turn of the century; so it really has lasted well, and it's a good job of stuccoing.

This is the way it looked about 1900 before they built the side porch on. It has the same front porch. Now there is another picture, and I don't have a slide of it that has a different kind of porch. It's a very narrow porch that goes across the whole front. It really is much nicer looking than this one, but if we took this porch off the architects tell me, it would blemish the exterior. So we have to leave it on. Notice that there is no side porch. I think the house looks really more charming without the side porch, but we will be leaving it on, too.

It makes it very much more pleasant there, and we have a nice little love seat and desk and maybe a sewing table, something like that, so we can make a very little intimate kind of tete a tete place.

One day I went over and by the way the roof leaked. And so the first thing they had to do was put on a new roof. I don't suppose I should mention cost too much, but you all know that prices have raised quite a bit since 1860. The house, I understand, cost \$4,000 to build in 1860. The new roof cost something around \$11,000 because there were a lot of rotted things underneath, and they had to replace a lot of stuff.

Well, this is the third floor. Of course when the roof leaked, all of the plaster came off and it was just a sorry looking place up there. So they said: "We've got to tear off all the plaster, take all the lathes and start from scratch."

The day that I went over to see this, I went home and wept because I thought they'll never get it put back together. But they did! Two of the loveliest little rooms with these slanting ceilings. I think they are probably my favorite rooms in the house.

This is the hallway. If you are very tall, you'll bump your head as you come up the steps; so they weren't planning on tall people there. This is third floor. Now it's at the stage where we are putting wallpaper on, and the paper hangers are just looking the paper over. In fact they posed for us while we were taking this picture. This room is paper, and several other rooms are also. We are just doing that now. The house is much more interesting with the paper on.

Downstairs in the living room it looks something like this. This was sort of the middle of plastering and patching the plaster. We discovered as we put plaster on that sometimes old plaster doesn't mix with new plaster very well. It kept dropping off and peeling off; so they would have to take more off and replaster. They finally replastered this whole wall because they were having so much trouble with it. and it finally looked like this. This is the way it looks now--you can hardly realize it's the same room.

This is the other side of that room. The workmen always had some fancy (laughter) kind of decoration on, and they dressed it up for this. Usually there was a pinup girl over the fireplace. But they knew that I detest artificial flowers; so they for my benefit put a bouquet of artificial flowers in a brick for us to take the picture. The room that you just saw was originally two rooms; so when they took the partition out many years ago, they evidently didn't have enough support, and the upstairs floor started sagging. Therefore they had to take the old hand-hewn beam out. This broke my heart, but they put a steel beam in the ceiling of that floor, and the workmen say that this is going to last another one hundred years. Not to worry at all about it. We kept the beam. It's in the basement now--so that people who have never seen an old hand-hewn beam can get a good look at it.

There isn't too much walnut in the house, but we did keep all of the walnut in its natural state as we found it. Most of the woodwork looks something like this. It wasn't very beautiful when they got the paint burned off of it. And this is in the library looking out into the dining room. So it

came down this way, and we felt it wouldn't finish up in a very nice way; so it's all been painted. Now the walnut that is in the house is mainly in the center hall, both on the first floor and on the second floor. And there is quite a lovely staircase going up. They finished the wood in a beautiful condition.

This is the back staircase, and I don't ever attempt to go up and down that. I'm scared to death of it, it's so steep. But the workmen seem to make it. They tell a story of when one of the Curtiss girls was getting married, the whole bridal party was at the top of the front staircase, the walnut staircase, waiting for Dean Curtiss, and they couldn't find him any place. He had gone back down the back stairway because he saw some guests arriving late, and he was getting them in the back door while the music was playing and all, and they were waiting for him. Then he quick rushed up the back stairway and got into the bridal party in time!

This is the stairway going to the third floor. In all of these we found the treads and the risers were walnut. We found some strange places where they had put walnut. Some of the studs as they would tear the plaster off--every once in a while they would find a walnut stud mixed in with other kinds of wood which told us that walnut didn't seem to be too precious to them--that it was just a piece of wood and as they needed it, they used it.

This is going to the basement. Not one of my favorite places. The last time I was down there a bat flew around my head; so I don't go down there too often, but we do hope to get it cleaned up--at least this room--because it has a nice brick floor in it, hand-lain brick, and it has about two or three inches of dirt on top of the brick. I don't think the last occupants ever used the basement at all. Although they do say that when the Andre family lived there, the children were in grade school and high school, and I've heard from some of that age group that they had the most wonderful Halloween parties in that basement. It was probably the scariest party the children had ever attended!

This shows more of the basement. We have to have all those pipes and various sorts of modern things along with it and they had to prop up the floors pretty much, but it will be cleaned up so that at least we can get down there to look around.

This door is at the base of the cellar door. That was necessary to put in because we found people were able to get in that cellar door quite easily and gain access to the house.

Now last August we had all of the furniture that had been given to us stored over in Friley Hall, and Friley Hall needed that storeroom for food. It had been there for a couple of years. We kept accumulating it, and they said that we just had to get out. We weren't quite ready to move the furniture in . . . and I was out of town the day they moved it in . . . and I said: "Just pile it in anywhere!" Believe me they did because here we see some of the furniture. I think it looked something like when they first opened King Tut's tomb for the first view--it sort of reminds me of this.

Now I want to tell you a little bit about this chair. Many of you people would know Mary Jean Stoddard, whose grandfather was Herman Knapp, treasurer

of Iowa State. Her great grandfather was Seaman A. Knapp I. He was one of the first farm managers, and they lived in the Farm House. Well, when Herman Knapp was about sixteen years of age and lived there, this was his favorite chair. He would always study in it. When Mary Jean read in the Iowa Stater that we were restoring the Farm House, she wrote back to me and said she had this chair, but it just didn't fit in with their life style. I think Mary Jean has two or three children now and she said: "I know that chair would be very happy to get back to the Farm House."

Well we were happy to have it so she sent it from Texas to us. It has to be reupholstered, but it will be a nice historic addition to the house.

Many of you people remember Dr. Budge in Ames. His niece in Illinois--Mrs. Barr--wrote to us and said that she and her sisters had the furniture from Dr. Budge's boyhood home in Illinois. She wondered if we would like it. Well, of course, Dr. Budge is a name that many of us remember, and we thought that would be wonderful to have it; so they sent it to us, a whole parlor set. Some of the things had been done over--they were using them in their house. We have a gentleman's chair and a lady's chair, four side chairs and a little settee. Now she hesitated about sending the settee because it had been out in the barn and it was in terrible condition. But I said: "Send it along."

And this is what it looked like when we got it. It had the original horsehair on, and two of the sidechairs had the original horsehair. You'll notice there is some red plush that goes around the bottom. Well, we are working on the settee and we have it in this condition now. I have finally found black horsehair, and it's being ordered. The next thing is to find an upholsterer who knows how to do this tufting. They tell me that is almost a lost art. But we'll find him; I'm sure of that.

This came from Eleanor Bolton. I probably won't tell you all the names, but some of you people probably know some of these. When she moved out to Northcrest she thought perhaps we would like to have that, and we would. Here it is now in one of the upstairs bedrooms. It looks sort of lost there, but it'll look better after a while.

We have a pair of these. These two chairs were the first gift given to us. And they are really quite nice chairs. We have a pair of these and we have a pair of Hitchcock chairs. Two of my favorite ones over there . . . and these are really the old Hitchcock chairs. Lots of little kitchen chairs. Each one a little different but they have such personality that it's nice to have them all different.

This chair was found in Miss Marian Daniels's attic. When Miss Daniels died several years ago her brother didn't really have any use for the furniture; so he said to give it to the Farm House. We have a lot of Miss Daniels's furniture. I'll show you more of it later. This was up in her attic. Why she didn't have it downstairs! It's the most comfortable chair you could ever imagine, and it really is a lovely hand-made chair.

This is a child's chair, a little hand-made one--came from the South some place, and this is a covered wagon chair. Elizabeth Beveridge gave it to

us and she said her uncle made it. They called it a covered wagon chair. The back and arms fold down and make sort of a little stool. I suppose you could put it in a covered wagon easily. I don't know that they had it in a covered wagon.

This high chair is supposed to have been sat in by the first baby born in Story County. Wilma Olson gave it to us. I'm sure that it has been repainted, and the stenciling is a new version. But at least the chair is an old chair.

And then the A. J. Graves family, the second occupants of the Farm House Mrs. Graves had some of the furniture. The table and mirror, she is very sure, were in the Farm House. She wasn't sure about the high chair, and I'm certain that it wasn't in the Farm House. It was too late a period--at least for the time the Graves family lived there. But we took it. We now have the paint stripped off the high chair, and it's just about ready to be refinished.

This is the table that was in the Graves family in the Farm House. It's setting in our front hall now.

Now we have some things that are quite elegant. Mr. Simons gave this to us. It came from his home in the South, and I'm glad to have them. Some people say: "Well, it's too elegant for the Farm House." But I believe that the people who came to this part of the country from the East or wherever they came brought some of their precious things with them, and it seems to me if I were coming in a covered wagon and I had a beautiful table like this that has a marquetry top to it, I would bring it! We have some very fine small pieces that give real character, I believe, to the house.

The dining room--you see just a glimpse of the dining room table and one of the chairs. Again it is very elegant for the house, but it was a gift to us, and you never turn down gifts, you know, so This is a closeup of the table. Two students worked on those wooden legs all day one day taking the dust out, and we still have dust in them because they have been stored several years. The dining room chairs are as heavy as lead--solid walnut.

This came to us just a short time ago. A man left all of his belongings and his money I guess to the Iowa State Center, and the Center wasn't much interested in furniture. So Joe Morton brought the furniture over to the Farm House, and it really is a lovely little parlor set. We probably will put it in Dean Curtiss's study because we don't have any other furniture for that. It won't look like the old Dean Curtiss furniture though--for a while anyway. This is a closeup of it. This gentleman had really taken good care of his parents' furniture.

We have two bedroom sets from there. This came from Miss Daniels's house. And this probably will go up on the second floor in the front part of the hallway. It seems really to fit up there. I might mention the tags we have on here. As things came in, we have recorded them very carefully, and we've given a date of the time we acquired these and we also have a number.

If Elizabeth gave something, she might be in 1976 so the first date would be 76. and Elizabeth might be the 35th donor of the year so she would be 35

and if she gave us six articles (I keep hinting Elizabeth), it would be 76.35.1,2,3,4,5,6. Sort of a librarian type of thing, I guess, isn't it? But we know that we have to be very careful to record all of these things because people are going to come back and say: "What did you do with grandma's old sewing machine?" or whatever it is we have; so if you give us anything we'll take good care of it and keep a record.

For a long time we didn't have anything of the Curtiss family. They had an auction, I believe. After Dean and Mrs. Curtiss died, one of the daughters had an auction and sold everything, and the family didn't keep much. But one of the grandsons had this bookshelf, and this, according to people who knew Dean Curtiss, was in the library by his favorite chair. He kept his current reading material in it. It has his initial at the top and also says 1901.

This is a Rosscroft piece of furniture which was popular during the turn of the century. It was a manufacturer and a hand-made thing and again it is very, very heavy. I can't move it by myself.

Now here is some of the bedroom furniture which I'll show you pretty fast. That one bed that had its face to the wall looks like this. The other bed is probably one of the nicest pieces of furniture that we have. This again was Miss Daniels's. And this is a room--all of this has Miss Daniels's furniture in it. Now I want to hasten to say that we're not going to call it the "Daniels Room" because we only have fourteen rooms, and we might get too many different families giving us a whole bunch of furniture and would run out of rooms to name. But as long as we have all of this that we can put together in one room I think it would be rather nice to keep Miss Daniels's things in the one room.

The chest is nice. It has Sandwich Glass drawer pulls on it and one little bedside table also has Sandwich Glass pulls. The cradle was minus rockers, but we have a couple of students who are redoing some of the furniture. They have designed rockers and they are going to cut them out and put them on there for us so we will have rockers on the cradle again.

I think this is kind of an interesting chest. I showed you the table with the marquetry top which is really this inlaid kind of wood, but this is a stencil on here with sort of an imitation marquetry--maybe the poor man's marquetry. But it has a lot of charm, to me at least.

I kept this slide in because this is one of my favorite pieces. Of course every piece is my favorite piece over there, but I like this because it was given to us by a young fellow who had just graduated from Iowa State. He read that we were doing this, and he wrote back to me--he had been in one of my classes. He said that he would like to give something to the Farm House. So he sent a check for \$10, and that was great. I gave it to the Alumni Achievement Fund, and then later he wrote and said that his parents had several chests of drawers. He sent pictures of them and said to take a choice. I could have one of them. So I chose this one. Well, it came and I was just delighted because I think it is so nice that younger people are interested in this. If only people my age are interested in the Farm House, it isn't going to last very long, but when we can get recent graduates or people in their twenties and thirties interested, it is important. One of the

Questers gave us the sewing machine and I love that dress form. It is just wonderful. We are going to have a little sewing corner.

I'll bet most of you don't know what this is in the middle of the living room. It is not going to be there. Does anybody here know what it is? What is it? Yes. A harness maker's horse. I didn't know what it was when it came. We really haven't any place for it, but we took it and people have demonstrated how you get the harness clamped in there. Then you sit on it astraddle and sew the harness or do whatever you do to harness. We also have a rawhide whip that somebody gave us. We're going to have to build the barn I guess for all of those things.

This trunk is a hair trunk--that is it has the skin and the hair of the animal on the outside. It's a real old one. It's lined with newspaper inside. The newspaper is dated 1822. This trunk was used by a man named Dr. Cole. He came to Iowa State as a freshman in about 1880, and this is the trunk he brought with him to Iowa State. Then he went to the University of Iowa to get his M.D., and he practiced somewhere in Iowa. His daughter gave it to us.

This was painted by the wife of this young fellow who delivered the mail--he lived in the Farm House, the Fitzpatrick boy. When he was married, his wife did things like this, and Mrs. Allen had this picture in her attic. She asked if we wanted it. We took it. The frame isn't in very good condition, but Mrs. Irvine says that it can be restored, and I believe Mrs. Irvine. I know that she will get it restored for us. So we'll be using it. I don't know, Mrs. Russell, we might ask you to comment on this art. But it had a little historic significance so we took it. We have quite a bit of Blue Willow which is appropriate for that period, and we have a lot of ironstone Tea Leaf, about 100 pieces, I believe. We even have three cups and saucers which is quite remarkable. And then again we have parts of two Lustre tea sets. Again it's elegant, but I believe they might have brought this from the East.

Here's the other one. Quite a bit of pressed glass, which again was popular during that time and lots of jugs. They didn't have to worry about the canning lid shortage in those days. We probably (if we get the basement cleaned up) will have a place in the basement for these. And we have quite a bit of copper and brass. We have a copper wash boiler, but I'd certainly like to have an old wooden wash tub if any of you know the whereabouts of one, it would be great to have it. They could take their baths in it on Saturday night. Of course the house was lighted by oil burning lights, and we have quite a few lamps. We haven't quite resolved how we're going to light the place yet so we can't be there at night too much. There are just a few electric lights, but we do have electric outlets and we probably will have some kind of an indirect light that we can move around if we need to use the rooms at night.

The little wicker doll buggy was given to us by a lady who is in her eighties and then the Teddy bear is one of the original little old Teddy bears; so we're glad to have that. We have a lot of toys. This went through the Jamestown flood, and a graduate of Iowa State sent it back to Mr. Hamilton. He said that he and his sisters had a horse and cow, but the cow got away in the

flood. They saved the horse, and so I've taken this around to some of the schools when I've talked and the children are just enchanted with it! One little girl examined it carefully. She decided that it had real hide on it, and I think she's right. It's a little hand-made thing.

This is a miniature stove. This is what we're looking for in a full size stove. I remember that my grandmother had one very similar to this in her kitchen, but these are real hard to find. People have them with warming ovens at the top but they don't have these little low ones any more.

Now I was one time out on the front porch looking around at the neighbors, and I thought if Dean Curtiss or the Graves family or the Fitzpatrick family or Tama Jim Wilson (incidentally, he was one of the occupants of the house--went to Washington and served as Secretary of Agriculture, under three presidents, I believe) could come back and look around, what would they think about looking right over there at Dairy Industry or right on over at Ross Hall?

Or maybe Dean Curtiss saw this view because this is the top of Curtiss Hall looking down (I didn't take this picture), but he didn't see Ross Hall in the picture. I just wondered what would they think about it. I think they probably would approve. Because they were the type of people who were looking forward, and they would be real happy that we've infringed this way. Now that's the story of Farm House as far as we've gone. We have a long way to go. We do hope--and I really shouldn't say this because you're going to hold me to it--we hope very much that we'll have it open for VEISHEA. It will not be finished, but there will be a few rooms ready for you to look at; so if you are out around that part during VEISHEA, come in and see us. Thank you for listening to me. APPLAUSE

DILEMMAS OF DECISION MAKING
DURING THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

February 26, 1976

by
Clair Keller

It is a pleasure to participate in a bicentennial event that has something to do with the American Revolution. As a historian of the Colonial period and teacher of a course on the American Revolution, I do get a little frustrated because I find so much of what's being done during the bicentennial to be not in the least in keeping with what I would have done had I been dictator. Fortunately, I'm not dictator, but I do have some feelings that I hope to control tonight!

Some years ago Crane Brinton wrote a book entitled "The Anatomy of Revolution." In that book he described through a comparative analysis the stages leading to revolution. Tonight I'm also interested in the process of revolution but on a more personal level. My talk could very well be titled, to borrow from Crane Brinton, "The Anatomy of a Revolutionary," or to borrow from a contemporary author, Theodore H. White, "The Making of a Revolutionary."

In all the hoopla surrounding the bicentennial (as I mentioned, I don't want to get started on that) we are apt to treat independence as a foregone conclusion as one of those unthinking decisions which denigrates the colonists into puppets somehow maneuvered into a confrontation with the British by unseen hands. My thesis here tonight is that on the personal level, the decision for independence was neither a foregone conclusion nor unthinking. It was for the colonists a time to rend.

The colonists who heard the shot shortly after 5 a.m. on April 19, 1775, did not decide by breakfast whether or not to join the rebellion. For sure, some did--those men who stood on Lexington Green or at the Concord Bridge or fired at the British from behind stone walls as they hastened back to Boston had made up their minds, although I'm not certain they had. But for most colonists the decision was slow and agonizing. A collective decision by the Second Continental Congress was not finalized until July 2, 1776--more than fourteen months later. A full year after bloody Bunker Hill. Nor can one predict on which side an individual would come down because opposition to British policies during the period between 1763 and 1776 did not nor could not be equated with a desire for independence. In fact, as John Adams pointed out, a large number of the colonists (one-third according to his reckoning) succeeded in avoiding the decision altogether. In other words, remaining neutral.

Before I get to my major point this evening, I would like to make a few observations about the decision itself, that is, the decision for independence. First, the nature of this decision for individuals differed and often depended on circumstance. For some it meant taking an oath of allegiance. The Pennsylvania Assembly, for example, passed such an act on the Thirteenth of

June, 1777. Persons were required to take an oath before a Justice of the Peace, and their names were duly recorded. I have a copy of the names, for example, from the County of Lancaster, Pennsylvania. The entries begin in the summer of 1777 and continue until 1787, four years after the peace. Evidently repentance was still being sought long after the war had ended. For others, it meant taking up arms or supporting a boycott or signing a non-importation agreement or joining a howling mob in the streets of Boston or tearing down Thomas Hutchinson's house.

The second point that I would like to make is that the level of commitment also varied. In fact, as John Shy in an excellent article on the continental soldier has pointed out, those who fought in the Revolution, like most wars, were for the most part those who could not avoid it. The poor and the dispossessed. He points out that most soldiering by the colonists took place in militia units and consisted of local police duty, routing a few Loyalists here and there or running from the British when they appeared. When towns were asked to provide a quota for the Continental Army, they sent those who could least protest or had the fewest ties or the least amount of influence. Finally, some avoided the conflict easier than others. If you were a merchant, in an urban enclave such as Boston or New York or Philadelphia or Charleston, your colors were known rather early because you were undoubtedly going to be asked to sign a non-importation agreement. Failure to sign that agreement let everybody know where you stood on the issues of the day. On the other hand, a rural farmer might avoid the conflict or decision for some time or perhaps altogether. That is why it is so difficult to determine who favored or opposed independence.

In some instances commitment came as a result of a British search and destroy mission, God's gift to the revolutionary cause. Not only was the decision agonizing, to be avoided if possible, but motivations also varied. People are complex and wore many hats. If you could rewrite history, for example, and could stop the action on Bunker Hill just before they fired at the whites of the British eyes and you could tape record why each person was there, I'm convinced that the answers would hardly form a consensus. I think Stephen Vincent Benet captured this idea best in his epic poem on the Civil War, "John Brown's Body," when he described two mountain boys, Luke and Jim, going off to join the fighting in the Civil War. I'm not Doug Brown so bear with me.

Then Luke spoke casually. "I hear the Kelseys are goin' to fight in this here war," he said. Jim nodded slowly. "Yeah, I hear'd that too." He watched Luke's trigger hand. "I might be goin' myself sometime," he said reflectively, sliding his own hand down. Luke saw the movement. "We'uns don't like the Kelseys much," he said with his eyes down to pinpoints. Then Jim smiled. "We'uns neither," he said. His hand slid back. They went along back together after that but neither of them spoke for half a mile. Then finally Jim said, half diffidently, "You know who we air goin' to fight outside? I hear'd it was the British. Air that so?" "Hell, no," said Luke with scorn. He puckered his brows. "Do'an know as I right know just who they air," he admitted finally "but ain't the British. It's some trash lot of furriners, that's for sure. They call 'em Yankees near as I can make it, but they ain't Injuns, neither." "Well," said Jim soothingly "reckon it don't rightly matter, long as the Kelseys take the other side."

So who knows how many people were fighting at Bunker Hill just because the Kelseys were on the other side. Well, my major point tonight is that there were many paths by which one became a revolutionary and many motivations. I would like to illustrate this point by describing the actions and motives of two important revolutionary figures, Sam Adams and John Jay. These men were different in style and in temperament. The roles they played and the whole episode were also different. Sam Adams was there at the beginning, firing the first broadside but fell from eminence after the signing of the Declaration of Independence. John Jay was not a signer of the Declaration of Independence but, surrounded by Franklin and John Adams, was there at its end signing the Peace Treaty. The only thing that they seemed to have in common, at least that I can see between these two men, is that they were close associates or had a close association with John Adams.

So I can't resist commenting on the Adams Chronicles which has some relevance to what we're talking about--although one eminent historian has called the Chronicles historical soap opera. But one point about John Adams is clear. It seems that it was always John Adams' fate to stand in the shadow of greater men--Sam Adams in Boston during the early years of the revolution, Thomas Jefferson in Philadelphia writing the Declaration of Independence, Ben Franklin in Paris negotiating with the French, and worst of all between George Washington in Philadelphia and Thomas Jefferson in Washington serving as our second president. Well, Sam Adams was second cousin to John Adams and came from the Boston branch of the Adams family. While not a member of the aristocracy, the family's prestige was sufficient for Sam to be ranked fifth on the Harvard graduating list, a ranking, by the way, which was based on family prestige rather than student accomplishment. It might be interesting that John Adams ranked number sixteen. He came from the poor, country Adams.

Well, Sam Adams grew up in a political family. His father was a politician; Deacon Adams he was called. He was a justice of the peace, a Boston selectman, member of the house of representatives, and was almost elected to the pretigious Provincial Council--an event, by the way, which might indeed have changed the course of history. Instead, family politics through the caucus club that ran Boston took on a decidedly anti-establishment flavor. Sam's father, for example, had favored a land bank scheme, a kind of easy money scheme which brought a conflict between the debtors and the creditors. And because of his position, he was deprived of his office by Governor Belcher in retaliation for the position that he took.

Sam's father was a prosperous brewer merchant who owned a house and a wharf on Purchase Street. Well, Sam grew up thinking politics. Even his master's thesis had a political flavor. For in that thesis he defended the position "whether it be lawful to resist the supreme magistrate if commonwealth cannot otherwise be preserved." From the beginning, then, we find Sam Adams appealing over the head of legitimate authority to a higher law. His career as a businessman was a disaster. He never made or kept a buck or perhaps more correctly a shilling. He first studied law to please his father, then gave it up to please his mother. He borrowed 1,000 pounds from his father to start his own business, loaned half of it to a friend who didn't repay him and lost the other half. He inherited a thriving brewery business in 1748 and went broke in ten years. Sam Adams was a business failure but he was also a good propagandist and an organizer. And in the beginning, while not really among the inner core of the revolutionaries--that little club

described as the loyal nine, later to become the real beginning of the Sons of Liberty--he was responsible for bringing together the north-end and south-end mobs of Boston who used to beat each other up on Guy Fawkes Day, the fifth of November.

What he was able to do was to unite these gangs under the leadership of the ruffian, Ebenezer McIntosh, and as one historian described this event, Boston was controlled by a trained mob and Sam Adams was its keeper. Well, so we have this trained mob of men in Boston able to be turned off and on like a hose and directed at the enemies of the revolution. Sam Adams polished the letters and pamphlets of the revolutionary James Otis and Josiah Quincy. While Otis was an original thinker, Sam Adams was the popularizer who was best in a rousing piece of sedition.

"Otis," said John Adams "resembled Martin Luther" and was rough, hasty and loved good cheer. Sam Adams, like Calvin, was cool, polished, refined, tough, more inflexible, uniform and consistent. So while Otis tried to resolve the differences between the colonies and Great Britain within the framework of the British Empire, Sam Adams saw a solution of Colonial problems outside the British Empire, or independence. His first office as Clerk of the Market, which he held for two years. In 1756 he was elected tax collector of Boston. This led to one of the worst scandals of any signer of the Declaration of Independence. At one time he owed, or was short in his tax accounts, more than 8,000 pounds. Mostly by failure to collect it rather than diverting it to his own use, although his enemies more or less tried to accuse him of using the money for his own end. Money always managed to slip through his fingers, but he was always re-elected tax collector because there was not a better tax collector than Sam Adams! Right? Okay.

In fact the town loved him so much that they eventually forgave most of his liabilities to the town. Well, Adams, then was a kind of small town politician until 1765 when he rode the crest of opposition to the Stamp Act into political prominence. He was elected by Boston to the House of Representatives and served there until 1774. In the beginning he was overshadowed by James Otis, and he never really achieved control of the revolutionary movement until James Otis went mad and was carried off in a rage to the booby hatch.

Sam Adams was a very religious person: prayers before meals, passages from the Bible at bedtime, Lord's Day scrupulously observed in the Puritan manner. He constantly used the good old Puritan days effectively in arousing patriotic fervor. What drove Adams more and more from the road of independence was his dislike of British materialism, mannerisms, and moral corruption. And he saw in a revolution a vehicle for turning back the clock toward the "good old days of puritanism"--to rediscover the New England way. And he had problems because one of his famous recruits to the revolutionary cause was John Hancock.

John Hancock, of course, was important; he was the wealthiest man in New England. He had an estate of something like 70,000 pounds. He was a large employer and had at his command people who owed some allegiance to him--well over a thousand workers in Boston; so he was an angel of the revolution and he provided manpower for the cause whenever there was a need to put

pressure on some reluctant Tory. But John Hancock was not to the liking of Sam Adams because he felt that he tended to out-British the British in his mannerisms, his coach and his horses and his finery in dress. Because Adams was a true revolutionary, he was single minded. No sacrifice was too great to the cause. His family was pitifully neglected. In fact, he neglected himself. When he was elected to the Continental Congress, the people of Boston were so ashamed of his dress that they took up a collection and bought him a new outfit so that he wouldn't embarrass them. But this 24-hour-a-day revolutionary kept the zeal of independence alive when it was discredited by most others.

I think one point is that the revolutionary fervor did not start at one point and rise up in an incline. It would go up and down, up and down, depending on events and what was happening. So his task, then, was to keep this fervor going. He schemed, organized, cajoled, and of course was always ready to take advantage of British bungling to save his cause--which the British tended to do off and on. Well, Sam Adams did more than rage against the heathen. He employed the tactics of coercion, fear, and confrontation. In 1766 he and Otis, for example, drew up a blacklist of Tories who had supported the Stamp Act and had it published in the Boston Gazette--the idea, don't buy goods from these Tories. He called for "aye" and "nay" votes in the House of Representatives so they could be recorded in the journal. And then had these people purged from office in the next election. And those in the Council who were Tories were also turned out, including his long-time enemy, Thomas Hutchinson.

Otis and Adams, for example, wrote a circular letter calling for other legislators to join Massachusetts in calling for the repeal of the Townsend Act. Well, when he first introduced this act, it was defeated by a margin of two to one in the House of Representatives. So he waited until the more conservative members, most of them living in the country, had left for home. Then he brought it up again and it was passed. This is a tactic, by the way, which had been employed earlier by Patrick Henry who did the same sort of thing in getting the Henry Resolves passed in opposition to the Stamp Act of 1765.

When British troops arrived to quell the violence in Boston, he authored the Journal of Events, a newspaper that circulated throughout the colonies describing British atrocities against the poor citizens of Boston. And he used the Boston Massacre which was caused by a mob, described by John Adams as "a motley rabble of saucy boys, Negroes and mulattos, Irish teagues and outlandish jack tars." Yet Sam Adams was able to turn this into a propaganda victory for the radicals, forcing the British troops to retire from Boston. He painted Thomas Hutchinson as a tyrant and was responsible for publishing Thomas Hutchinson's letters that were sent to him by Franklin (and he published these although Franklin said not to publish them) because he just could not resist attacking his adversary. So he violated his word, but the end justified the means. He didn't like Franklin, anyway. He saw, as did John Adams, Franklin as a scandalous old rake who was a Tory at heart. And if you've read the book, Code 72, you might be persuaded that Franklin was indeed not only a Tory but a traitor, which I don't accept by the way. I do think he was kind of out to line Franklin's pockets, and I think Franklin kind of liked Franklin a lot, which is not unlike a lot of us.

Sam Adams deliberately set out to provoke a crisis after the passage of the infamous tea act. Here again the British managed to throw the radicals a lifeline just when their support was waning. But Sam Adams was ready to take advantage of British errors and had built a network, Committees of Correspondence, around the colonies in order to use it as a network for propaganda. Having discredited Thomas Hutchinson by painting him as a tool of the British and as part of a conspiracy to engage in a plot to strip the colonies of their liberty, Sam Adams maneuvered Thomas Hutchinson, now governor, into a confrontation over the unloading of tea from the Dartmouth. The result--the Boston Tea Party--and history!

Now we can turn to John Jay. Because while Sam Adams came out of an anti-establishment mold, John Jay was an establishment person from the very beginning. Like Sam Adams, he came from a wealthy merchant family. His grandfather had migrated to New York from France in 1690 when he fled France because of the persecution of the French Huguenots. He later became an Anglican. His grandfather married into the establishment. John Jay studied in New York, attended King's College, graduated in 1764, studied law in New York and was admitted to the bar in 1768. While Sam Adams was rousing Bostonians to oppose the British, John Jay went about building up a clientele and becoming a successful young, rich lawyer. Like his grandfather and father he married into a prominent New York family, the Livingstons, who had long opposed British policies. Less from conviction, I think, than from political feuding with another powerful New York family, the DeLancys. John Jay was the political conservative who feared the movement was being taken over by the more radical element in New York City, the mechanics as he would describe them. And he felt that the radical element planned to use the revolution as a vehicle to gain political power from the conservatives. He thus joined the Committee of Correspondence in part, at least, to prevent this occurrence.

Like most conservatives, he opposed British policies but longed for reconciliation. He supported the Galloway plan of union, turned down by the Continental Congress on September 28, 1774, by a single vote. This is the plan which called for giving to the colonies something like a dominion status. In an address to the people of Great Britain, which was adopted by the Continental Congress, John Jay, who authored the address, used the arguments of taxation without representation, the demand for a trial by jury, and argued that dumping the tea into Boston Harbor was not a proper ground for revoking the charter and changing the constitution of Massachusetts. He ended by stating: "We will never submit to be hewers of wood or drawers of water for any ministry or nation in the world."

Yet there was no call for action. He wrote later on the seventeenth of April, 1775: "Men there are among us and such there are in every colony to whom a defection would be an agreeable event. But happily for us this is not the case with the bulk of the people."

He was instrumental in the passage of the Olive Branch Petition authored by John Dickinson and passed by the Continental Congress on the fifth of July, 1775. This Olive Branch which was requested by those people who longed for reconciliation more than any other thing, argued and stated that although the people of North America are determined to be free, they wish not to be independent and begged leave to assure his majesty that they mean not to

question the right of the British Parliament to regulate the commercial concerns of the empire. On the eleventh of December, 1775, he defended the Continental Congress against accusations that it sought separation.

"It appears extremely evident that to charge the Congress with aiming at a separation of these colonies from Great Britain is to charge them falsely and without a single spark of evidence to support the accusation," he said.

But John Jay did not remain in the Continental Congress. He left it in April of 1776 because of pressing family and business concerns. In other words he was not a 24-hour-a-day revolutionary. He was not present when Richard Henry Lee's motion declaring "that these United States are and of light ought to be free and independent states," was introduced on the seventh of June or on the tenth of June, 1776, when the Continental Congress voted to postpone consideration of the motion--that motion calling for independence--for three weeks until the first of July. Nor was he present on the next day when the Continental Congress agreed to appoint a committee to prepare a declaration to the effect of the said first resolution for independence, so that no time be lost. So that the process in writing the declaration was that they introduced the motion, postponed debate on the motion until the first of July, but established a committee to write the Declaration of Independence just in case they voted for independence, which as you know they did on the second of July. So he was neither there when the debate occurred on the first of July nor when the resolution was passed on July 2. He didn't sign the Declaration of Independence.

On the eleventh of June he wrote: "Caution, I confess, grows upon me and prudence which you know I used to consider a little virtue, daily appears much greater." But after July 4, he joined the rebel banner. On July 9 he drafted a report urging the New York Provincial Congress to support the declaration. "While we lament the cruel necessity which has rendered that measure unavoidable, we approve the same and will at the risk of our lives and fortunes join with the other colonies in supporting it." And so you can see there were many roads that a revolutionary could follow. Sam Adams traveled the radical and shorter road, perhaps the least traveled. John Jay took the conservative route, the more reluctant, the more agonizing, the longer road. Some, of course, refused to start at all. Or turned back when it was clear where that road would lead.

That will be the subject of the second lecture. Okay, now, what I want to do for the remainder of the time, or part of the time, is to have a short biographical sketch, which is not very long, and it is a sketch of a person who had to make this decision of whether or not to become a revolutionary. And what I would like you to do is to read it and for you to decide individually what you think this person did. I have the advantage because I have the answer. And I'll tell you what he did but I thought it might be kind of fun for you to see if you could determine because of some of the remarks I made whether this person became a revolutionary or remained a neutral or became a Loyalist. So I'm going to hand these out. If I were grading these, you'd get an "A" if you got it right and an "F" if you are wrong.

Biographical Sketch: Part I

Philadelphia Merchant

I am a Philadelphia lawyer and businessman. I studied law in London. My family was among the early Quaker founders of Pennsylvania. We have always been numbered among the staunch supporters of the Penn family and were members of the Proprietary faction in provincial politics. I am no longer a Quaker, however, having joined the Church of England. My father became a Presbyterian.

When my father moved to Lancaster, Pennsylvania because he sought to engage in more speculative business enterprises, I stayed behind in Philadelphia. I have no interest in such speculation and prefer more conservative investments. I married the daughter of one of the leading families of Philadelphia. I used most of the £ 500 dowry to purchase a fine library. I was very careful with my purchases, however, since I believe that two-thirds of the books of the world only serve to fill the minds of young people with wrong prejudices.

I've served in many appointive offices in Philadelphia and Pennsylvania. I have been a town clerk, a member of the common council of Philadelphia, a clerk of the Supreme Court, and a Judge of the Court of Vice Admiralty. I was also appointed a member of the Provincial Council of Pennsylvania. These offices have provided me with a lucrative income.

When the Stamp Act was passed I thought it oppressive and wrote that it would surely make us all "slaves of England". But I opposed the use of violence as a means to gain its repeal. I thought a better course, at greater financial sacrifice, was to refuse to do any business requiring the use of the hated stamps. Its repeal was greeted enthusiastically.

When the British passed other oppressive acts I also opposed them. Although the colonies were being unjustly treated, I felt they should be enforced, otherwise the result would be anarchy and a disrespect for all laws. The best remedy was to use political pressure to have them repealed.

When members of the Continental Congress met in Philadelphia, I entertained them at dinner. Like most members of that group, I continued to hope for reconciliation. Thomas Paine's Common Sense, while artfully written, could be easily refuted.

My family was divided on the issue of independence. My father was chairman of the Committee of Public Safety in Lancaster. My daughter's fiance joined the rebel army and was killed in action. Yet my son has taken an Oath of Allegiance to the King.

Pennsylvania has passed a test act. It asks that signers take an Oath of Allegiance to the state of Pennsylvania and denounce the King. Those who refuse to sign the oath can no longer hold office, vote, or use the course to sue for debts. If one travels without a permit he could be arrested as a spy.

What would you do?

1. Sign the Test Act and declare my support for the rebel cause.
2. Refuse to sign the Test Act but attempt to maintain a position of neutrality at an enormous economic hardship for myself and family.
3. Become a Loyalist and anxiously await the British occupation of Philadelphia.

My decision:

I refused to sign the test oath. I attempted to maintain a stance of neutrality. This was difficult because I had no means of support and had to live on my accumulated savings. Frugality was difficult because my daughters protested an austere life style. When the British occupied Philadelphia, the family maintained a scrupulous neutrality. The youngest daughter enjoyed the attentions of British officers, participating in theatricals arranged by British officers. When a grand ball was held honoring the return of William Howe to England, I refused, despite my daughters' anguished protests, to allow them to participate. When the Continentals regained Philadelphia, the young ladies, especially my youngest daughter Peggy was ardently courted by American officers as she had been by the British. Her most distinguished suitor was an American General, Benedict Arnold, whom she eventually married.

---Edward Shippen

A Virginia Planter

He was born into one of the wealthiest families in America. His father, a Virginia planter with enormous land holdings, sent him to London at the age of nine to receive the usual classical education given to young English gentlemen. Because of his strong inclination for learning, he remained in England for seven years, then returned to plantation life in Virginia.

He inherited enormous land holdings, then added to them through three marriages so that eventually he owned almost 50,000 acres. Unlike many of his fellow planters, he was not in debt to English merchants.

He began his political responsibilities in 1734 when Governor William Gooch appointed him Justice of the Peace for Richmond County, a position he held for 44 years. He was elected to the House of Burgesses in 1752 where he served on important legislative committees. In 1768, however, he was "turned out of office" by the voters of his county. He was also appointed a lieutenant in command of the militia and held this post until he resigned in 1776 because new militia regulations decreased his control over his troops. He was also elected to the Vestry, the governing body of the Anglican parish. Although he was a devout Anglican who took his duties as vestryman seriously, he disliked and distrusted the clergy.

He held a deep distrust of man, believing man's worst disposition was his "insatiable thirsting after power." Few men, he wrote, could see beyond their own narrow horizons or could rise above the general "proneness in mankind, to favor their own errors." The purpose of government was to protect men from each other.

His strong attachment to the constitution and constitutionalism was at the heart of his intense opposition to British policy after 1764. He opposed the Stamp Act, arguing that Parliament could neither tax nor legislate for the internal affairs of the colonies. Men had to be "exempt from the force of any Law made without the consideration of their Representatives."

Unable to believe that George III himself had any "design to oppress us," he could only conclude during the long dispute over the Townshend Acts that "departments of ill-designing men" had blocked the channel to the throne and were deliberately and vilely misrepresenting "American intentions" to further their "enslaving schemes of tyranny and oppression."

He strongly supported the action of the Bostonians in dumping tea into Boston harbor, advocating force, if necessary, to resist British actions punishing Boston.

Yet he argued against independence advocated by Thomas Paine in Common Sense. He wanted to keep the dispute focused on the original issue of "constitutional freedom." He was also concerned because everyone who favored independence seemed to favor a republican form of government. He feared rule by demagogues who manipulated the commoners for their own selfish interest. No democrat, he felt some strong power was necessary so that freedom would not be destroyed by its own confusion.

What were the "tugs" on him to become a rebel, or to remain loyal, or to maintain neutrality?

What did he do?

He became a rebel. He died shortly afterwards from natural causes.

HISTORY OF AMES CITY GOVERNMENT

Written August 2, 1975 and
Presented at Town Hall on March 4, 1976

by
J. C. Schilletter

You probably are curious to know why I was selected to talk about the history of the City government. Therefore, I think I should digress for a moment to give you a little background of my career. I arrived in Ames fifty-three years ago from the hills of South Carolina where the topography, the people, and the climate were quite different from Iowa. The City of Ames had been incorporated fifty-two years before I arrived; so I have been in Ames half of the incorporated history of the City.

Before I came to Ames, there had been five presidents and one acting president of the University. During my tenure on the staff as professor of horticulture, director of the Memorial Union, director of residence, residence analyst, and professor emeritus there have been five presidents and one acting president.

I served on the City Council on four different occasions during the period 1956 to 1971. As far as I can tell from the records, I am the only Councilman ever elected by a write-in vote; also the only one who was asked to fill in on two different occasions when members resigned before the expiration of their terms.

To cover a complete history of the more than one hundred years of the City government would not only be too long but I am afraid rather boring. Therefore I shall attempt to cover for you in twenty to thirty minutes:

- (1) Genesis of Story County
- (2) Genesis of the City of Ames
- (3) Six selected issues: liquor, annexation, moving pictures, City Hall, the light plant, and transportation, all of which have been problems of the City Council during most if its history.

Story County was first settled in 1848. The county was named for Joseph Story, an associate justice of the Supreme Court, appointed by President Madison. He served for thirty years and in that period in time had written more law books than any other jurist.

The City of Ames was first platted in 1864. A little "skullduggery" was involved in the beginning. A man by the name of Blair, a promoter of railroads in western territory, wished to run the railroad where it runs today. However, a man by the name of Lucien Hoggatt who owned the land on which the original Town of Ames was located did not want the railroad to run through his land. Consequently he would not sell. He would give land to the south. Blair had Cynthia Duff buy the land from Hoggatt under the pretense that she was purchasing for friends. She then sold it to Blair for twice what she had paid.

The City was named by Blair for his friend, Oakes Ames, a U.S. Congressman from Massachusetts. Cynthia Duff wanted to name it Onandago after a county in her native New York. The Nevada Aegis suggested the name "Ditto" which they said had the sanction of common usage in the area. Blair had his way and the name, Ames, became the name of the town.

The village was incorporated in 1870. The vote held on December 18, 1869, had 106 ballots cast: 81 in favor and 25 opposed. The population was 656 plus 188 students at the College. Previous to this in 1864 the town had been platted.

The first election of the City Council occurred in 1870 when a mayor, recorder, three councilmen and five trustees were elected. The town was divided into four wards in 1903. The fourth ward attempted to secede in 1914. The first City Manager, P. F. Hopkins, was appointed in 1920. Successive city managers were John Ames, 1927 to 1954; John Carpenter, 1954 to 1964; and Jean Castner, 1964 to present. The first student to run for the City Council occurred in 1969. The first woman to serve on the Council was Helen LeBaron Hilton (1967-1970). The first black man elected to the Council was Russell Pounds (1972-73). He was also the first black man to run for Mayor, being defeated in 1971 and again in 1975. The first woman Mayor, Lee Fellingner was elected in a run off vote in November 1975. Barbara Koerber was the first woman to conduct a Council meeting in 1975.

The salary of one dollar per meeting for Councilmen, not to exceed \$12 per year, existed for years. It was then advanced to \$10 per meeting not to exceed \$300 per year. It is now \$40 per meeting not to exceed \$600 per year. The Council has approved an increase to \$1,800 per year beginning January 1, 1978. The mayor now receives \$1,200 per year and will go to \$3,000 on January 1, 1976.

The first ordinance passed by the Council related to the appointment of certain officers and their duties. There have been hundreds of ordinances passed since the first meeting of the Council on January 22, 1870, but to show the tremendous change that has occurred during 100 years, I shall quote Section 7 of Ordinance No. 3 passed January 25, 1870. It is as follows:

Any person who shall on Sunday sell, show forth or expose to sale any kind of goods, wares, merchandise, wine, malt or spiritous liquor or be found playing at any game of cards or dice or any games by which money may be lost or won shall be subject to arrest by the Marshall and when taken before the mayor and convicted shall be fined a sum not exceeding ten dollars for the first offense and not exceeding twenty dollars for each succeeding offense. It is legal for druggists to sell medicine and for dealers in bread, ice, milk and meat to sell those articles before 9 o'clock in the morning and after 4 o'clock in the evening.

Liquor

Since liquor by the drink was one of the most controversial issues that came before the City Council in 1963, I think that a historical review of actions taken concerning liquor as it occurred over the years will give you a background of why this was a real issue as late as 1963.

It is interesting to contrast early events with the situation today. When Blair ordered his lawyers to plat the town in 1864 and to sell land for the

development of the railroad, he included a clause in the deed that no liquor of any kind except for medicinal purposes shall ever be sold on said premises.

In about 1866 the Rev. White of the First Congregational Church had the legislature pass a law that no alcoholic beverage could be sold within three miles of an educational institution.

In 1868 a group of ladies from the Congregational Church descended on the only saloon in Ames and ran the saloon keeper out of town. The ladies apparently paid him for the candy on the premises, but he had to leave town after selling his liquor at a discount.

In the early days of mud and sloughs, people migrating into Ames did not always understand the condition of the land. A funny story in this connection relates to the Cole family and their lack of understanding concerning the term "slewed." They were unloading their goods and borrowed some planks and made a ramp to get the horses out of the railroad car. A man standing near by told them not to load the wagon too heavily or they might get slewed. Where the Coles came from this term meant getting drunk; so they were highly insulted and went on unloading. They started off with the load and soon both horses and wagon were mired in mud. Finally with the aid of a log chain they were able to get the horses on firm ground and pulled the wagon out of the mud.

The City Council meeting of March 14, 1870, met in the office of Giles Cook. The controversy at this meeting arose concerning the continuance of the operation of a saloon in town. The petition presented by forty-six citizens for closing the billiard saloon was received and placed on file.

On February 21, 1872, Sections One and Two of an ordinance were passed. Section One states that any person who shall sell or keep for sale as a beverage any beer or wine or cider or other liquids of which intoxicating liquors form one of the principal ingredients shall be subject to a fine. Section Two states: If found drunk and told where they bought the liquor, the fine would be omitted.

In 1934 a resolution was passed against having a liquor store in Ames. A liquor store was not permitted until 1964.

An ordinance on the books for years was that no alcoholic beverage of any kind could be sold within 174 feet of a church or school. The question always arose as to where the measurement should be taken. A restaurant downtown was allowed a beer license when the measurement was taken from the front of the church to the front of the restaurant. A restaurant on Knapp Street, however, was refused a license because they could not measure 174 feet from the front of Crawford School to the front of the restaurant.

This gives you a background on the history of the liquor problem as faced by the City Council over many years and why liquor by the drink was such an issue in 1963 when citizens crowded into the Council chambers into the Mayor's office and down to stairways of the hall. More than 200 citizens appeared when we took up the question of issuing liquor licenses.

At the point in time liquor licenses could be issued by the City Council but had to be approved by the Iowa Liquor Commission before they were legally

allowed. Both the anti-liquor people and the pro-liquor people presented their arguments. The anti-liquor people wanted no licenses approved until the county had voted on the referendum of having a dry county. Also they objected to the date that the vote was scheduled which was to be on August 27, 1963. In this case they said too many people would be on vacation and that we would not get a true picture of what the people wanted. The City Council, of course, had nothing to do with setting the date. This was the responsibility of the County Supervisors.

The City Council felt that the majority of the citizens desired a change and proceeded to approve the issuance of the liquor licenses to several of the lodges and other businesses in town. The State Liquor Commission then made issuance of the licenses legal.

The vote of the people in the City of Ames and Story County made the county a wet county; thereby proving that the Council did have the correct opinion of the majority of the citizens.

We have to live with changes, and who of the older citizens of Ames would have thought that liquor would be sold in the Iowa State Memorial Union or allowed in the residence halls!

Annexation

One of the problems faced by all City Councils since 1870 has been annexation of land by the City. When the town was incorporated in 1870, it consisted of a small area bounded on the east by Duff Avenue and on the west by Church (Kellogg) Street and extended only a few blocks north and south.

Annexations approved by the voters over the years include:

- (1) 1890 -- a small area around the original City.
- (2) 1910 -- a big area to the north of the City.
- (3) 1930 -- small area to the east.
- (4) -- small area west.
- (5) 1962 -- three large areas north, south and west. The last annexation brought the City to an area of 16.5 square miles.

Annexations were disapproved by the voters on several occasions. Among those I remember most vividly were 1958, 1970 and again 1971.

The most exciting episode, however, occurred previous to the 1962 annexation. A group of five citizens objected to the annexation and in order to defeat the project hired a lawyer and charged the Council with illegal acts of spending money in excess of amounts allocated in the budget and of transferring funds illegally from one fund to another contrary to the statutes of Iowa during the years 1957, 1958, and 1959.

The trial was held on September 7, 1960. The Court handed down its opinion on March 7, 1961, and said that "each of the City Council members has made a good faith effort to perform the duties of his or her office and the court so finds. There is no evidence of the use of City funds for illegal purposes...."

The project of the five citizens to defeat the annexation had backfired. Many letters backing the City Council were written to the Ames Tribune and to individual Council members. The following two letters indicate the thinking of the majority of the citizens at that time.

WHERE WERE THEY?

To the Editor of The Tribune:

I am just one of the thousands of Ames voters who elected the councilmen and mayor who are being subjected to this continued harassment by four or five people. I think the implication that we elected (and re-elected) men who were acting in bad faith, were guilty of negligence of their duties, or wilful mismanagement is an insult to us all.

If you are feeling outraged and frustrated by these attacks, try to imagine the feelings of those accused. I am sure the councilmen, mayor and city manager would appreciate a note from the voters expressing gratitude for the selfless job they have done, and an indication of continued confidence in them.

I have been attending City Council meetings for nearly a year, have witnessed the letting of hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of bids and contracts and the approval of sale of street and sewer bonds and the careful deliberations of the council on ordinances and zoning problems.

Where has this group been--which considers itself the Vigilante Committee of Municipal affairs? I don't know where they have been, but they have not been in the Council Chamber.

These people have appeared only on those occasions when annexation was on the agenda, at which times they have appeared as protesters.

Frankly, I can't help wondering if there might be some connection.

Sincerely,

Jean Sibley

209 Howard Avenue

ANY APPLICATIONS?

To the Editor of The Tribune:

How many applicants would there be if an ad like this were to appear in The Tribune:

'Wonderful opportunity for right men. Must have some experience in or knowledge of public relations, street and sewage engineering, police and fire protection, public utilities, tree diseases, garbage disposal, industrial development, home development, humane treatment of animals, hospital administration, zoning regulations, and a reasonable understanding of state and local laws.

'Also must be an expert in accounting and auditing. Must be available by telephone, 24 hours a day to answer questions on the afore mentioned. Salary \$300 a year, no hospitalization pension or tenure, Apply at City Hall!'

These are a few requirements we expect of our councilmen. We should be grateful we have men who have filled these jobs with no thought of personal gain, only the desire to serve the people to the best of their ability.

It is deplorable that the reputations of such men are challenged by people whose motives are questionable.

Marlene Larson
2910 West Street

As indicated by the above letters the citizens backed the Council and approved the 1962 annexation.

The two last attempts (1970 and 1971) were defeated, and for the first time the citizens in the area to be annexed were allowed to vote. Previous to this time these citizens were not allowed to vote.

Movies

The problem of moving picture shows has also been a problem from the beginning. At first no picture houses were allowed in the Fourth Ward of the City. After the Fourth Ward was permitted to have a moving picture house, the next big issue was Sunday movies. The first petition for Sunday movies was presented in 1922 and was voted down by the Council. By 1928 the issue became quite controversial, and a city-wide referendum was voted. Although the vote indicated approval by the citizens, the Council did not approve. Affidavits alleging irregularities in conducting the election were filed by 1,500 citizens. The Mayor said the Council had acted in bad faith and the Council voted then to allow Sunday movies in all wards except the Fourth. In 1933 a petition to allow Sunday movies in the Fourth Ward was presented, and in November of that year the ordinance was repealed.

The latest episode, of course, was the opening of the movie house showing XXX pictures in Campustown. Efforts of the Council to prevent this met with failure.

Town Hall

In the early days the problem of establishing a calaboose or lock up was one of the main considerations of the Council. It was finally constructed in 1881.

In 1886 a Town Hall was built, but the present structure was approved in 1915 by a vote of the people, and the contract was let. In the early days the City Council met in various offices of lawyers and business men of the City.

In 1966 the City Council met in special session to announce plans for a new City Hall. Architects were chosen, plans drawn, and the City Manager was instructed to buy the land in the area of Burnett and Clark and Sixth and Seventh Streets.

A proposal to spend \$100,000 for the site of a new City Hall was rejected by a vote of the people of Ames in November, 1968, much to the surprise and disappointment of the Council.

In 1970 the old railroad station was revamped to house City offices.

At the present time City offices are to occupy the building known as Jay's Laundry. City offices will be widely scattered, and eventually a new City Hall will have to be built.

The Light Plant

The first consideration for an electric light plant took place in 1893 and again in 1894.

A resolution in 1895 proposed that a franchise for an electric plant be submitted to voters. This bill was passed by the voters 225 to 85, and on July 8, 1895, Ordinance 107 to provide electric lights for streets and plant was given to E. B. Hilleman Company of Peoria, Illinois.

No action was taken by this private company, and on March 2, 1896, the Council decided to submit the proposition of a bond issue of \$12,000 for the erection of a municipal plant at the regular City election. Vote was 298 for and 40 against.

The present site was bought for \$250, and \$5,000 was borrowed from General and Water funds of the City to complete the plant.

Many changes in rates and expansion occurred between 1896 and 1927. The most important perhaps occurred in 1913 when requests and proposals from private companies to furnish electric service to residents occurred. This proposal apparently was not satisfactory, and the citizens voted to enlarge the city-owned plant and purchase more land.

Important legislation occurred in 1927 when the State Legislature gave cities the right to divert unneeded surplus cash in lieu of taxes. P. F. Hopkins, who was retiring, said wise use of this would mean much to the City of Ames but if abused it could jeopardize the future of the plant development.

Many improvements, changes in rates and services occurred between 1927 and 1956, but in 1956 the question of selling the light plant and going to a private company was again brought up. A self-appointed citizens' committee and a Councilman raised the issue of expanding the light plant and attempted to set up road blocks. A concentrated drive was being made to bring a vote on the sale to a private utility. Also the self-appointed citizens' committee wanted a separate board to run the light plant and take the responsibility away from the City Council. I was on the Council at the time, and one of the Councilmen was adamant about selling the plant, and at times I thought we were going to have fist fights. I remember so well that when the engineering study came in from a counseling firm concerning the expansion of the plant, that I would not vote on the issue until I had a friend of mine who was a professional electrical engineer advise me because I did not feel qualified to interpret the report. The Council agreed to delay the vote until the next morning at 9 o'clock. My friend spent all night going over the report and advised me that with the amount of money that already had been spent in expanding and improving the plant that it was his judgment that we should proceed with

contracts for the Power Plant expansion. I voted for the expansion as did four other Councilmembers. I believe that today most citizens will agree that it was the right move. Expansion has continued, and we are now in what many consider a revolutionary move in burning garbage to supplement coal and gas energy.

Transportation

The problem of transportation between the City and the University within the City has always been a problem. The earliest transportation linking the town, surrounding localities, and the College was, of course, the stage coach line which had a regular stop at the Farm House on campus.

The construction of the railroad through Ames was completed in October, 1864. Freight and passenger trains did not regularly stop, however, until the following June. The first passenger train arrived on April 15, 1865.

In 1866 plans were begun for a railroad connection between Ames and Des Moines. This railroad known as the Iowa and Minnesota was completed in 1874 and linked Ames to areas north and south.

Within Ames itself transportation at first was mainly by foot or by horse and buggy. One of the early ordinances established the speed limit through town by riding a horse or a horse and buggy at eight miles per hour later changed to six miles per hour.

Before the Dinkey, Billy Childs and his brother had driven a horse-drawn bus to the College during good weather and bad.

In 1892 a miniature railroad was brought from Waterloo to establish transportation between the City and College. It was known as the Dinky, and it used wood as fuel. Cost for passengers was five cents per ride. The Dinky ran every two hours. The train started from the car barns on Main Street and Duff Avenue and then proceeded down Main Street over to Fifth. It continued west on Fifth cutting diagonally to the Northwestern railroad tracks and finally reached the college bookstore now known as the Hub.

The road was owned by local business men and was sold in 1907 to the Fort Dodge, Des Moines and Southern Railroad.

On April 5, 1907, an electric trolley car service was established and given a 25-year franchise. It was finally replaced by the gas run bus.

The question of an underpass under the Northwestern tracks was first brought up in 1936. Business men in town objected saying that it would take business away from downtown Ames. A close vote in 1938 by the citizens approved the underpass.

The transportation problem within the City still faces the Council and their latest effort to establish jitney buses still remains to be a proven success.

The present plan calls for the purchase of five 15-passenger buses. The estimated cost per ride when three people are picked up at the same place is seventy five cents.

Senior citizens, of course, have been subsidized for a number of years by reduced fare with taxi service, and this will probably continue.

The bus company will continue with school buses and chartered buses for special events.

Since this bicentennial celebration is focusing on the period in our history called The Revolution, with the date 1776 emphasized, then I shall do the same thing with respect to painting and sculpture of that time. I shall attempt to lead us into the eighteenth century and leave us at the threshold of the nineteenth.

Prior to 1700 the primary concerns of early America were those of settling, survival and security. The so-called "fine arts" or indeed art in any form was non-existent or incidental at most. In fact, many of the early settlers were fleeing from those very "devils of superficiality." Also there was almost no support or patronage of the arts as was true in Europe. Those settling this land were single-mindedly dedicated to the business of establishing a new country.

However, by the eighteenth century, with the necessities of life more or less under control, there became time and indeed an attitude and inclination toward a more luxuriant and elegant mode of living. This was reflected in planned architecture and interiors, in textile goods and style of dress, in material goods and in art for art's sake. The second and third generations were aware and eager to improve and enjoy the qualities of life of knowledge and enlightenment they knew were available. But let's not get ahead of ourselves.

It is, however, difficult to define specific national characteristics of early American art because of the diverse cultural backgrounds represented by the early colonists. Throughout the seventeenth century and first half of the eighteenth century most of the painters working here, like the colonists, were immigrants who brought with them a very strong European art traditions. (Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Virginia came from English traditions; New York, Dutch; Delaware, Swedish; and Philadelphia, German. By the end of the seventeenth century all had been absorbed by England; that is, from Virginia northward.

Consequently, their manner of painting reflected very closely those styles they had been familiar with over there and naturally brought with them. There were no models or examples here for them to copy or imitate. Generally speaking, these immigrant painters were of two types--those who were seeking patronage or success in "new fields to conquer" because they were second-rate in training and ability and usually not "making it" on the European scene, and those who were truly seeking adventure and genuinely attracted by the setting of a new country which might provide them with some new subject matter.

PAINTING AND SCULPTURE OF EARLY AMERICA

March 11, 1976

by
Marjorie Russell

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Whether or not they were skilled or inspired mattered very little to them or to the colonists. They could and did perform the task of recording what the people looked like and how the land appeared to them. That was their contribution and to them we owe our undying gratitude. In lieu of mechanical means for recording visual history at that time--the camera became operative much later!--we have had to rely on the paintings produced at the time.

It is through the visual arts many times that we can learn and understand what a people or a civilization are really like. Those early artists did just that. We hold their works, however naive, awkward or unskilled they may be (or were!), as mirrors and evidences of who our ancestors were and what the land looked like in the eighteenth century.

So let us spend some time with these artists and their "mirrors" (our ancestors) from the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries through the Revolution.

Let us observe what was recorded, that is, subject matter or themes, and how, or in what way, they recorded it (manners, styles) and to follow the evolution or development of the arts in both pre-Revolution and post-Revolution America.

Many of our earliest painters are actually unknown. Works were not signed and no records were kept. We have only the paintings, so let's see what they can tell us and what we can learn about early America from its arts.

NOTE: Marjorie Russell used two sets of slides, showing them simultaneously on two screens, with her presentation. The works of art and her comments follow:

1. Unknown: MARGARET GIBBS, 1670

Sister and brother, children of a Boston merchant noteworthy that they were not depicted as pioneers, rugged settlers or religious enthusiasts but rather as landed, prosperous aristocrats! Albeit they seem flat, paper dolls, stiff and unemotional--they were nonetheless important personages. They do point up the awkward handling of design, proportion, confusing perspective (slanting floor).

2. Unknown: DEBORAH GLEN, c. 1739

Same might be said for these--with perhaps one more elegant than the other. One trying to be elegant; the other already elegant.

--sudden or abrupt shift from background to foreground

--overall pattern on dress and apron as if stamped on

1. Unknown: HENRY GIBBS, 1670

--figure and setting better accommodated

--somewhat more aware and able to achieve a convincing whole

2. Unknown: DEBORAH GLEN, c. 1739
(continued)

--Example of the Patroon Painters, itinerant limners who portrayed landholding families who had been granted manorial rights in the upper Hudson River valley.

--Based on European style and tradition, although flat and highly decorative, reflects the untrained artist.

--Deborah only daughter of a couple from Glenville, N.Y. (Glen name!) who married a John Sanders from Albany in 1739--this is believed to be her wedding portrait.

This is not being critical or negative but rather discriminating between the unskilled or untrained and the greater artistic ability.

3. Jaquelin Limner: Martha Jaquelin, 1720

Sometimes these unknown artists are referred to as limners (from "delineate" or "draw") which is what they did! They were unschooled, uninfluenced by grand European styles or manner; they made an attempt to capture a spontaneous expression of the people, yet somewhat stilted and contrived. Most of these have reflected naively the English or low countries portrait in pose and setting. All of these carry the qualities of direct, simple, charm and we find them amusing. Portraits of two sisters from Virginia.

4. Smibert: (1688-1751) The Bermuda Group or Dean Berkeley and his Entourage, 1729

--John Smibert, first well-trained artist to come to America. Came with Rev. Berkeley to establish a universal College of Science and the Arts in Bermuda, a dream that was never realized. (Newport, R.I.) Smibert did record the effort: Berkeley, wife, child, assistants, secretary and Smibert.

--Traces of European background--table cover, secretary's billowing cape, presence of classical columns.

2. Unknown: De PEYSTER BOY WITH DEER, 1720 (continued)

--De Peyster boy from New York state of Dutch descent.

3. Jaquelin Limner: Mary Jaquelin, 1720

4. Hesselius: Charles Calvert, 1761 (1728-1778)

--John Hesselius was the son of an earlier pop. portraits, Gustave Hesselius (Swedish immigrant).

--John prospered as a portraitist also in Philadelphia area.

--Little Charles was an elegant "dandy" although only five! He was the third-great grandson of first Lord Baltimore, founder of Maryland.

--Elegant rococo dress, satin suit of plumed hat, attended by an equally elegantly dressed young slave.

5. Catesby: Summer Duck, 17405. Catesby: The Bison, 1740

Mark Catesby, predecessor of John James Audubon, one of the earliest artist-naturalists. Arrived in Virginia from England in 1712. Valuable and significant because of their faithful recording of flora and fauna of America.

6. Reynolds: Charles Coate, Earl of Bellamont, 17746. West: Colonel Guy Johnson, 1775-1776

--Depicted the heroic spirit.

--Self-confident, brilliant, arrogant man.

--A British officer appointed Superintendent of Indian Affairs in colonies just before the Revolution. Sided with British; organized Indian raids against settlers in western New York state.

--Pictured with a Mohawk chief, Noble Savage.

--West contrasts Indian peace pipe with Johnson's musket.

Benjamin West (1738-1820), Father of American painting. America's first "old master." America's Raphael. A determined American artist who felt England and Europe were where he should paint, so he went there when he was twenty; studied, traveled, held "court"; settled in London in 1763 and never returned; set up studio. Admirer of the British style, as exemplified by Reynolds. Impersonal, smooth, unemotional, dignified, proper, classical and mythological approach to painting.

7. Reynolds: Lady Broughton as a Muse7. West: Mr. and Mrs. Custance, 1778

--Influenced by English style and taste. Baroque qualities: billowing drapery, classical accessories, mythological references.

--Painted in England of an English couple (marriage portrait).

--The grand Baroque style!

--Neo-Platonic ideals reflected.

--West faithful to Reynolds; became second president of Royal Academy after Reynolds's death in 1792.

--Reynolds: Founder of Royal Academy of Arts and its first president.

8. Bourdon: Moses Defending the Daughters of Jethro from Insolence

--Change to classical, moral and high-thinking themes, popular with the French during the seventeenth century.

9. Copley: Copley Family, 1776 (1738-1815)

Next to West, probably America's most important painter. Quite a different personality, shy, sensitive, self-conscious. From Boston. Virtually self-taught, yet with outstanding native talent; went to Europe in 1774, succumbed to West's English styles of Reynolds and never did return.

10. Van Dyck: Anne, Countess of Clanbressil

But Copley, too, came under the spell of West and the English school.

--Attention to qualities of textures.

--Baroque natural setting.

11. Reynolds: Anne, Countess of Albemarle

--European qualities: softer colors and light, more graceful pose, characteristic of eighteenth century England and France.

8. West: Cicero Discovering the Tomb of Achimedes

--West, a favorite of George III and enjoyed royal and aristocratic patronage.

--Although American born and always included with American artists, his spirit, style and loyalty lay with the English trade.

9. Copley: Mrs. Isaac Royall, 1769

--Wife of wealthy Medford, Massachusetts merchant.

--Copley also painted their daughter.

--Seems to emphasize characteristics most admired by second or third generation settlers--direct, serious-minded, sturdy, puritan stock in all her finery!

10. Copley: Mrs. Nathaniel Allen, 1763

--Boston lady, painted before going to London in 1774.

11. Copley: Mrs. Seymour Foot, 1785

--A colonial dame.

--American qualities: harsh light, direct pose, rather stiff and unrelenting.

--Copley also treated as an American painter yet heart and later body were in England!

12. Copley: Paul Revere, 1774-1775

One of Copley's most famous paintings showing Paul Revere in work clothes, his work bench with one of his rococo teapots. More about Paul Revere per se next week. An unusual portrayal of so important a person during this time; reflects individuality and informality of middle-class America.

13. Revere on

You may be getting the idea that portraiture was all there was--and you'd be correct! Recording likenesses for posterity was the name of the game. A portrait not only was a record but a symbol of status--and even the revolutionary period citizenry wasn't above that!

14. Teniers: The Prodigal Son, 1640

Another type of subject matter or theme from the Low countries; a religious or moral lesson "veiled" in a familiar scene.

15. Earl: Roger Sherman, before 1778 (1751-1801)

--One of America's real "characters", and a Tory to boot! Rowdy, Bohemian.

--Yet a serious and talented painter.

--This example of work before going England in 1778.

--Roger Sherman: Connecticut patriot and only man to sign all four signed documents of Independence: Articles of Assoc., 1774; Dec. of Independence, 1776; Articles of Confed., 1781; and Federal Const., 1787.

12. Copley: Watson and the Shark, 1778

Go to No. 13.

John Watson was once overcome by a shark in the Havana harbor, early eighteenth century. Commissioned Copley to paint this harrowing experience in 1778 from Watson's rather dramatic and elaborated recall--(shades of JAWS!). What was so significant about this, besides the event? The depiction of a contemporary event--almost a news story . . . reportorial.

13. Revere: Boston Massacre, 1770

However, gradually other types of subject matter occurred . . . contemporary, historical events.

14. Greenwood: Sea Captain's Carousing, 1758

Genre type portrayal of everyday life, activities, etc.

15. Earl: Ann Whitesides Earl, 1784

--Example of his work after his English training and exposure.

--Serious, harsh light, dark background.

--Balance of American artists during revolutionary period shifts to other side of Atlantic.

16. Gainsborough: Miss Mary Clarges, 16. Earl: Ann on
1778

--How an Englishman would do it!

--Softer, more delicate and graceful.

17. Stuart: G. W. (head), 1755-1828 17. Stuart: G. W. (head)

By now you are going to recognize many familiar faces and we have Gilbert Stuart (for one) to thank for this. Stuart followed the same route as many of the previous painters, with one exception. He did return to the colonies (Boston) and remained there. He couldn't get along with West! Stuart was an outrageously arrogant and proud man; got easily in trouble and debt!

18. Rigaud: Louis XIV, 1701

18. Gainsborough: Sir John Langston, Esquire of Sarsden

--Official, court-approved portrait.

Models for depicting our first president, noble, dignified, worthy of attention, patriotic.

19. Stuart (?): G. W. (standing)

19. Sully: G. W. standing, early nineteenth century (1783-1872)

--Great demand; G. W. sat for Stuart three times which was one accomplishment because Washington disliked that sort of thing.

--Follower of Stuart.

--Kept on after G. W.'s death in 1799.

--Fresh, luminous color; porcelain-like appearance.

20. Charles W. Peale: Staircase Group, 1795 (1741-1827)

20. Rembrandt Peale: G. W., 1824 (1778-1860)

--Peale was founder from Maryland of the American Academy of Arts in Philadelphia. Budding artists could now be trained on this side of the Atlantic. Sincerely concerned about the artist's "tools" of light and shade, form, color, composition.

--By Rembrandt.

--Carried on great tradition of portraying G. W., although more idealistic or romantic; softer colors, softer edges.

--More reflective of the nineteenth century.

20. Charles W. Peale: Staircase Group (continued)

- Double portrait of Rembrandt and Titian, sons who followed in father's footsteps.
- Actual step below picture frame.
- Innovative and original, irrepressible and versatile painter.

21. Trumbull: Surrender of Cornwallis (1756-1843)

- Studied with West in London.
- Believed historical painting highest form of art.

Thus great moments in history should be presented in "full dress"--noble, dignified, gallant, courageous.

- Our principal recorder of American Revolution in all its heroic glory.

22. Trumbull: Benjamin Franklin

- Also did some portraits.

21. Trumbull: Signing of the Declaration of Independence

- Bicentennial stamp.
- Scene slightly "romanticized." Trumbull never violent, brutal or cruel in his depictions.

22. Houdon: Benjamin Franklin, 1778 (1741-1828)

- Probably most outstanding sculptor of eighteenth century.
- Thanks to Franklin and Jefferson his talents were utilized and introduced to America.

TRANSITION TO SCULPTURE

Sculpture in colonial America was negligible, except for some naive tombstone carvings and an occasional figurehead carved in wood for ship decoration. Civic life had not yet grown enough to command monuments; costs were prohibitive and materials unavailable (such as marble and bronze). Except in France and Italy, sculpture was not all that popular other than the portrait bust. At least, that is how Americans considered it. Luckily, living and working in France at the time Franklin and Jefferson were serving there, was one of the greatest sculptors of all time--Jean-Antoine Houdon--whose significant characteristics were physical realism, penetrating personality with lively immediate spirit emphasized through his unique treatment of the eyes. He seemed to be able to transform marble into flesh, not unlike Michelangelo. He worked with living contemporaries rather than religious or mythological figures as Michelangelo did.

23. Houdon: Life Mask of G. W., 1785 23. Houdon: G. W., 1785, Marble Bust
-

--Came over to do G. W. in 1785.

--Arrived at 11 p.m. to do W's portrait, much to chagrin of George Washington.

24. Houdon: G. W. (standing), 1785, bronze
-

--Original marble of this is in Capitol of Virginia, Richmond.

25. Houdon: Thomas Jefferson, 1789, marble 25. Houdon: Jefferson, side view
-

This takes us to the threshold of the nineteenth century where I promised to leave. Jefferson, one of America's most enlightened citizens and taste-setters, will be president for the next eight years. The United States is off to a good start--for a while!

(Called attention to "The Adams Chronicles" being broadcast on television Tuesday evenings and to the American Art exhibitions all around currently--Minneapolis and Chicago and Des Moines Art Center.

I urge you all to take advantage of the opportunity to see original paintings by some of the artists we looked at tonight.

A Bibliography of Selected Authors**PAINTING:**

Virgil BARBER
Marshall B. DAVIDSON
James FLEXNER
Oskar F. L. HAGEN
Samuel ISHAM
Oliver LARKIN
Edgar P. RICHARDSON
Frederick A. SWEET
John WALKER
Frederick S. WRIGHT

SCULPTURE:

Albert TenEyck GARDNER
Lorado TAFT

ARCHITECTURE AND THE DECORATIVE ARTS OF EARLY AMERICA

March 18, 1976

by
Marjorie Russell

Since there were no established art forms or styles already here when the early settlers arrived, the ones that did develop were reflections of those that existed on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean. As we saw with the early painters and sculptors, the settlers brought with them whatever ideas, crafts, or skills that were familiar to them in England or on the Continent; then these ideas, crafts and skills were adapted to the materials and conditions they found here. For example, in the case of New England, styles and manners of England were prominent. In New York the influences were from Holland; between Philadelphia and Virginia, the Dutch and German ways of living were reflected and farther south it was the French and Spanish influences that predominated. Consequently, it was not long before America took on these aspects of a "melting-pot" society.

This assortment of backgrounds was manifested in the architectural styles, interior designs and the household accessories (furniture, utensils, materials, etc.).

Beginning with the North, primarily New England, one finds a people unified by common religious principles; a land interrupted by hills, rocks and streams; a population gathered together in towns on the seacoast or along riverways where mills sprung up; a life based on community settlements revolving around inns, meeting-houses and post-houses.

These conditions are reflected in the architecture of the times. PROVINCIAL COLONIAL styles (1620-1700) are characterized by steep-pitched roofs with heavy overhangs, small casement windows with leaded glass of diamond-shaped panes. Plain, unpainted, native woods were used. Stairs were narrow, steep and often circular with no baluster--space-saving devices, and usually there was one central chimney and large fireplaces used for both heat and cooking. Pieces of furniture were practical and simple--chests, trestle tables, stools, upright chairs of unpainted pine or oak, unadorned and unupholstered. Textiles were simple cloths of home-spun natural wool, cotton or linen.

EARLY COLONIAL architectural styles (1700-1750) are generally identified as those with flatter pitched roofs and shallower overhangs. A common type became the "salt-box" which was the result of adding on to the original simple two- or three-room building. Gambrel roofs with molded cornices began to appear. Double-hung sash windows with small rectangular panes replaced the leaded diamond-shaped ones because glass factories began to function on this side of the Atlantic. Earlier glass had been imported. Stairs were less steep and soon became free-standing with carved balusters. Single central chimneys give way to two--one at each end of the house.

Interiors during this time became more elaborate, reflecting a slightly easier and casual style of living. Painted wooden panelling appeared; at first in rather dark tones, later lighter and richer ones. Also the use of a very crude plaster increases; first for ceilings, later for the walls. The size of rooms became larger, as the heating sources began to improve with more fireplaces and the advent of the stove. Other signs of increased comfort and leisure manifested themselves in fancier woods and design for furniture--maple, walnut and mahogany were the most popular. Textiles, as well, became more elaborate and luxurious, often imported from Europe--silks, brocades, tapestries, taffetas, e.g.

Turning to the Middle Atlantic States--that area from New York to Virginia--there is a considerable gap between the extant evidences of architecture at Jamestown and the extant evidences at Williamsburg--a period of over one hundred years.

By mid-eighteenth century the settled territory had greatly expanded up and down the Atlantic Coast, and as far west as the Appalachian Mountains! Population by then was about 1.5 millions, most of whom were still proud to be a part of the British Empire. (I will not belabor the final break with England in 1765 when the English Parliament passed the Stamp Act--requiring colonists to pay taxes on imports--which incensed the citizenry, to say the least. This was "taxation without representation" and they were not represented in the Parliament.)

After smouldering for another ten years, the Act eventually sparked the Revolutionary War at Lexington and Concord in 1775. War continued until the Surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, 1781, with the help of the French who were natural allies as the result of the French and Indian War against the British earlier. A certain circularity of logic seems to emerge here!

To illustrate the architecture, interiors and decorative arts of this area and time, Williamsburg provides the most accurate and best preserved examples. Williamsburg symbolizes the shift from English and European influences to more truly American styles and tastes. With the rise of national pride and independence, the models of Federalism were found in Greco-Roman forms and designs--the classical column with Ionic or Corinthian capital, temple or basilica-like building and motifs found in classical mythology. What a better pattern than the Roman Empire! America's most famous advocate and promoter of these ideals was Thomas Jefferson.

South of Virginia, for a time, things were different. They clung longer than others to the styles and tastes of England--Georgian and Baroque preferred. The place which best illustrates this is Charleston, South Carolina, even though today one finds considerable examples of classical influences. However, earlier the situation bears comparison with the North--geographically, socially and economically, especially. Fertile plains fed by slow, winding rivers where settlers spread their lordly plantations, widely separated from each other and from urban (transportation and commercial) centers existed. Actually, many plantation farmers (tobacco, rice and sugar) very likely maintained two residences a city house, or town house, where he lived and entertained more elegantly from harvest to planting time and the plantation house where he lived and worked from planting through harvesting.

More often than not the town house was more elaborately decorated and furnished than the plantation house, although we are told that the furniture was usually moved back and forth.

In the South, rooms and windows were larger and higher and probably located on the "second" floor--no air-conditioning then! Popular woods were mahogany or fruitwoods. Since this area was more commercial, there was still considerable evidences of external influences--English Georgian, French "Louis's" as well as Chinese exoticism--sophistication and elegance prevailed!

Hardly has there ever been a time in the development of a new nation when the dependence upon its past to the independence of its future have taken so short a time. "Yankee ingenuity" and dedication to purpose must have been the magic combination. A rich and enlightened background of spirit and attitude became a rich and enlightened future. We should be proud of our heritage!

Slides shown: Architecture and Interiors

1. "Dug-out" Houses, 1630, Salem, Massachusetts.
2. "Lady Arabella" House, 1630, Salem, Massachusetts.
3. The "Witch House," 1642, Salem, Massachusetts.
4. A New Hampshire Farmhouse, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.
5. "Keeping" Room, c. 1675, Deerfield, Massachusetts.
6. Paul Revere House, date seventeenth century, Boston, Massachusetts.
7. Kitchen, Paul Revere House.
8. Ashley House, 1732, Deerfield, Massachusetts.
9. Room from 1740 house in Foxon, Connecticut.
10. Dwight Barnard House, 1754, Deerfield, Massachusetts.
11. Room from D. Barnard House, Deerfield, Massachusetts.
12. Longfellow House, 1759, Cambridge, Massachusetts.
13. Drawing-Room, the "Linders," 1754, Danvers, Massachusetts.
14. Drawing-Room, Joseph Russell House, 1772-73, Providence, Rhode Island.
15. Dining-Room, c. 1800, from a Salem, Massachusetts, house.
16. Governor's Palace, completed 1720, Williamsburg, Virginia.
17. Dr. Griffin's House and Office, late seventeenth century, Yorktown, Virginia.
18. Reception Room, Governor's Palace, Williamsburg, Virginia.
19. State Dining-Room, Governor's Palace, Williamsburg, Virginia.
20. Chinese Room, Governor's Palace, Williamsburg, Virginia.
21. Capitol, 1700, Williamsburg, Virginia.
22. Council Chamber, Capitol, Williamsburg.
23. Supreme Court Chamber, Capitol, Williamsburg.
24. House of Burgesses, Capitol, Williamsburg.
25. Peyton Randolph House, early eighteenth century, Williamsburg.
26. Raleigh's Tavern, Williamsburg.
27. State Capitol, 1785, Richmond, Virginia.
28. Mount Vernon, after 1783, Alexandria, Virginia.
29. Villa del Capra (Villa Rotunde) 1550 by Andrea Palladio, Vincenza, Italy.
30. Maison Carre, sixteenth century, Nîmes, France.
31. Old Market, Charleston, South Carolina.
32. Painting: Old Market, 1832, by Charles Hamilton.
33. Dr. John Lining House, 1715, Charleston, South Carolina.

34. Miles Brewton House, 1769, Charleston, South Carolina.
35. Heywood-Washington House, 1770, Charleston, South Carolina.
36. Drawing-Room, Heywood-Washington House, 1770, Charleston, South Carolina.
37. Rear Garden, Heywood-Washington House.
38. Out-Kitchen, Heywood-Washington House.
39. John Stuart House, 1772, Charleston, South Carolina.
40. Drawing-Room, Stuart House, Charleston, South Carolina.
41. Dining-Room, Stuart House, Charleston, South Carolina.

Decorative Arts

42. Weathervane, 1715, wood core covered with metal.
43. Weathervane, nineteenth century, carved wood.
44. Paul Revere's Lantern.
45. New England accessories, early eighteenth century.
46. Glass: pitcher (blown) and goblet (molded and etched).
47. Silver Sugarbowl, c. 1800
Chinese Export Porcelain Platter, c. 1800
48. American Chippendale Lowboy and Side Chair, c. 1800.
49. Bookcase-Secretary, eighteenth century, Charleston, South Carolina.
50. Adrian Banker: a Silver and a Pewter Teapots, eighteenth century.
51. Paul Revere: Templeman Tea Set, 1782.

A Bibliography of Selected Authors

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Wayne ANDREWS
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Hollis FRENCH (silver)
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Ledlie I. LAUGHLIN (pewter)
John M. PHILLIPS (silver)
C. Jordan THORN (pewter and silver)
Edward WENHAM (silver)
Seymour B. WYLER (silver)

Pottery:

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Richard Carter BARRETT (Bennington Pottery)
John RAMSEY
John SPARGO (pottery and china)
C. Jordan THORN
Lura WATKINS

Frances LITTLE (textiles)
Albert H. SONN (wrought iron)

AN AMES ALBUM

March 25, 1976

by

Farwell Brown

Thank you, Mrs. Schwieder. You mentioned that I had lived here all my life, and that reminded me of a story that I hadn't intended to tell but I have told it before, so here goes again. Back in New England where my grandparents came from I heard a story several years ago about a stranger who was wandering around up in Vermont. He was visiting with one of the old timers and said: "Is it true that you have lived here all your life?" The old timer looked at him and said: "Nope, not yet, I haven't."

So with that the best way to start is to do like they do on the buses in Boston. They start up, there is some light conversation, and then they go down the route and begin to point out some of the scenes.

We don't have to go that far tonight. We're going to start right here at the corner of Douglas and what now is Main Street. When this picture was taken, it was Onondago Street. I will use a little pointer. There are several things about this particular picture that I want to call attention to. There is the old town pump, and that was the entire water system for the little town of Ames for a period of several years. Another thing on this corner . . . these two buildings probably date from the 1860's. A little later we'll get into the exact beginnings of the town--when it was officially incorporated and that sort of thing. But these two stores were built up on poles or posts, and the story goes that it was so wet in this area that the owner of that corner store, when he wanted to get a supply of water, would merely lift up the trap door and let down a bucket to the level of the ample supply of clear water.

Now my grandfather, Kendrick Brown, when he arrived in April of 1866, got off at the station which we'll see in a few minutes and walked across to this corner. Later he was to describe it as one big mudhole! He said that Ames had been laid out in many sloughs as could be found in any one place in Story County, and that was probably true from the descriptions we have read about the early area where Ames was laid out.

Now this picture was taken about 1880; so the town was about 16 years old. At the far end of the street, notice the steeple. That was the First Methodist Church. It was built in 1866 on the corner of Kellogg and what is now Main Street. One other thing before leaving this picture . . . you read in the Sunday paper a week or two ago that the first telephone in the country was demonstrated by Alexander Graham Bell in 1876 when he spoke to his assistant whose name was Watson. He said "Mr. Watson, come here, I need you." Well, it was just two years later that the first telephone was installed in this drugstore. But it wasn't the same kind of telephone. It was a tin can and string affair that went from this building across the street to Dr. Beverly's office. He could communicate across there and tell the druggist what drugs to dispense, I suppose.

It was in 1881 that the first battery-operated telephone was installed in the next building, occupied by the Huntington, Bigelow and Tilden Department Store. Tilden, of course, was my other grandfather. It was a few years later that President Welch had the first long distance lines installed on the campus, and we'll see that in a few moments. Before we leave the question of telephones, just quickly, how many telephones do you suppose are in Ames today? I couldn't guess, but I looked it up and there are almost 36,000. It's almost one per person.

There is a plat of Ames. It's a little hard to see in this light. This plat was drawn by a surveyor on December 17, 1864, and was recorded on the 18th of December. The east boundary of the little town was Duff Avenue, the west boundary was Burnett. The south boundary was the railroad track, and the north boundary was about half way between Seventh and Eighth Streets. You notice that the main street is Onondago; Story Street is now Fifth; and Iowa Street is now Sixth. That College Street is now Seventh or is it Eighth Street up there. Kellogg was the maiden name of Cynthia O. Duff who had owned the land that John A. Blair bought for the railroad in this area. You've heard the story about her, I'm sure, but she contributed her name to our street, Kellogg, and to our street, Duff, over here and also Onondago which was the county in New York from which the Duff family came.

There is the little town as it looked to an artist in 1875; and there is the corner we were looking at a few moments ago on Douglas and now Main Street; and there's the Methodist Church; and down here in the lower right hand corner is the Octagon that is still there, the eight-sided house. It was built by Dr. Starr who was a professor of physics at the Iowa Agricultural College which you see on the hill in the upper left. Now the reason he built it eight-sided was not because he was interested in astronomy but rather because he figured that it could be heated more efficiently than a four-sided house.

There is the little village in 1875. My father was born the following year. You see he would have been a hundred years old this year.

This letter was written by a circuit rider. We read of circuit riders; we know what they were--ministers who rode around the countryside in the early days preaching in depots, homes, school houses, and occasionally churches. I call attention to this one sentence: "I remember riding through the tall grass trying to find Ames."

If you go up Interstate 35 to the Roland interchange, go east a mile, then go back south two miles, you will be right in front of the Sheffield Cemetery where you will find this plaque. In 1860 all members of the Swearingen family were burned to death in a prairie fire between about where North Grant School is today and where this cemetery is located. When you drive up the interstate, you can see this cemetery very easily. It's probably not over 200 feet from the east fence line and just north of the rest area that you pass.

Well, here is the first railroad station. It was built in 1864. You are looking southwest and that station was on the south side of the track

just off of Duff Avenue. It was a one-track system in 1864. It was not a two-track system through Ames until about 1900. Now the railroad had come as far west as Nevada in 1864 and the work was in progress toward Council Bluffs. It was then the Cedar Rapids and Missouri Railroad, and it was soon to be taken over by the Chicago Northwestern and completed to Council Bluffs and Omaha where it connected with the Union Pacific Railroad.

In the meantime the Union Pacific was building west and in 1869 it connected with the Central Pacific at Promontory, Utah, completing the first transcontinental railroad. It was rather an important factor because Ames was on the first transcontinental railroad. Now the railroad was a very important adjunct to the town of Ames; in fact Ames was said to have been created by the railroad.

There are stories in the background relating to that that I won't go into but in the early days, and as an example, my Grandfather Tilden, when he was still back in Vermont, was corresponding with Henry Huntington, a friend who also was from Vermont and who had come to Ames a year earlier. He was writing to him in the month of April of 1869 telling him of the potential for business in central Iowa. He mentioned a number of things. For example, he said: "You can buy good farm land, good high-class agricultural land for \$10 to \$15 an acre within three miles of the depot, and the further away you get from the depot, the cheaper the land."

Then we find in the early editions of some of the Ames papers back in the 70's advertisements for town lots which include the line "within full view of the depot and the business street." I put this in just to show you a part of that letter and I've already quoted it, but he says that you can build a building 20 x 40 feet for a store with a dwelling over, that's an apartment house up above, I guess. It would cost about \$1,200. There you see in the line next to it that you can buy the land for \$10 to \$15 an acre. Somewhere else he said that they were building a road to Des Moines. It hadn't been completed yet.

Now this view was taken just a few years later. You are looking east on Onondago and that's the north side of what is now Main Street. There's the corner we saw a moment ago. You notice the band is out on the board walk. The American Legion building is about there today. And this sign down in front is a little hard to read in this slide. This is made from a stereoptican picture. It says "Business Street of Ames." One of the early stores on the north side of Main Street was the New York Store, and in one of the advertisements for the New York Store in 1877, it said "the first door east of the Methodist Church." So you can sort of visualize that the Methodist Church was set back a little bit from the walk on the corner and we are just a little bit off of what is now the corner of Main and Kellogg in this picture.

Let me call your attention to the name New York. A lot of the names that people gave to the streets and stores and so forth related to where they came from, and I believe the man who ran the store--his name was Hirsch--came from New York State also. There is the picture of my Grandfather Tilden's store. He was George G. Tilden. If you read that sign sideways, it says "Clothing Upstairs." He had groceries downstairs at that time. And

here is the picture taken a few years later, probably 1890. It was in the 1897 album book of pictures, and that's what the inside of the Huntington, Bigelow, Tilden Store looked like. This was Oley Bauge, if any of you remember the Bauge family in Ames, and later the Bauge Shoe Store.

This is what one of the early doctors looked like: Dr. Albert Richmond, who also came from the State of Vermont. He came to Ames in 1870 and in this picture is shown riding around the town with the children. My mother is in the front seat, and my Aunt Winifred Tilden, who years later was the head of the women's physical education department at the college, is in the back seat. Little Tommy Watts is in the front seat. He was the son of the first newspaper editor in Ames. Before I leave this picture . . . according to some of the figures I looked up, about 50 percent of the deaths in Story County by the year 1880 were children under age 10. Diphtheria was the primary cause of death.

There is the Octagon as it appeared in 1875. If you have seen the house in recent years, you know that the cupola is gone; otherwise you would be able to recognize that structure.

The first church in Ames was the Congregational Church on the corner of Sixth and Kellogg. It was built in 1866. It was sort of a Union Church, being the first one. Three Congregationalists, three Presbyterians, and two Baptists made up the charter membership. That church building in 1866 was built at a cost of \$1,800 and the parsonage was built a couple of years later for \$2,000 and the records indicate that included a board fence. The bell in the church was given by Oakes Ames, the Congressman from Massachusetts for whom the little town was named. John A. Blair chose to name it Ames. Oakes Ames had been prominent in some of the railroad legislation and financing in the early days. You will find another Ames out in Nebraska, but just barely big enough to be on the map.

I put this one in. I usually leave out the family pictures, but I did put in a couple tonight. This was the Brown family. The picture was taken in 1891, and my father, in this picture, was aged 15 at that time. My grandfather, on the right, who would today be called a manufacturer's agent, traveled for a clothing concern out of New York. His brother, over here, was an evangelist. He came from New York and moved to Ames, I believe, in the 1880's, but notice that tricycle!

And in the background, if you can see it, is a bicycle which is in the back of the room tonight. You can look at it after I show the slides or before if you get tired of looking at the slides. I'd like to tell one little story about my father's uncle right there. He was totally bald, and he wore a wig. He was invited to preach in the First Baptist Church in Ames, which was my grandfather's church, and my grandfather tipped him off that there was a woman in the church who believed it was a sin to wear a wig. Knowing this he was ready! After the service he was greeting people at the door, and sure enough, here came this lady, and she said, "Brother Brown, is it true that you wear a false wig?" And he looked her right straight in the eye and he said "Madam I assure you that it is absolutely genuine!"

There's the Tilden family. Over on Douglas . . . and that was Uncle Fred, my grandfather's brother, and his family. People sometimes question me perhaps when I say that I can remember myself being at Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners when there were 25 and 30 people present. Isn't that right, Harriet? Possibly. I think when you counted the kids in that that was true.

We go out now to the campus. Here is a picture taken of the campus from the Campanile in about 1898, looking toward Old Main. Now Old Main was begun in 1864 and completed in 1868. There are a lot of stories to tell about this picture. President Welch came in 1869, I believe, and when he arrived, he discovered that they had made no plans for plumbing or heating in that building. That was just one of the problems they had. But that was the entire college! They solved those problems, you know, one at a time. They had a hot air furnace installed in the sub basement. In the winter time the first floor or two were warm, but the upper floors never were quite warm in the coldest weather. They had to install a water system by putting the pipes inside the wall. The water system consisted of a tank in the tower or in the upper floor of the south wing, and a windmill over on the north side of campus pumped the water up there.

Well, one of the stories they tell about President Welch is that he wanted a beautiful campus, and in order to arrange the planting of the trees in an informal manner, he took a sack of potatoes or a package of potatoes out on the campus and threw them at random over his shoulder instructing the workmen to plant trees where they found potatoes! That was sort of the beginning of the beautiful campus that is there today.

There in the middle is Morrill Hall. It is the only building in this picture that still remains. It was built in 1890 to provide greater library facilities. It had a chapel; it had a museum; and had other facilities, likewise. Prior to that time all of these facilities had been over in Old Main.

On the far right is Margaret Hall. It was built in 1895 and was named after Dean Stanton's wife, Margaret McDonald Stanton, who died that year. She was an early "Preceptress"; today they would call her a Dean of Women, I believe. It is for her that the bells in the Campanile were given, and we'll see that a bit later.

Here is a view looking southwesterly from the top of Old Main, and the building that I'm pointing to right there still remains. It was the engineering hall, the first engineering hall. Today it is engineering science and mechanics. Today the college hospital is right about in that area where these two little buildings are. These two buildings were the first men's dormitories. This is East Cottage and that's West Cottage. They were built in 1881 and 1882. I won't stop and quote the price on every building, but, for example, that building there was built in 1881 for \$3,700 with a full basement, full brick structure, and it remained there until 1934. We'll see it a little later. The building in the middle was the first chemistry building, and it stands in this picture where Pearson Hall is today. In the far distance is Clyde Williams Field and all the rest of Ames, and I live right over in there. Now that house right there was the home that Dean Marston lived in from the time he arrived in Ames in 1892 as long as he lived in Ames. It was there until Helser Hall was built.

This was what happened to the Chemistry Building on March 25, 1913. It was a very dramatic fire. Now this is that West Cottage that I pointed to a moment ago. This picture was taken sometime after 1907 when it had been converted to a hospital. It was not the first hospital, but it served as a college hospital from 1907 until 1918 when the first wing of the present hospital was built. This reminds me that in 1918 there were two casualty lists. There were the World War I casualty lists from Europe and there was also the flu epidemic that overran the country. In one six-week period in the fall of 1918 there were 51 deaths from flu on the Iowa State campus, and it was that same year that schools were closed and all public meetings were discontinued. Church was not held and so forth for a period of weeks because of the flu epidemic.

Going over to the building that stood about where the kitchen of the present Memorial Union is located, we have the first Veterinary Medical Clinic. Iowa State had the first accredited veterinary school in the country, and this was the main structure until 1911. Right next to it, a little bit to the west, was this building that stood about where the Gold Star Hall of the Union might be located today. The legislature appropriated money for this structure for use as a hospital, and Dr. Fairchild, an Ames physician, was hired by the college part time to serve as the college physician. They had five patient rooms, an operating room and a laboratory.

Now some of the legislators were not too sure that they wanted a hospital on the campus up here at Ames because they thought that would indicate it was not healthy. So it was decided between all involved that they would call it the Sanitary Department. And that was known as Sanitary Hall. In later years when the hospital was moved over to the building we saw earlier, this became the Music Hall. The buggy in this picture belonged to Dr. Harriman who succeeded Dr. Fairchild in the late 1880's as the college physician. Both of those doctors lectured in the veterinary school as well as serving as college physicians.

There is a picture of that building I just showed you. In 1916 LaVerne Noyes gave the money to do some landscape work on the campus. He was an early graduate of Iowa State and a very successful manufacturer in Chicago. This is an early picture of Lake LaVerne which I believe was built about 1916. That shows you about where those buildings we just saw were located.

Going downtown now, here is one of our two early hotels, the Ames Hotel. It was right across from that depot we saw, and that right down there is not the parking meter. It was a penny scale. The Ames Hotel was the leading hotel when I was a small boy and the Chamber of Commerce from about 1902 on was appointing committees to see if they couldn't have a better hotel. They finally succeeded in 1916 when the Sheldon-Munn was built. We'll see that later. Well, this is a picture looking west down Main Street from Duff Avenue. And this is the kind of conveyance that, of course, they relied upon. This vehicle right there was called the "college bus." Just beyond the hotel was the Nichols and Maxwell Livery Stable. Mr. Nichols was in my day. I remember him as Fatty Nichols because he could tip the scales at close to 500 pounds, and he did spend part of the time with one of the circuses during the summer time.

But that college bus--you could enter it from the rear, and in the advertisements in the 1880's and 90's you'll find that line, "operator of the college bus." And that was it. Of course this vehicle here would be the Cadillac of 1895-1900. This one was the type of hack that was used when it was rainy or cold, and I rode in that a few times, I'm sure. There were school buses designed like that in later years, but I rode to the railroad depot a few times when I was a boy in that. I call that the Dial-a-Ride of 1900!

In 1892 they began to think they should have something better to provide transportation between downtown and campus. The enrollment at the campus (Iowa Agricultural College, it was still known as) had not exceeded 300 prior to 1890, but it was beginning to grow. And so a group of Ames men organized the Ames and College Railroad. It was popularly known as "The Dinkey."

They brought in two of these little mining steam engines, standard gauge size, but small, and they had three or four of these passenger trains that operated regularly until 1907 between downtown Ames and the campus. The fare was five cents and stayed five cents the entire period. Here is the route. We'll get on and take a ride. We're going north up Duff. There is the switching yards, and Munn Lumber Yard is right there today. That's Fifth Street up there, and we go down Fifth Street, go past Captain Greeley's home, which today is the Adams Funeral Home, and you notice the barn back there. Most of your homes in Ames had barns because most everyone had a horse, a buggy, and most of them had cows.

This reminds me that I have a cousin, who is living up in Milwaukee now, who wrote to me recently and said that when he was a school boy, he had a cow route. I wondered what in the world was coming on that. In the morning he would get up early, have his breakfast, then he would go around the neighborhood, collecting the cows from the barns; then he would drive them out to the northeast corner of town about where Carr's Pool is today and turn them out to pasture. Then he would go to school. After school he would reverse the process and return those cows to their respective barns in time for their evening milking.

That house that we just saw, incidentally, was the Sigma Chi Fraternity House when I was a boy. As we will see, there were other fraternity houses downtown, also.

The Dinkey went on down Fifth Street and past the Baptist Church on the Kellogg Corner. This church was built in 1872. You're looking north, and by the time this picture was taken, the Methodist Church was up on the corner of Sixth and Kellogg. It was winter, of course, when this picture was taken. Notice the ladies in their long dresses. If it weren't for the snow, I think you could see the tracks beyond that snow bank.

Then it went on down past what most of us knew as the O'Neil Dairy in recent years. Today it stands empty, but it was the Armory Hall we built in 1905, and you see the tracks right in front of it. Armory Hall replaced the old opera hall that was down on the corner of Kellogg and Main. It had a stage, and it had scenery and it had everything that you needed in those days for a nice auditorium. It had shower rooms, and it had a basketball floor.

When Clyde Williams came to Ames, he introduced intercollegiate basketball for the first time in 1908, and the Iowa State Cyclones played their first season on the floor in this building; so it has quite a history. They won, I think, one and lost one that first year on a floor that was described as being so small that it was hard to pass the ball around. When the college kids had dances, that's where they came. I understand they even roller skated there, too.

Then the Dink went on down past the Christian Church that was on the corner of Fifth and Burnett; in another block it went past the old high school that stood where the present Central Junior High is. This is the school that my father graduated from in 1894. I tell a little story about him when he would go by here, just to illustrate the fact that there were a lot of ponds still in Ames when he was a boy.

Just about a block north of this building there was a pond that was fed by a ditch that drained from the northeast, and it was surrounded by willows. One day at recess time my father--I suppose he was eight or nine years old maybe--and some of his friends went swimming at recess time. Well, the thing that happened was that the bell rang before they got out, they didn't get their clothes on fast enough, and the principal came out and met them! So that was one of the embarrassing stories that he had to tell. This does illustrate what it was like in that vicinity. In later years there were additional rooms added on to that building, and it was torn down, I believe, in about 1938 or 1939.

Then the train went out over Squaw Creek and started for the campus, and here you see the campus in the distance. There were not heating plants in those days. Animal Husbandry barns and other barns were all down in that area where the heating plant is today but the water tower out there, we'll see after a little bit, was put up in 1897. The Campanile is in this picture, too. So this picture has to have been taken somewhere around 1900 or shortly thereafter.

The Dink went past the experiment station barns. This experiment station barn on the left burned in 1922, I believe. It was struck by lightning. Next comes the judging pavilion, the Farm Crops Judging Pavilion when I was in college, and beyond that you'll see the old animal husbandry barns that were up close to where the Agronomy Building is today.

And then it went on up past this building which was the horse barn. If you're familiar with the campus today, you will know that barn was remodeled some time ago--many years ago--and is presently the Landscape Architecture building. Then it went out onto the central campus, and this is now Botany Hall; at that time it was the agricultural hall.

This picture was taken in 1904 in October on the occasion of Excursion Day. Now President Beardshear, who became president in 1891, had sold the railroads on the idea of bringing special trains into Ames so that people could see what was going on up here in the agricultural school, and in this way it was a forerunner of what today we know as VEISHEA. These people lined up are watching a parade; so you see the idea of having a parade is not new.

Here is a picture looking the other way--to the south. Notice the tent on the left. Excursion Day usually lasted two days. It included lectures and demonstrations, and they also had a lot of fun. They had games, competitions, bicycle races and things like that. Then the Dinkey went on over, and you notice that the students around 1900 are no different than the students in 1976. They are all sort of in the road, you know. There's Morrill Hall. There is what today we call "The Hub." It was not where it's located now, but it was the western terminal of the Ames and College Railroad.

Now we're up on that water tower. This picture was taken in 1897 looking east from the top of the water tower, before Marston Hall was built. You notice there's no Engineering Hall in this picture, and you notice that the Campanile was not yet in the picture either. In the far distance is the old creamery. The house that the man who managed the creamery and the dairy herds, and so forth, lived in and that house right there are about where the present dairy building is located. The Farm House that was the first building built on the campus is probably back in that clump of trees.

But you can see where the tracks used to run down town. You look to the right and you don't see any Lincoln Way, do you? Well, they advertise that the Ames and College Railroad was the most scenic two-mile route in the State of Iowa, had real live cinders and "all the smoke you'd ever want."

Here is another view of that water tower. This was taken in 1904 after Marston Hall was built. Dean Marston designed this water tower. The story behind it is that the college had its own water system and they ran out of water near the end of the college term in 1895; so Dean Marston designed a complete new water system that included a deep well and this water tower. He even supervised the construction. In those days the engineers on campus were expected not only to train engineers but to design and supervise the construction of the physical plant at the college. That water tower, I think, is a majestic structure. You go out in that area some time and have a look at it. It is still in use. I understand that Dean Marston used to teach a course in Engineering Aesthetics, and I think that water tower sort of demonstrates engineering aesthetics.

Here is a view looking east from the top of Beardshear Hall that took the place of Old Main after it burned in 1902. And now we have the Campanile. The Campanile was started in 1897 and completed in 1899. The bells were given by Dean Stanton, as I mentioned earlier in memory of his wife. Originally those bells were to be placed in one of the towers on Margaret Hall, but when the bells arrived, they proved to be too big or too heavy; so the college built the bell tower that we see here. One of the things that's not too important, but I do mention it, is that they put the tower up for \$4,500 approximately. It cost \$5,500 to put up the flagpole in 1975. But more seriously I had not known until recently about the inscriptions that were on the bells themselves. And I thought I would read just a few of those inscriptions that are on the bells. I'm talking about the first ten bells that were installed.

Here's one that was a quotation from Charles MacKay: "Ring merrily, ye chimes ever more!"

Think of the bells when you hear these words from a man by the name of Kirk White: "And soften down the rugged road of life . . ."

And here's a quotation from Shelley that's on another bell: "Harmonizing this earth with what we feel above."

And here's one from Haydn: "My language is understood all around the world."

And one more: "Music is the child of prayer, the companion of religion."

I thought you might be interested in those because I had not known of these inscriptions before.

Well, the freshmen and sophomores used to have a battle every fall down at the corner of Hyland and Oakland at Briley's Pond. Now Briley's Pond, to begin with, was a "creation." It was created by the removal of clay to make the brick for Old Main and the old Farm House that still stands. Now in this particular picture, I don't know whether it is the freshmen or the sophomores who are in the water. Maybe both. But this picture probably dates around 1910. Today there are two apartment houses on that site. A few years later after the pond was probably gone, they went to the old pushball, and the freshmen and sophomores battled the pushball each fall. This proved to be a little too dangerous, so they discontinued it. I don't think they have anything of that sort today.

Thought you'd be interested in some of the activities of students and here's the Iowa State Bicycle Club in 1898. You'll recognize Morrill Hall in the background. This is the Lincoln Way of 1910, just after the inter-urban tracks had been put in, and I think they were put in in 1907. You're looking west in this picture, and that house at the top of the hill is just beyond where the First National Bank Drive-In is today. It wasn't Lincoln Way at that time; it was Boone Street, and in my grandfather's day it was called the Boone Road because it went to Boone. We'll follow that out just a little bit in a minute. Now here's looking east on Boone Street, and the house we see in the far distance on the right is still there at the corner of Ash and Lincoln Way. I think you can recognize it. The Memorial Union is up on the hill at the left today. You can see by looking at that road why the Dinkey was so well patronized!

The Lincoln Highway Association was organized in 1913, I believe, so this picture is probably around 1913 or 1914 or thereabouts. It wandered up past the campus in back of what is now Clyde Williams Field, went out through Ontario, made about half a dozen right angle turns, came out to the Boone County Road, went north a mile, and went west again. Over on one of the corners one of the farmers spent some of his own money to put the sign up. It said: "This is Lincoln Way on this side and this is the County Road over here." You see in those days you couldn't tell the difference, and he had so many people coming up to his door to ask him where Lincoln Way was that he thought this was worth his time. His name was S. L. Moore, I believe.

This was the Story City Road, later to be known as the Wilson Highway, and now Highway 69. The Moose Lodge today is just there beyond the trees. That corner up here is the Moose Lodge corner, and I think you can tell by that Ford about what year it was. That was the kind of a car (if my memory is right, my father had one) that when you went up a steep hill, you usually had to back up because it didn't have a fuel pump, you know. It was a gravity feed.

There is the first hotel in Ames. You're looking up Douglas Avenue. That's the corner of Fifth Street, and that is the West House built in 1870, torn down in about 1910. The Masonic Hall is standing there today. Somebody said or asked once, where are the saloons? Well, they almost had one there one time, and it didn't operate very many days until the women from the original church in town--the Congregational--converged on the place of business and persuaded the man that it would be worth his while to discontinue. He did agree within a short period of time to have his entire supply on the way out of town by 4 o'clock that afternoon. That was about 1870.

Up there at the corner of Ninth and Douglas was the Sigma Nu House. Now this was the Tilden home at one time. There was one that was built later, of course, and that structure was substantially remodeled. At least part of that house still stands there. You might recognize some similarity between this house and the one that's on that corner today. But that was the Sigma Nu House, the picture taken about 1904. They had a ban on fraternities at Iowa State. Most of them were downtown, and I understand the Pi Phi House was located across from the library where the Elks Lodge is today. I was told that, anyway. Also there were fraternities out on the corner of Sixth and Grand and Fifth and Grand and several of them up on Burnett. You'll recognize some of those large houses, and you can well imagine that they were fraternities in the early day.

This is the other livery stable. It was located where the Sheldon-Munn is today. Frank Morris and his brother, Lynn, operated a stable here, and Lynn served as the fire chief back in the days when they had the horse-drawn vehicle and later. We'll see him shortly.

Here is the corner of Kellogg and Main Street. You'll recognize that building as it's pretty much the same structure. Smart and Thrifty is located there. I put this picture in here to show you where they put the first water tank in Ames, right in back of the alley there.

This is the picture of the new railroad station that was built in 1900. This is made from a colored post card that was colored in Germany--about 1908 would be the date on it. The Chicago and Northwestern advertised that "Ames had the most beautifully landscaped railroad yard between Chicago and Denver." You can well imagine it from this picture. Notice the yellow cars. That was the trademark of the Chicago Northwestern passenger system--the yellow cars. Today, of course, that is part of the City Hall complex, shall we say.

Notice the women and their dresses. There is the old Town Hall built about 1884. It lasted until 1915 when they built the present City Hall. Now this little building on the right was the town jail and it had a capacity of two. I see the Ames High kids must have won some games that year because it

says '08 on there. The Baptist Church in the background was built in 1909; so this picture probably is around 1910 or 1912. Here is the horse-drawn fire wagon. They used to keep it on the ground floor of the Town Hall. You can see the back of the building over there that still stands. It is the American Legion Building, and it was the Oddfellows Building when this picture was taken. In this picture are Lynn Morris, Sam Long, Oscar McCoy, Art McCoy and a number of other men who served on the volunteer fire department in Ames for several years. They were paid \$1 a fire, and they had to buy their own uniforms.

Here we are in 1916. I won't call your attention to the fact that they've got this one in backwards but it's all right. It's the first LaFrance powered fire engine, and they were very proud of it. This picture was taken in 1917. Notice the hard rubber tires. I think they raised the per fire stipend to \$2 about this time. In 1917 the old Oddfellows Building burned. It was one of the major fires on Main Street during the years, and it was entirely gutted. I put this one in because the Fire Department that we saw earlier fought that fire all night. One of the sons of Art McCoy or his brother, Oscar, was only 15 years old at the time, and he fought with those fellows all night and froze his hands. The following week they voted him into the Ames Volunteer Fire Department. He was the youngest member of the Ames Volunteer Fire Department: Dave McCoy. And he lives in Ames today. He is a retired city employee.

In 1907 the Ft. Dodge, Des Moines and Southern bought out the Ames and College Railroad, and they moved the tracks from Fifth Street down to Main Street. The name wasn't changed to Main Street, until, I believe, about 1910, but here we are at the corner of Kellogg and Main Street, the first Interurban coming up. It was quite a day. And here is the street car. The Ft. Dodge, Des Moines and Southern installed a track system around the campus instead of across the campus, and they called it a loop. And here is the street car coming back towards Ames from the campus--still on the campus. Today the Union parking ramp is right behind where that car can be seen. In other words the exit ramp from the parking lot is about where those tracks are.

Now on the north side of the campus the tracks went in front of the Veterinary Quadrangle, which was built in 1911 and 1912, and you can see the open country around it. I put it in here to show you primarily where the tracks were. Here we are looking the other way toward the women's building or the Home Economics building. This picture taken in 1915 shows the Home Economics student body of that year. Now that building is today the west wing of the Home Economics building. It has a new exterior that was put on in 1926 when the Home Economics building was completed. That particular building was built at a cost of \$75,000 in 1911.

Then the track went on down past where the Physics Building is today. This was taken in 1923. The Physics Building was built on the same location where the old horticultural flower gardens used to be. In the background you'll see what used to be the hort barn and the home of Professor Spencer Beach, who used to be the head of the Hort Department back in the early 1900's. I put that in for this reason. I wanted to move in and show you a closeup of that barn. It was built in 1904, and it was remodeled in 1926 as a Child Development Laboratory or Nursery School.

I think I'll tell a story without Lydia's permission! The girl--well, when Lydia's daughter, Elizabeth, was preschool age, she attended the nursery school. They have, and I suppose they still have, a system whereby the students can observe the children playing. Is that right, behind the screen? Some students were observing the two little girls playing at a table. One of the little girls was Elizabeth Hake, who was Lydia Tilden Hake's daughter. And these students recorded this conversation. It seems that there was a little boy that these little girls had a very firm dislike for. Do you remember this story, Lydia? Well the other little girl said "I think we'd better kill him." and Elizabeth said, "well, now wait a minute, let me make a phone call." There was a little toy telephone on the table. She picked up the little telephone, went through the process of calling and acknowledged her mother's voice on the other end. Then she said: "We're talking about so and so, and so and so said we should kill him; what do you think we should do?" She hung up the telephone and said very firmly: "My mother says not to do it, and when she says no, she means no!" Was it something like that?

Then the track went on down past the chemistry building where they had a station that was somewhat like the old one we saw earlier. Then it went on over to Sheldon and came down Sheldon in back of the grandstand. Do you see the tracks there? Today they have that elevator business up there. This picture was taken during World War I. You see the barracks there. Notice the car on Sheldon.

Then it went on down to Knapp, came on east and back down where we saw the car a while ago and made a loop around the campus that way. Well, here is a view of Boone Street. This was taken in 1908. I wanted to show you this; you'll see why in a moment. This is Mr. Herman Knapp who was vice president and treasurer of the College at various times for many years in the administration of the College and their horse Milo. They are headed for the campus at high water time. Notice the water is right up there at the edge of the bridge, and there is Lincoln Way as it looked at that time. Ten years later and high water time again, this is what happened to that bridge. It was 1918, and the Goddard family were crossing the bridge (you're looking toward town in this picture), and it collapsed; in those days it was the county that built the bridges, not the state.

Chautauqua programs started at Chautauqua, New York, and from about 1904 until about 1932 all over the Midwest almost every town of any consequence had a chautauqua program. There were many chautauqua organizations, booking agencies, you might call them and W. S. Rupe who was owner and publisher of the Ames Daily Tribune for a number of years owned and operated a chautauqua bureau out of Des Moines back in the 20's and 30's. Let me give you a little idea what the programs were like.

They were very well attended in the early part of the 1900's. Here is an example. I'm reading from a copy of the program in Ames on August 18, 1915. "10 a.m., devotional; 10:30, the Peace Institute, Dr. Spencer Miller; 2 p.m., Prelude, The Frink and the Maryland Singers; 2:30 p.m., Nixon's Comedy Players;

7:30, Prelude, Frink and the Maryland Singers; 8 p.m., Lecture, the Honorable William H. Murray." That was Alfalfa Bill Murray from Oklahoma. You remember hearing about him?

You found Dr. A. B. Storms, the President of Iowa State College on the chautauqua circuit in the summer of 1904, and in that period, lecturing on education, you even found my own grandfather on the lecture series. He was giving talks about his experiences in the Civil War and about his experiences as a traveling man. Well that just gives you a little idea as to what chautauqua was. They sayI'm quoting now that "it was run over by a Model T on the way to a movie on a newly paved road." And that's about what happened to it in the 20's and 30's.

The families used to go out and camp at the chautauqua site. This is the Brown family at chautauqua, and in the background is the popcorn wagon. For years my grandfather would go out after he retired and spend the entire week, and as a small boy I would go out and spend the day. If you had a horse you had to water, there were three places in downtown Ames you could do that. One was at the corner of Kellogg and Fifth Street right by where the Baptist Church was located. Today Shaughnessey's is on that corner. Another watering trough was down by Munn Lumber Yard, and a third was down on the south side of the railroad tracks on Duff right next to the Allan Machine Shop.

I put this in merely to show that bucket seats are not new--1908, looking east on Main Street. Today on this corner are a photography store and then the Ames Stationers. This is the frame building called the Regulator Building at that time. If you notice the horse in the distance, it's going the wrong way, coming down the south side coming west. Ames was getting to be a one-horse town again. This picture I put in to show you that people were jay walking in 1915 just like they are in 1976. This is the corner of Kellogg and Main Street, and this building that you see here on the right was built in 1913. See the street car. You're looking east on Main Street.

What did people do to entertain themselves? Well, we won't go into much of that, but there is the picture of the old Dayton Park. You know where Dayton Road is; that's where the Disease Laboratory is, but you might not know where it got its name. There used to be an artificial lake up there just off that black top where it turns east to go toward I-35. This is where families would go for picnics and for Fourth of July celebrations in the late teens and 20's. This picture was taken about 1916, I believe.

Now for just a few parades, and we're going to wind up. This parade is 1900 on the Fourth of July, and there is the Nichols Sales Barn which is next to the old Ames Hotel. You can see the farm machinery in the picture. I have one aunt and two cousins on that float. That's how I happen to have the picture. Notice the board walk in the foreground.

Here is the Ag Carnival of 1912. In the early days when the various divisions at the college had parades, they always came downtown, and here you are looking east on Main Street between Burnett and Kellogg. Today the Sheldon-Munn is right in there and where these houses are it's full of buildings, of

course. This will give you an idea as to how low it was. You can see those houses are down low. At one time before they put in drainage lines, that was a slough right there.

Well we'll cut in now on the Memorial Day (they called it Decoration Day) parade of 1913. The old Post Office is in the background. It was right across the street west of the present City Hall. Some of you will remember that Post Office, I'm sure. It was torn down about 1949. And I probably have some cousins, have I not, in that picture? Or this one? They turned on the corner of Main Street--you see the old town hall in the background. And the wooden pavement, wooden block pavement. Every time it rained this pavement would swell up and burst, and they'd have to repair the street. They went down Main Street, and they came up Duff. Here's the Ames City Band out in front; they are just ready to turn on Ninth Street and head for the cemetery. That's Brigadier General James Rush Lincoln, a veteran of the Confederate Army in the Civil War. He was a native of Maryland, educated at the Virginia Military Institute. He had been raised, I believe, by an uncle, but he came out to Boone County after the Civil War, and from there he came to Iowa State to head up the Military Tactics. He was often a parade marshal as in this parade. Some people walked, and some people rode. This is what they rode in in 1913. They came into the cemetery, and the women lined up on one side when they got to the ceremony. You have the services, and that's what they kept the sun off with. Notice the dresses. This is what the men looked like on the other side. Those were all veterans or most all veterans of the Civil War. My Grandfather Brown is holding the flag. He was 24 when he came to Ames and 71 when this picture was made.

Well then another parade. World War I came to an end with the Armistice on November 11, 1918. On May 19, 1919, the Mayor of Ames proclaimed the following day to be a day of celebration and welcome for the returning veterans of World War I. So here we are on Main Street. The band is leading. You'll recognize that building in the background. It was where the Ford Garage used to be, and today there is a men's clothing store there. They have taken off the top floor.

This is the medical unit from Story County that was headed by Dr. Bush. There were about 15 or 20 Ames men in that unit. This parade included representatives of the Army and Navy--you'll see the Navy boys there--and veterans of the Spanish American War. The day was complete with speeches, and that night there was a "pavement dance" on Kellogg between Fifth and Sixth Streets.

This is the last slide. I had something to say about the one before that, but I guess we'll skip it. I put this one in as an example of sort of half way between the old and the new. In order to talk about old Ames I didn't want to talk too much about new Ames; so I put this one in. You will recognize it as the underpass that was built in 1938. It was quite an engineering feat. For a number of years there had been an effort made to either get an overhead or an underpass to get traffic over the railroad. There used to be many passenger trains going through Ames, and it did make for complications. This represents the passing of the interurban depot and that kind of transportation. The depot was built in 1914. It served finally as a freight office until 1965 when it was torn down to be replaced by a restaurant.

Over here is where the present City Hall complex is after the passing of the Chicago Northwestern passenger station. In the upper right is the high school building that was just being completed at the time this picture was taken--Central Junior High today. Now if I can just make this one last change . . . there we are. This is the finale. And thanks a lot for your attention. I just wanted to put in a plug for the old home town. Thank you very much. APPLAUSE

HISTORY OF THE IOWA STATE UNIVERSITY YMCA

April 1, 1976

by
Ray Cunningham

Thank you very much. I said, I think the other time I was here, we might have been able to have that in a telephone booth; but we had a pretty good crowd that night, and I'm amazed anybody came back. But I appreciate your being here, and I'm going to try and tell the story about the YMCA. Because I think it would be well, I'll give a little background. You know some people who live in a town like Ames think of the YMCA as a little building that is pretty much obscured now by the big buildings out on the campus and as a few activities that get in the paper; that is the YMCA.

Well, I remember Harold Coffman who was the late Harold Coffman, president of the University of Minnesota when I was addressing a group session one time, and he said this: "Beginnings are tremendous events." And I am so sure that is correct. Every organization that has ever gotten anywhere has had a beginning and it was tremendous for them; and so was the YMCA back in England in 1844.

A couple of guys--young Englishmen, George Williams and Edward Dumont--were walking across this bridge over the Thames, and they stopped and had a little discussion. They had come there to work in one of the shops, and the working schedule then was not a five-day week. It was ten hours a day, six days a week; and it was pretty long, tough business working in those places. The young men who were there working for it didn't have too much time or much money, and they were subjected to some temptations. So these two young men, who were quite ardent in the support of their religious beliefs, thought "We ought to have some kind of a meeting of some of these fellows. There are more than just the two of us. There are some other fellows around here who would be interested in this sort of thing. So they thought: "Well, we'll just start. We'll just have a bunch of them come up to his room." George Williams's bedroom--had a birth in a bedroom. A lotta births in bedrooms, you know. This was an organization which got born there. These guys talked about what they ought to do, and everybody they invited in was very enthusiastic. Finally they got quite a little group.

So they decided they would draw up some organization and have something to see if they could get these young fellows together. So it is interesting enough that there were twelve of them. I don't know whether this George Williams, who was quite an organizer--he may have done this on purpose--but they had three Congregationalists, three Baptists, three Presbyterians and three from the Church of England--those twelve.

They drew up a little constitution and gave the organization a name. Their first name was pretty wordy. So these young fellows came up with a name--they called it the Young Men's Christian Association. They wanted it known from the beginning that this would not be another denomination. Those

were the days when they had a lot of fiery, evangelistic campaigns going on, and they were pretty much within the bracket of the different denomination groups.

They wanted this to be a fellowship of young men who would kind of come together on common ground. But it was very definitely to be a religious experience. They were to study the Bible, and they were to commit themselves wholeheartedly to the idea of Christianization of their associates. It had an evangelistic core at the beginning. Well, the thing developed, and within a few weeks they had fourteen different shops where they had little groups starting to organize and there were seventy of these young men instead of twelve. Other things went on from there pretty rapidly.

It was interesting that they finally decided that they just had to have a bigger room--that bedroom wasn't big enough when they had an official meeting--so they rented a room for \$1.87 a week which had a little more room than the bedroom.

They kept bringing these young men together and they were all enthusiastic and they stayed enthusiastic. You know it's one thing to get enthusiastic but another to stay enthusiastic. I've always said, I'm tremendously interested in the people who can get enthusiastic and stay enthusiastic about something. That puts a little spark and go in an individual's life, as I've observed through the years.

Now the things which they started in England . . . and they finally got going pretty well and after several years this George Williams got along pretty good. He finally became head of the company . . . and I'm going to jump over a few years now. He was the head of his establishment. He decided we ought to have a building so he contributed \$25,000 and he went out and got hold of some other Englishmen who had it and he got some more of them to agree to give \$25,000, so they had themselves a pretty sizeable little building fund in those days and they built a building.

Well, then, let's move from there. It became pretty much the kind of association that I've described--an evangelistic purpose and mostly to intensify their religious convictions and hopefully control their behavior in line with their theology and that was worth the goal, at the time.

Then let's move from there over to the United States. The first YMCA that was organized was a group--very much the same type of group--in Montreal on the twenty-fifth of November of 1851. It had had a little chance to grow. Then in Boston they started another one on December 29, 1851. So there was just a little difference there. Whenever you have an organization you've got individuals who spark the thing that puts the go to it. And they had a name of McBurney. I revel in the names that I've found in this little book by Sherwood Eddy. Some of you remember him because he was asked to write this book on the 100th anniversary of the YMCA--1844 to 1944. And we had quite a little "to do" in 1944. They had quite a little celebration when it was fifty years old in 1894. When it was fifty years old they figured they had gone quite a ways then. Now they've gone to a hundred. Now they're on beyond that. And the names that appear in this little book by Sherwood Eddy, that some of us knew personally--a tremendous person. He was independently

wealthy, and he graduated from one of the big eastern schools. He got tremendously under conviction to give his life and service to human beings all over the world and he did exactly that for as long as he lived. He was one of those ardent enthusiastic persons with tremendous ability and he just gave himself all out for all the years of his life. He wrote this and was very careful, as he would be, to get the thing documented and have the dates and the statistics all right.

Well, this McBurney I was interested in the description of this guy--those who knew him described him as a very lovable, saintly, hot-tempered, Irishman with a lot of ability. Now that's a great combination, really; and he was quite a guy. He took hold of this thing and he was going to make it a little bit more of a program than just the Bible study and the spiritual thing which he adhered to tremendously. He was an ardent personal evangelist in his own right. But he also felt that there were some other things that ought to be. And so he worked on that and expanded it a little more, and a little more, and we'll jump a few years till things begin to spread over across the country--near to San Francisco and Chicago and New York and all these places where they've had tremendous programs with the YMCA. But at the beginning it was pretty much this intense personalized sort of thing.

Then they began to feel that they should do three things--they should train the body, educate the mind, and motivate the spirit. And when they began to talk in those terms, then it required some other things. When they got that triangle and got to going on that then they needed more building. They needed gymnasiums and swimming pools and they were a little bit careful about that. They had a little trouble early getting hold of physical education people who were dedicated. They were a little afraid that they would have some former gymnasts or circus actors and they just would make a kind of farce out of their religious angle. But they got that worked out and some of the finest, most dedicated men I know have been physical education directors of the YMCA. Now at the beginning they called these directors secretaries. And, of course, they've changed that since I've retired, by the way, and now they are directors. Of course, that carries with it quite a little more momentum. Director. We've got secretaries here, there and everywhere. Wonderful they were. But they changed that to the directors.

Well, now, when they got going with this physical program then that meant expansion of different fronts and one of them was the physical angle. It's interesting that in a little gymnasium in one of these YMCAs Dr. Nainsmith was trying to entertain a few guys who were kind of hanging around at Christmas time, and he had this peach basket thing and was having to put a volleyball through it and they were putting it through there too well so they tried hanging it up on the wall a little way and it was a little more difficult and there was the birth of basketball. Look what happened. . . of what little they figured just out trying to kill a little time in the one end of a little gymnasium with an old peach basket and a volleyball and they had no idea what they'd turned loose. And it was quite a wonderful thing!

A little later a guy by the name of Morgan got the volleyball idea going till there was volley ball all over the country as a result of that.

Then they got swimming pools and a program that was intended to take care of the physical.

They had, up to this time, young men. They wanted to stick with that. Well, the only way you get young men is to have boys grow up and come into the period. Then they decided they ought to have a boys' program. And so they organized a boys' program and they had boys' departments in all of these YMCAs across the country as they built them. And they did build them all over everywhere and they had boys' departments. The boys sometimes would have their own swimming pool. Sometimes they shared the swimming pool with the adults, but they had their own game room and they had their own meetings and all their own stuff. And then they had boys' camps and that was a tremendous thing when they started to have boys' camps. Till now there are YMCA boys' camps all over the United States--all over the world, really--because a little later they began to see that if it was good in America it ought to be good in these other places. So they began to send out men from the YMCA who would organize the local people--the natives--in these different countries. And that was quite a genius on their part to do exactly that. Instead of going over there and providing it, they went over there and provided the local leaders so that they could do it. In that way, a limited amount of personnel would create a tremendous organization, which they did in all these different places. But the boys' camps--my, what a tremendous thing that was, and still is--and the programs they have. It's a marvelous thing that they decided to expand and take that in.

Now then, some other things begin to develop. The industrial revolution was on about that time and a lot of these men were working six days a week and ten hours a day. They didn't have much time to go to school; they dropped out of school pretty early so they could work. The YMCA organized night classes, probably one of the forerunners of the whole vocational idea; and these boys would work in the daytime and they would attend classes for a few hours in the evening. I had seven years at the University of Minnesota YMCA, which was a branch of the city association; and, in the city association, they had a very extensive educational program. They had a man who headed it up, one of their secretaries they called him then; but he was the director of the educational program who brought in instructors from businesses, organizations, factories. They had quite a large enrollment. They took these boys who had been cut a little short on their training and fixed them up so that they could make advancements and go on from where they were to where they wanted to be. That spread all over the country, and they had a lot of that. Later, of course, a lot of the schools have been picking it up, which is right. One of the things the YMCA has always been proud of and that is the fact that if they had a good idea and started something and somebody else wanted to take it and go, they were welcome to take it and go. Like they took basketball and went and they took volleyball and went. They took this idea of camping and went and it's all right--the more the better. And on the educational programs--they took it. The YMCA doesn't carry on that sort of thing much anymore. They don't need to. The schools have picked it up. We've got 'em and you know all about that.

Well then, they had these colleges and universities. There were a lot of students there. Someone thought they ought to have some religious groupings in there, and they were working at it. A friend of mine, Clarence Shedd,

wrote a book on the two hundred years, his was, of religious activity on college campuses. I have never seen that book, but I know he did it and he gave some things back in there--way back--when they were working on it.

Way back in 1797 one of our big eastern schools had what they called a moral association. I don't suppose that would go over very big these days, but that's what they called it. They had other groupings and they somehow didn't quite stay with it, so the YMCAs went in and organized these fellowships, and they had them in pretty nearly every college and university across the country at one time. Even the denominational schools had their programs and they had directors. First they had an international staff, then they had a national council of the YMCA and then they had a state committee and a state staff in pretty nearly every state in the union at one time.

Then as things developed and transportation became better, some of these things changed and they grouped them so that they had area YMCA groups of several states. Iowa now is in a group of five or six states. But they had these students who went around to these state groups and while most of the local smaller institutions had only the fellowship in the organization, the officers and the membership; they didn't have a director. The larger ones did have--the universities--I know the University of Minnesota did have. They had a little building there; they outgrew that. They went over into a building which was used as the Minnesota Union, an old classroom building; and we were in there. Then they had a building campaign before I went on the job there in 1919, right after the war, and they had funds and they built it, a nice building right alongside the campus. I was there when we opened that and operated it two years before I came here. Michigan and the University of Iowa, and all of these schools all over, they had them--a lot of them. Wisconsin had a nice building right there on the lake shore. And then things began to shift a little as they went along.

I want to go back now and pick up Iowa State and bring that along because that is probably what you are more interested in learning. I looked up the record pretty carefully when I came here. Jack Prall was one of the early secretaries of the "Y". Harold Pride knows more about this than I do, probably. He was involved in what was kind of a joint effort to provide a building, which started out to be a YMCA building, and then the alumni very wisely thought, "Well, why don't we have a little space up there so when the alumni come back they can have a place to sleep?" So they put a third story on and there seemed to be quite a little controversy develop around the whole thing. Finally, as I get it, a man in Chicago, LaVerne Noyes, said "just send us all the pledges, all the records, everything (and they did), and I'll finish the place." Well, he made a lot of windmills, you know, and he could afford to, and he did. But who gave what is still a pretty profound mystery because it was all bundled up, and he provided it. That became a kind of student center, and they enjoyed that.

When they first had it, as I understand, they had a swimming pool. I know about that because they had a water leak in there, and it filled with water one time. I had the buildings and grounds people come over and pump it out. We almost had a flood down the road there when they pumped it out--full of water it was, clear up to the floor.

Well, they had that and then when they built the gymnasium, I believe in 1915, they had a swimming pool. They were pretty expensive to maintain and the "Y" was kind of glad to get out from under it. They thought: "Well, we'd better" they had a little dining room and kitchen in the original building, but they thought now "We'll just take and pour over this swimming pool and make a cafeteria out of it." But they needed a kitchen so they had to build on the back end for a kitchen. They went down below that yet for a place to put the potato peeler and they had a chute that went way down in there. They would unload the potatoes outside and they'd go way down in there below the kitchen floor yet and run the potato peelers and some of the other activity.

They had some rooms that were insulated and they had kind of a crude early cooling system that they had for refrigeration back there in that annex built on the back end of the building. They established a cafeteria, and that was the college cafeteria until the union was ready to go in 1928. They took that over, which was the thing to do. In the meantime they had put ten pool and billiard tables up on the second floor. We brought those back down and put them in that room below, that had been a cafeteria, so that we could have that larger room up there for program purposes, which I think was the wise thing to do.

They had a time deciding how the building was going to be owned, and they finally agreed on a kind of deed of trust. They had certain personnel who were automatically members like the president of the college, president of the alumni association, and the president of the "Y". The others were to be alumni; they had it figured out and there it was.

When I came here, Harold, I found out they had never had a meeting since they organized when the building was built. They started in 1904 and it was boarded up for a while and they finally got it opened in 1907, and they had never had a meeting. Some of them had died and some of them were incapacitated. Had quite a time, but we finally got it up to board strength and have had some meetings. So far as I know they still have a meeting now and then and worry about the situation.

It always has been something of a worry but there was no other YMCA building that I know of on the face of the earth just like that because they were quite anxious to have it. They agreed to provide the heat and light for the program area there. They were going to have these places above where the alumni could come back, and that wasn't too easy to operate. I remember when I came here. They had big, old double iron beds up there in most of the rooms--a couple of them were single. Some of the springs in some of those old beds sagged so that you had to get up and sit in a chair and rest in order to get through the night. We got rid of those old double beds and got double-decked cots; made some changes and worked it out. As I understand it, back then they used to retain one room, number five, for alumni. One room seemed to do it. Once in a while somebody would show up, and he had room number five.

They decided that they better have somebody run it rather than somebody over in Central building, a little too far removed. If you're going to take care of a dormitory with boys in it you better have somebody within rifle range of the place so that you know what's going on and can make some suggestions.

A bit of regulations was necessary. It never was terribly necessary but there were times. They had the YMCA operate the thing and that was all right. It was much better that way and then we knew what was going on.

When I first came here, the only dormitory for men was up there--eighteen guys--and that wasn't much of a group. Well, the YMCA was eager to serve the students and the college was eager to have them serve the students. So the YMCA was under an arrangement, let's say, by which they would list all the off-campus housing. That meant practically everybody--all the boys--they had girls' dormitories. They kept building more of them. And then, another thing, the student employment. We were to handle the student employment. I inherited that. It was all part of it when I came here. And they had done it for years, and I think had done pretty well most of the time on that.

Now I want to go back a little bit to the days of Fred Hanson who was the director a few years before I came. Stephenson was on a year or so before I came as director of the "Y" in 1926. But this Fred Hanson was a tremendous person and the student YMCA had a real heyday there from about 1910 to 1920; it began to shift definitely after World War I. But they had a heyday and one of the things Fred Hanson--and the other groups did the same thing--was known for all over the country was discussion groups. He'd have faculty people who would go once a week into these student groups--fraternities, sororities and other groupings--and hold a discussion around a certain, definite topic. They all got the same medicine the same night and that was quite a thing. Of course there were no radios or t.v.s and other stuff, and they probably had more of an audience than we'd have now, but they kept going.

Another thing, they had a chapel. Dear old Dr. Cessna who stood on the porch of that YMCA building when we arrived, knowing that there had been some confusion (let's put it that way as a generous way to discuss it), and we knew about that and we didn't know just how we were going to fit into that picture. Dear old Dr. Cessna was there by his own initiative. He knew we were coming and he put his arm around me and told me: "We're glad you're here." Well, I was glad he was glad I was here. He came back. He was a member of the class of 1872. He came back after being a minister a while to be the chaplain of the college, and what a dear soul he was. They had chapel every day for a long while. Then they started having it at eleven Sunday morning and then wouldn't you know the denominational brethren began to complain about that because the College had the music and he had the choir and they were holding forth at the same time that the churches were trying to have their services and some of their good and faithful members had to be in chapel choir instead of church choir and they just didn't like it very much. So Dr. Hughes decided, kind of a diplomatic decision, no doubt, to have it at four o'clock in the afternoon. You know, that wound down pretty fast when you put it at four o'clock in the afternoon. Finally it was discontinued rather completely. But it was one of those things.

The Iowa State College had a tremendous reputation of being top hat in all things that had to do with attitude and behavior. Conduct was really something. One man referred to it when he was talking to me as the "golden years of Iowa State." Those might be platinum and gold plated, but we've still got good people and a lot of good stuff out there, but it's bigger than it was and we don't quite have that personal tie up with some of those tremendous instructors and professors who were there in those early days.

Well, the thing moved on. We had pretty good relationships. One thing that had happened. This cafeteria, there were about three men on the staff who decided they'd handle the cafeteria. They had a man who was running it, hiring the help--and he was about that tall--John I. Nelson. He had certain problems. When the war came on the cafeteria was expanded and this same guy kind of managed and then went on over and had part of the gymnasium as part of their cafeteria. They would feed them over there and things didn't go too good some of the time. I'm glad I wasn't there then. I was on the road as a trouble shooter for the SATC at the time and I had some telephone conversations with the military people here because they were going to have a regular military camp.

They had guards out and they stopped everybody as they came on the campus and everything else. The screams reached clear to Washington where I was a little underling in the department which was responsible for seeing to it that all went well public relations wise, and the chief told me to call those people and find out and make some recommendations. That was my first contact with Iowa State College

But they made some money, you know, out of that and they kept making money on the cafeteria and they put the net earnings into a loan fund. It amounted to over \$10,000, and that is quite a little money for a loan fund, and they would loan that money. Hard times came upon the manager of that cafeteria; I remember so well that second fall I was here, and we wanted the thing audited. He listed \$7,500 worth of groceries that he had on hand. Well, he couldn't put that many groceries in the place if he stored them everywhere. So we knew there was something wrong. We kept probing a little deeper and a little deeper and it came out pretty much what it was. We finally got the whole affair in the hands of the complete YMCA board, which was an incorporated body and responsible for this thing. That went a little better from there on out and we were glad to be out pretty soon.

I want to tell you about the way the "Y" got started here and I missed a couple of things back there. A little group got together in 1887. They formed this organization. They wanted to be a YMCA--Young Men's Christian Fellowship. They wanted to have a unit. They did have. Mrs. Brown's father told me once that he had a student pledge on this building, and he worked on the building to work off a part of his pledge. It was quite a dedicated thing and a lot of people dug pretty deep into what they didn't have and contributed and made it possible. But it started pretty much the same way as it started originally. Then it branched out.

Of course, I've been out of it will be twenty-three years this fall since I reached what they call retirement age and left. I knew thirty-four years before I retired when I would retire. Some guys like to hang on longer than they should. I was on the school board here for six years, president for four, and I remember that we had to retire some teachers at a certain age. I hated to retire some of them but my job was to wish them good luck and tell them how good they had been in everything. I hated to retire some of them because they had five or six of their best years left. Others were washed up at fifty and didn't know it and we were glad when they got to be sixty-five and we could ease them out of the system. Well, the YMCA decided that (the span of life then wasn't quite as long as it is now) when you got to be sixty if you hadn't made it then, you'd better get out of the way so that was all right with me. I think it's better to retire to

something than just to retire from something. And what has happened to me since retirement has been some of the choicest experiences I've ever had in my life. But that was about the way it went. And then we got along.

I had a man by the name of Hardwick come out here. He had just finished Yale Divinity School, former athlete and quite a guy. . . . quite a mystic. . . quite an intense sort of person. . . . and he wanted to get these guys together on Sunday afternoon. So we rented Gunder's woods out here for \$2 a Sunday and we'd go out in the afternoon and take some cocoa and sandwiches and take a bunch of guys. They had a little building out there with the smokiest fireplace that anybody ever built anywhere. We could hardly ever live with it. We had a little bit of a fire, and we kept it way back in. Some of the time it wouldn't smoke very badly and some of the time we just couldn't use it. But we had great fellowship every Sunday.

That was good but "Why didn't we buy one somewhere? get hold of one develop our own camp." So we began looking around. We got out in a cow pasture northwest of town which the Brileys owned. We found what looked like a wonderful place to have a lodge and near enough so we could get out there and get back. We talked to the Brileys and I will always remember one of the things they said. They weren't too sure about the students. They said they "had enough places to raise you know what without our letting them come into our pasture" and we had quite a time convincing them that we weren't going to have that kind of rendezvous of evil out there. Finally they did sell it to us. We had eighteen acres and the boys worked so hard volunteered so much work out there; it was wonderful.

Lynn Fuhrer was one of the boys from Omaha, very well to do. His father was a fine business man with the Fairmont Creamery. This was their only son and he and Glen Thompson, son of a contractor from Omaha--they were two of the finest boys I had--and they said: "Now we'll save this good hill for the lodge and we'll get a lodge some way." We built a small cabin over on the other hill, and we used it, but we saved that place. Well, we just got the thing built and used it about a year when Lynn Fuhrer and three of his companions went to the Indianapolis auto races. He had a car. There weren't very many cars. You could park them in a place the size of this room instead of twenty or thirty acres of cars they have out there now. But he had a car and these guys wanted to go; they were going to pay the gas and stuff. He was a senior, to graduate in June, so he came in to see me and said he was going. I said: "All right, Lynn, I hate to have you do it but if you do, do two things. Don't drive fast and don't drive at night." He was in the R.O.T.C., and he stood up and saluted me and said, "Sir, I won't drive fast, and I won't drive at night." turned around and went out. . . . the last I saw him.

On his way back Sunday morning about eleven o'clock a guy who was under the influence just rammed him with a big Oldsmobile on a curve and Lynn was killed and the other boys not hurt much. So the parents phoned me and said they wanted to see me. They were on the campus and were going to pick up some of his things. I went over there and we had quite a time. They said: "Lynn told us about a place out in the woods where you hoped you could have a lodge and we want to go out and see that place."

So we went out there Farwell Brown's father, G. B. McDonald, Dean Helser, and I. It was a beautiful morning in June and here was this knoll and here was the place. And Mr. Fuhrer and his wife were there. They said: "We want you to get a kind of sketch of a building that you think would do what you want to do and bring it out and we'll talk about it." So the head of the architectural department at that time drew up the sketch and again G. B. McDonald, head of forestry, Dean Helser, Dr. Covault, and I drove out to Omaha. We talked to them about it, and they said: "This looks good. We'll call you in a day or so." And they did and they said: "We'd like to have it; we'd like to be sure that it's ready for fall if possible."

So we got Ben Cole, who was a great guy, and he said: "I never made any money building a church and I won't make any money building this one." But he knew what money there was and he said: "We can build it if we don't charge anything for taking the stuff out there two and a half or three miles. I think we can do it. Anyway, don't worry about it. That's all the money there is and we'll build a building and that's all we'll get." And they did!

And then we had a great time getting it ready for the dedication in September of 1931. They had it ready. We had people all through the woods out there had a loud PA. We had to bring out the power. Ran an engine on a truck out there and had power so that we could get the word out to all of the people who were outside. Not over a hundred could get inside. We had that dedication and then we started using it for what we hoped was a great purpose.

I have here the little folder that we got out for the dedication and I just want to share that with you a little bit. This was the little folder. We had a picture of it and we gave this to the people. A picture of Lynn Fuhrer and several statements from people who knew him very well. His roommate, Glen Thompson, and Kenny Wells who was with him on one of these deputation teams, gospel teams, and that was part of the program of the YMCA for many years.

While I was there we sent out a lot of them and they would go out into this community and take church services, meet the young people; it was like a breath of fresh air in some of these smaller places to see these fine, clean-cut, able, attractive, guys talking about the things that were most important instead of listening to the minister every Sunday.

Well, he went on one of these trips with Kenny Wells up to Kenny's hometown and there it was the whole story about this guy and it was so fitting that we have that in the memory of a guy like that. And another guy here, Howard Hill, who later became the head of the Farm Bureau for many years. . . he set by him in the classroom and he knew how honest he was and he never would crisscross or make any false moves any way. He wasn't that way. Well, we got out little folder then that we used out at the lodge for our groups and other groups and it says on here "dedicated to the creation and development of friendship, the stimulation and enrichment of fellowship, and the appreciation and expression of the spiritual."

Then we had autographs and we'd hand this to them in a little stiff folder and they'd sign their name and we'd have mixers and groups out there and they'd meet a lot of fine people. We'd have a great fellowship! We'd

sing and we'd have refreshment and we had a circus a good many times with these wonderful people. We kept track of them and during the time that I was out there with that lodge we had a total of 49,922 entries in our guestbook. We had three finally, one at a time, 500-page books of big ledger books, and we'd ask them to register like a hotel. If you were there twice, you registered twice. But there were 49,922 entries in there and we checked them once and we had them from every state in the union and 35 foreign countries. I remember we didn't have Delaware so we looked up a guy and his name was Hancock, by the way, and we said we needed his signature, and he said: "Well, that's quite a signature!" And I told him we needed it because we didn't have Delaware. He became a member of our cabinet and was very active in the "Y" as a result of running him down to get his name so we'd have Delaware in there. One of the boys did that.

Well, that was those groups and we'd sit around there and share some of the finest things we knew and have our fun, too, and then have the serious note. So many times when we'd get ready to go home we'd stand up and sing "Blest be the tie that binds, our hearts in Christian love, the fellowship of kindred minds is like to that above."

Especially during the war years, when we could get out there, we'd walk out there, and did, and time after time after time one boy would get up and say, "Well, this will be the last time I'll be able to come out unless I get back." Our own two boys didn't get back. They were among them. There were a good many of them who didn't get back but it was a very wonderful fellowship that had real meaning and I have the feeling all along through these years that those tremendous young men who were so clean and so dedicated and so purposeful that it was just an inspiration just to be privileged to associated with them.

Now I've just tried to cover the waterfront and I must insist that this ends on September 1953. They've had a lot of years to go since that and there have been a lot of changes made and I'm sure they've got a story to tell on the last twenty-three years, but the years I had were rich indeed and the time I had at Minnesota Oh, I wouldn't trade with anybody!

When we retired, you know, they got together a bunch of our friends. Your father was treasurer of the "Y" and he knew we had problems but we always had respectable credit because we didn't spend beyond our means. He was there and a lot of other good friends were there--about 200 of them. They gave us some luggage and stuff. They figured we'd leave town but we didn't. We are still here. It was just a great time and I'm glad they let us stay in town and do a lot of different things. I've had the chance to share with about 350 different communities in Iowa, invited out to do different things always an inspiration. I've lost a lot of sleep driving out there and getting back so I'd be here the next morning, but it was a great fellowship and I'm indebted to the community. We did quite a little work with the kids. We had the High Y. They had High Y's all over the country and we had a tremendous one here. And the purpose of that High Y was "to create, maintain and extend high standards of Christian character throughout the school and the community." You can't get much bigger than that. They still have them. They have these groups of young people as they come along.

Now we didn't intend to let this thing go as long as it did the other night because that was longer than anything should have ever gone, but we stayed with it and you stayed with me and I appreciated that and I am willing to answer a few questions. I don't know the answer to very many but I can try.

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DID YOU START THE FRESHMEN DAYS?

Oh yes, we started that. . . . I found out from a friend of mine over at the University of Illinois. By the way, Harold Reinhart, who succeeded me, is the secretary of the "Y" over at the University of Illinois, one of the big ones and one of the good ones. Well, we found out they had brought in a bunch of boys for two or three days before classes started in the fall. So right quick Jim Hardwick and I got going and the very next fall, the fall of 1927, we had one. We had to save money you know, so we'd get the Rotary Club to bring their cars out there and haul these boys out to the Des Moines YMCA camp and then we'd have the Kiwanis Club or somebody come and get them. And it worked out fine and we had some of the greatest fellowship I've ever been in in my life with those guys...the guys that kind of wanted to come. We had selected upper classmen and then we'd have as high as 150 freshmen. Those guys were just enough more sensitive maybe, because a lot of them got the invitation but they said: "Oh, well, I'm not gonna go until I have to," you know. But these kids, some of them said, "Well, there might be something to that, so I'm gonna go," and the parents said "Yes, you'd better go. That ought to be good." And they thought it was. And out of that has come some of the great stalwart characters I've ever known. The first night the upper classmen just kind of shared after we'd have a good song fest and a good supper and we'd had fun and we'd had our athletics and everything. These selected upper classmen they were wonderful and they were telling the boys what they thought was important about college and this and that. Then the next night, the last night, the freshmen themselves and what a revelation those boys were gave of themselves, to each other, and it started a fellowship that was just as close knit as George Williams ever knew. This big boy said to me: "If we never do another thing the whole year, this is worth it." And I believe every bit of that. But those boys would stay together. We'd have our freshman organization and we'd work it out and that's that!

WHEN DID YOUR BARBERSHOP GROUP GET STARTED?

We had quartets. When I was a kid I had a low voice but I didn't know anything about music. . . . just like so much mud out over the page. But I could reach them and could tell part of the time when I was in there on the harmony and so I had a chance to sing in several quartets beginning when I was seventeen. I kept track until I'd sung in a hundred and then quit counting them. In Minneapolis we had a pretty good quartet and we sang around for a lot of stuff and that was before the days of too much canned stuff didn't have any guitars and they'd invite us out to dinners and stuff pay us a little something, and we'd sing. I sang in college and we got \$10 a night once a week for the silent movies to put on a little concert. That was big money and a lot of fun. So I got pretty much the itch to sing and to have people sing. I would always organize these quartets. Back there in the

back of the room are a bunch of pictures of them. We had some pretty good ones. They liked to sing! A quartet is like a love affair; they have got to like each other and they can't stand too much coaching. You've just got to let them feel their way, provide a good place to practice and a little help so they get their harmony and just a suggestion, a little more of this, a little less of that of something, you know, and get songs that fit them pretty good and let them go. And they did go! One time I had five quartets out here one year. That was right after the war. Over in Boone they would advertise on WHO that they were going to have a contest--\$50 for first prize, \$35 for second and \$15 for third. So I took the three best ones over there and we brought back \$100 and had a good time. We'd have a name for them and when the men all went out of that particular group we'd have a new name. We didn't let them carry the name. The old Melody Men . . . my how they could sing! And then the Harmonaires, which were probably as good . . . in some respects a little better. I wish I could pick one out of each over the twenty-seven years and put them together. They might not fit but I think they would and I'd like to be able to do it. But you can't do that. Of course the trouble was that they always graduate and leave and quite a sorrowful time when some of those guys would graduate and didn't have the quartet anymore. Appreciate your bringing that up. We were down in Chicago in 1966 and listened to the International Barbershop Quartet Contest. Barbershop choruses and quartets from all over Canada and the United States and they just sang day and night. There was a bunch of them in one big hotel and everybody had a placard on here and parties sang and I helped get this Ames thing started. I had a little thing they put on me and they'd motion you in and you'd just stand there and harmonize and hold forth. And all the way on the buses out to the MacCormack Place out there . . . that burned down later . . . and they'd jam that thing plumb full and we'd listen to these quartets competing for the first, second and third spot. I've got the records on those winning quartets and the winning choruses, both that year and the next year. It's kind of a disease if you get infected with that stuff. You just like it a little better than most anything else. Anybody else?

YOU'VE LEFT THE GIRLS OUT OF THIS. NOW WE HAVE A DAUGHTER-IN-LAW THAT USED TO GO OUT TO THE LYNNFUHRER LODGE AND LATER SHE BECAME OUR DAUGHTER-IN-LAW BECAUSE OUR SON WAS OUT THERE.

We've had a lot of marriages that had their beginning out there. I always kidded one couple--we had to wash the dishes out there and we had to heat the water on the wood range and then we had a great big dishpan, it was about that big across--and this gal and this guy were washing dishes with both hands in there and I accused them of holding hands in the dishwater but they were married later and quite prominent. I could name them, but I don't think probably I'd better. But that was a wonderful fellowship. We'd have these woodcutters. You know, when they had the golf course I suggested that they drag the trees over on our side there because I knew we needed a lot of wood for those fireplaces and they were glad to get rid of them. They drug them over there and then . . . no chain saws . . . back and forth--we had seven crosscut saws, two-man saws. And every year was a big deal. My wife would get the dinner along with some of these girls. These guys each had a date but we told them, these guys, to be there at the "Y" a little before one o'clock and we'd shag them up there and get them to working right now. And then we'd bring the girls out when we got them to working, those

guys, and they would clean the windows and help with the dinner. And, oh what a dinner! To this day I don't see how they lived through it but they did and they would saw this wood and bring it up and split it for fire-place and for the wood-burning furnace in the basement and the kitchen stove. And they'd work up a bunch of it and we stored it where it was dry and ready to go and then in the fall we'd bring up the other wood and store it for a year and it was ready to go. So when we wanted a fire for out there we had a fire. But, oh those wood cutters! We selected. We'd just take fifty guys and their dates--that would make one hundred. And we could feed them in that one lodge very nicely and we did. My! And those guys . . . we still hear from a lot of them at Christmastime. A lot of them make reference to those days. You couldn't hire guys to work like they worked. Oh, my! But that was it. All right, anybody else? Probably left out the half of it.

DO YOU KNOW THE BEGINNINGS OF THE YWCA?

The YWCA had quarters in the end of this building by an arrangement that had probably been as confusing as anything, but it was all right. They were glad to have them there and it worked out very nicely. I know at different times they have searched the record trying to find out what legal status they had out there and legality is a little hard to locate on a lot of things. That was one of them. But it was all right. Nobody cared. We also had what we called a little auxiliary group of girls that hit it off pretty well with some of the guys in the "Y" and they would stay by it and we had about ten or twelve every year. We recognized them as seniors. We had a senior recognition dinner out there always, and we always had about that many girls that we would recognize for their long and faithful service. They were glad to be out there. They wouldn't get a better dinner any place. Anybody else? And so from a little beginning, a couple of guys standing on a bridge in England they let loose and here we go. I didn't go into all the ramifications of the city YMCA's but it is tremendous. They've got millions and millions of dollars of stuff all over and still going strong.

ARE WE LIKELY TO HAVE A NEW YMCA BUILDING IN AMES?

That's been discussed a time or two and came pretty close once and then let's say "something got in the ointment," evidently, and it's just quieted down like that. Many towns without as much population as we have do have YMCA's and the kind they're building now are pretty much joint family type with facilities and programs for boys and girls and the parents and everybody. It is the right way to go and that's the way they're doing it. But they're still building them. I would be glad to see one built and well run and well managed. Of course here we've got so many facilities. I was part and parcel of getting this swimming pool in combination with the City and the school board but that was a good thing. No point in having a swimming pool out in the open in this part of the country. Just use it a little while and then drain it and go home. That's been a great thing. Anybody else? It's all right with me. That's it. I appreciate having had a chance to present this story and if you want to take a look at some of those things back there you can. During the World War I the "Y" had a tremendous contribution that they made with the prisoners of war and with the war soldiers themselves. There's a two-volume documented record of that service and in World War II they had the USO in which the YMCA was one of the heavy participants.

We had a USO unit here and I was supposed to be the director. We had some programs down in the hotel on a portable dance floor out in front of the band shell. Every week we had quite a go. Part of the time I was out in Denver with the USO. I got started going out to the hospital, the big Fitzsimmons Hospital, and found a guy who was a professional photographer but he knew a lot of people and he was a wonderful guy and I got him to come out there and take some pictures of these boys because they said "Oh, I wish I could have a picture of myself in here all bandaged up." I remember one night I'd been out there and we'd had quite a program and kidded around with them and they seemed to like it and I said, "Well, I think I'd better go now." One guy was in a cast pretty much from his neck clear down to his feet. Sweat was standing out on his forehead and the nurse would wipe that perspiration off his face. He said, "Well, you don't need to be in a hurry. I'm not going anywhere." And he certainly wasn't. He couldn't move anything. But we had a great time. This guy got started taking those pictures. And then the war was over and I came back and he kept going for a year and a half out there. Taking out entertainment and taking pictures. A tremendous guy. His name was Bowen. He was with the telephone company out there in Denver. That's about it. Thank you very much. APPLAUSE.

Memory is both a blessing and a sorrow for it's sometimes joyful and sometimes hurtful to recall the days that are gone. We wonder why humans are the only creatures to experience life with the past. Memory is, of course, how we survive and progress, and bitter or sweet, we generally recall the past through the people who shared it. Hence, my bicentennial topic "The People of the Years That are Past."

AT THE SQUARE AND THE SKUNK is what is today called oral history, what is a long tradition of many races but is none the less reliable than written history. This is true because all history is just a mirror of what happened. It comes to life in three forms—written, oral tradition, and/or eye-witness accounts. And, of course, AT THE SQUARE AND THE SKUNK had to do with eye-witness accounts. Intimate memories, when first published, are vulnerable on charges of "carelessness" of those not here to defend themselves. Later these same writings may be evaluated "as the rockets that light up history." When these writings are we have immortalized lives as they take part of us with them, and only the memories and recollections can be left and can bring back the dear friends of the past.

Because of this fact, what I considered in 1934 as a labor of love for my town, today has turned out to be enjoyment of AT THE SQUARE AND THE SKUNK as a book and as a history. Nostalgia is not entirely a bicentennial phenomenon but seems to have become a semi-permanent part of the American psyche. The psyche—nature's way of telling us the things that we think of as "history" straight ahead and so we swing around and try the back roads to the past. The back roads, I explained, were of course seen through the eyes of the past. And if you could have heard the affectionate chuckles of those who witnessed the lives and loves of their long ago friends, you would have known that thought of these friends as having been human with human feelings, and they were trying to explain why they had such an enjoyable time living with such lively personalities.

HISTORY OF AMES

April 8, 1976

by
Gladys Hultz Meads

This tape is to be preserved for a hundred years hence and was one of the bicentennial talks made as a part of the celebration of our country's 200th birthday. My family, the Hultzes, was one of the pioneering groups that made Ames what it is today. My great affection for my hometown and its early settlers brought about the publication of my book AT THE SQUAW AND THE SKUNK, published in 1954. It was out of print by 1976 and so was reprinted for sale during the bicentennial year. The information on this tape will be from the book. The subject that was assigned to me was the personalities of bygone days. It is a delightful subject but so informal that it is hard to get all of the material in front of the audience; so I have just kind of arranged it in terms of years, and the personalities will appear as I talk.

Memory is both a blessing and a sorrow for it's sometimes joyful and sometimes hurtful to recall the days that are gone. We wonder why humans are the only creatures to experience ties with the past. Memory is, of course, how we survive and progress, and bitter or sweet, we generally recall the past through the people who shared it. Hence, my bicentennial topic "The Personalities of the Years that are Past."

AT THE SQUAW AND THE SKUNK is what is today called oral history, which is a long tradition of many races but is none the less reliable than written words. This is true because all history is just a mirage of what happened. It comes to life in three forms--rumor, oral tradition, and/or eye-witness accounts. And, of course, AT THE SQUAW AND THE SKUNK had to do with eye-witness accounts. Intimate memories, when first published, are vulnerable to charges of "speaking carelessly" of those not here to defend themselves. Later these same writings may be evaluated "as the rockets that light up history." When these oldsters we have interviewed leave us, they take part of us with them, and only their memories and recollections can be left and can bring back the dear friends of the past.

Because of this fact, what I considered in 1954 as a labor of love for my town, today has turned out to be enjoyment of AT THE SQUAW AND THE SKUNK as a book and as a history. Nostalgia is not entirely a bicentennial manifestation but seems to have become a semi-permanent part of the American people's psyche--nature's way of telling us the Utopia that we think of is blocked straight ahead and so we swing around and try the back roads to the past. The back roads, I explained, were of course seen through the eyes of Ames oldsters. And if you could have heard the affectionate chuckles of those who highlighted the lives and loves of their long ago friends, you would have known they thought of these friends as having been human with lovable qualities, and they were trying to explain why they had such an enjoyable time living alongside such lively personalities.

Nothing is more responsible for the charm of the good old days than a bad memory. The young have aspirations that never come to pass and the old have reminiscences of what never happened. So, of course, some of the stories I have told may be inaccurate. Hilaire Belloc wrote a book I would like to quote from a little later, but nothing is really more responsible for the charm of the good old days than a bad memory. And Belloc says that he hopes that when he is dead it may be said "my sins were scarlet, but my book was read!" And that was my hope because I thought it was such an interesting and unusual type of book.

The title perhaps should be explained for those who are Johnny come latelies to Ames. The Squaw is the stream that separates Ames at its western limits, including Iowa State University, and the Skunk used to be a formidable river east of the city until the flood plains were somewhat tamed by modern engineers. Now the book has about two hundred pictures in it, and so of course there are pictures of the Squaw and the Skunk and some of the things that happened there. Today we reach back after the disillusioning recent happenings, and we reach back for the sturdiness and the sweetness of earlier, simpler times.

AT THE SQUAW AND THE SKUNK is really not authorship but just good reporting--with tales and pictures added as we go over and through the mists of time. Words are such slippery little bridges of communication, but I trust that they will not only recall Ames in the first century but touch some facets of memory of the towns that may have nurtured you.

It was 1832 when Iowa was opened and 1848 when Story County was established. And 1853 when it was incorporated. In 1861 the Farm House, now named an historical monument, was built and the churches were meeting by that time in various places. One of the early houses was the Graham house. It now is standing at 132 Hayward. It was discovered within a house at Lincoln Way and Sheldon. It seems they didn't tear down old houses they built around them in the pioneer frugal days, and so this little house was discovered when they began to tear down for a new building there. The first Ames house has always been debatable, but one of the first buildings erected for public use was the depot at Duff Avenue and Onondago Street. Onondago was Main later. At the Iowa Agricultural College (IAC), they received a land grant of 240,000 acres from the government, and it counts its age from 1858 when this grant was signed. By the way it was signed by Abraham Lincoln who was President of the United States.

In 1865 the first passenger train arrived. Shanties dotted the railroad right of way, and pigs and goats pioneered the street that later would be Boone, then Lincoln Way, and then Highway 30. Ames was really only a mere raveling on the coat lapel--a small, easy going place, that was, as it is 112 years later, a town of kindly neighbors. A buffalo wallow was in evidence in the muddy road to IAC. A buffalo wallow might be a seventy five foot hollow bowl shape, and the animals rolled in it to clean their hides. Board walks made up the first foot passage in Ames. They were built about two feet from the ground (Ames of course was built on a slough) and the walks would float on the sloughs that were all underground all along Main Street. The six to eight foot lengths at times broke up, and it used to be quite a sport for the children to use these palings and float around over the ever present waterways.

A red bridge to IAC was soon built with twelve-foot overhead crosspiece. This joined IAC and the village, and replaced a plank board bridge that only the hardiest could negotiate. The Congregational Church was the first one built and was built by the pioneers themselves including our pioneer mother, known as Cynthia Duff, who was a woman's liber in the days before that term was ever thought of. The bell for the church was given by Oakes Ames, and thus Ames carries his name because he was a friend of the man who laid out the railroad. Money was scarce, and eight dollars an acre was a notoriously high figure for land. Because money was hard to come, girls played with cornstalk dolls and wooden, hand-carved jack straws.

Transportation was a bus to the IAC drawn by horses, but strong oxen still drew big covered wagons as pioneers arrived. Of course the stagecoach brought in mail and generally stopped out at the Farm House. I think that was our first mail stop. The stagecoach in the historical building in Des Moines, Number 212, is supposed to be the one that ran here. Two-wheel bikes were in use by 1895 and IAC had a club and there is a big picture of the group with their hats and big topped sleeves. Buggies traveled country roads and went through covered bridges and livery stables for rental usage came in. There was one where the J. C. Penney building on the corner of Burnett and Main stands now. Up until 1917 local swains escorted their long-frocked dates to formal parties in hacks. Those were what the equippages rented from these stables were called. The first bathtubs of tin with wainscot built sides were made by George Roberson, a local tenor who had come from Denmark in 1883. The first one was in John Stevens house at the corner of Ninth and Douglas. And the other one was for Squire Hoggatt at 507 Grand which later became my home. Hoggatt was a popular man of the time and he was the first sheriff. His wife, however, was a Sioux Indian.

Fording of streams was a necessity before many bridges were built and had to be done where there was either a rock or gravel bottom. With mud you would get stuck, of course. The Squaw could be crossed in this manner near what is Carr's Pool today and also east of Lincoln Way.

Children's gifts might be corn husk dolls, already mentioned, if it was 1840, because it was 1840 before toys of iron were a possibility. Most of them were made in the east--Connecticut--I believe. By 1870 or 1880, tin toys and tin soldiers made their appearance. By 1890, bisque dolls with teeth and the first doll houses appeared, and the dolls had painted faces and hair. Sometime earlier children's mugs were appreciated gifts. The names were lettered in gold, and there was usually a little sentence like "for improvement at school" or "for dignified behavior." Imagine what a child would think of that kind of an award today.

Many had caves and used smoke houses to preserve foods. Wooden boxes were cooled with blocks of ice cut from winter frozen streams, and an ice box was, of course, a luxury. Ice was saved by wrapping it in paper. This must have affected its cooling ability. But emptying the melting ice water was a daily chore under these ice boxes.

Wash boards of metal for rubbing soil from clothes came on the market; and, of course, we still have those. A wooden depression at the top held the soap bar and though seeming very primitive in 1974, these corrugated surfaces

were a boon in the 1800's. For the annual house cleaning time carpeting was taken off its newspaper or straw base and hung outside to be cleaned of its year's dust.

Hatpins to hold the big hats of the early 1900's had a screwed-on end fastened in place after it was passed through hat and hair of the wearer, and in the book there is a picture of the front and back of the hats on three of the belles of the town! Button hooks were invented to fasten the minute buttons on the wrists of women's fitted gloves. This was a surprise to me; I thought they came for shoes. No one remembers the exact date of the ankle warming spats that men wore.

For the men, as far as we could find out, baseball was played between Ames and Nevada as early as 1867 . . . Among the first Ames doctors was a Jewish doctor, David Fairchild. And I believe I'm correct in reporting that he was one of the first to do a Caesarian operation. He saved not only the mother but the baby.

Other names mentioned at the time were Richmond and Hostetter. Hostetter was a physician in Colo. Harriman, and in 1900, Busch and Budge and Goodenow, Colo, and Haerman of Story City. Later Mrs. Haerman came down and was a house mother when she was widowed at one of the fraternity houses. The oldest house in town after the Hoggatt and Harry Brown and C. G. Lee houses, was that of Dr. Templeton, a Kentuckian who began practice here. He was a surgeon for the Northwestern Railroad; and his house was at the northeast corner of Sixth and Douglas where the Conoco service station is today, diagonally across from the library.

It's 1881, and summer floods raised the Skunk River until railroad and road bridges were practically all washed out. This was the year Iowa's heroine, young Kate Shelley, crawled over the high bridge at Boone to save an oncoming crew and passengers from the drop to the ground below. Kate was a friend of Mrs. W. J. Semmons, Ames' first woman school board member and came to Ames to take part in the semi-centennial celebration. She rode in our parade that year, they tell me. This was the age of ladies' bustles and curling irons and cameos.

Houses of the town had high stoop entrances, and the picnics of the year were at the beautiful Duff woods east of Ames, now River Valley Park and the site of the National Animal Disease Center. John L. Sullivan, pugilist, was the idol of the time, and Seaman Knapp, grandfather of the late Seaman Knapp of Ames, served briefly as president of IAC--about a year and a half, I think.

In 1884 the first electricity was installed in Old Main on the IAC campus. Before this candles and coal oil lamps were used, and the heat was from wood and Iowa coal. We just go around in circles, don't we?

The first big destructive fire occurred in 1887 in Ames, and a large section of the Ames business district was destroyed. The first telephones came to town, and there were no disturbing numbers. One cranked the handle and asked the operator for the person wanted. We children discovered that with the wall telephones with a long wire holding the receiver the receiver could be placed against the mouthpiece and make an unearthly shrieking noise! The operator was practically deafened. That had to be stopped!

In 1890 Morrill Hall was built as a result of the Morrill Act grant to agricultural colleges and Anson Marston, who was Dean of Engineering, named his child "Morrill" after Morrill Hall. Chapel was held daily there at 8 a.m., and attendance by IAC students was required. That was still going in my day. I believe it ended about 1913 or 1914. By then it had become a matter of whether you wished to go or not. The organ in Morrill Hall, when it was no longer needed for use at chapel, was sold to the First Baptist Church, the white church that stands on Lynn with the lovely steeple there.

Parley Sheldon served his first term as mayor in 1890, and later he became known as the perennial mayor due to his many terms served. He had a son who was called "Peck" Sheldon. He was in constant battle with his father, and if you visit the Ames cemetery you will find that Peck Sheldon (Bernice was his real name) spelled his name Shelden while the family was "on." In 1891 and 1892 the Munn Lumber Company was establishing its yard on east Onandago, fifty hitching posts were located in the business district, and the Times Newspaper appeared.

The "Cyclone" name for the IAC group was originated as a Chicago newspaper described the IAC football team as a "cyclone" coming out of the west Ames Toonerville Trolley was a small steam engine. We called it the Dinkey. It had three cars, and it was woodburning to get steam and heat for the cars. It ran between the town and the college, reversing its engine to haul the diminutive cars back to town. It ran just back of the Farm House, where it stands today, and that in 1880 was larger than it is today. It was U-shaped, with a wing to the east side at the back. I think that's the garage today. This section was used as a living and dining room for the farm help, who by the way were paid \$2.50 a week and room and board for their labor. The Farm House travel mode was a horse drawn bus--it was really a carryall type of vehicle with seats along the side, and the Dinkey seemed very citified compared to this ancient equipage after the little town began its service. The city fathers set up a speed limit for it. From seeing the huffing little train I can't imagine that its speed was very exciting!

Margaret Hall, the first women's dormitory, was built in this year, and the coeds moved out of Old Central. In the beginning Old Central was the dormitory, the classroom, everything else. The boys lived upstairs and the girls underneath. Many were the pranks they played on each other by way of notes slipped out windows in slippers and lowered to the girls below. Next the girls moved over from Old Central and the boys then had to come calling. They couldn't just send notes when they wanted to see their girl friends.

Calling was a very special social adventure of the year. And New Year's calls were a pleasant tradition. Young men wearing hard hats and cravats called all day long at the homes of belles of the town, leaving cards done in beautiful shaded script on silver trays placed to receive them. The girl with the most cards was, of course, the belle of the ball. Older folks called on each other, riding in sleighs and cutters to the musical harness bells that rang out to the horses' movement. At our house, the old Hoggatt House, a balcony was at the top of the two-story central hall. Sometimes my parents had a small orchestra there on New Year's. If they did not, we children hung over the banisters to hear and see the calling guests.

It's 1899 and Iowa State College received a gift of ten English bells to be housed on central campus given by Dean Edgar Stanton in memory of his wife Margaret. Margaret Stanton was a much loved preceptress of Iowa, and Margaret Hall was also named for her. No Iowa Stater will ever forget the traditions surrounding the Campanile nor the emotionally stirring words of the lovely song, "Bells of Iowa State."

Green hills for thy throne and a crown of golden melody
Ringing in the hearts of all who bring me love and loyalty
Dear Alma Mater, make our spirits great
True and valiant like the bells of Iowa State.

Today our carillon is listed among the finest. With forty-nine bells added by the Stanton family, it is really a carillon!

1900 and the Knoll, the Iowa State president's home, was built at a cost of \$12,700. At that time the college central heating plant was installed with heat ducts under the ground. The main tunnel came by the Farm House, and many is the time we went down into it and galloped over to Central Building. It was lighted and quite wide. There was a slave story in connection with this that slaves escaping from the South used this tunnel, arriving at the Farm House and going through the tunnels someplace else, but it was never authenticated as far as any one knew. The middle daughter of the Dean of Agriculture, Charles Curtiss, the Farm House's longest resident (Farm House has always been the home of Deans of Agriculture) was my age, and so I spent nights in slumber parties there and the coincidental happenings ended up with a Dinkey ride to school in the morning which was part of the fun.

The brick Ames railroad station built now along Onandago's west section, was the depot. Now, as we know, it is part of the City offices. The depot park was beautifully landscaped, and there is a picture in the book of this with the name "Ames" marked in colored rock. You know that was one of the signs of the times. And fourteen trains a day . . . that's passenger trains . . . came through Ames. Two sad stories occurred in the 1900's. The village boy soprano, Ronald Allen, fell and lost a leg to the Dinkey Railroad when it was turning around at East Main. And President McKinley lost his life to an assassin. I well remember his request for the hymn "God Be With You Till We Meet Again" as he was passing away.

In the years, 1903 to 1907, Chautauqua bloomed. The great educational and social summer tent show was held in a huge tent erected on what is now Brookridge. Among many the Ames folks heard on stage was the evangelist, Billy Sunday, that we have heard about so long; he was the Billy Graham of that time . . . and the silver-tongued politician, William Jennings Bryan . . . and an orator whose topic was "Acres of Diamonds," a saga of lost opportunities. I can't remember quite what his name was. Young people camped in groups at Chautauqua and the night life was the high point of Chautauqua for us. Well-chaperoned parties were held after hours, and those who drove to the programs tied their horses down below on what is now City tennis courts.

Beardshear School was built . . . and stereoptican pictures were much enjoyed. And houses began to be numbered. The Munn house, by the way, was given a 700 number when it was really in the 800 block, but Father Munn said

that was the number, and he would not change it; so the City didn't make him change it The women students held a May Festival. It was held on Iowa State College central campus between 1907 and 1922 until it became a part of VEISHEA in the changeover to the all-departmental celebration.

In 1909 Iowa State College was fifty years old, and a semi-centennial was held with horses in the parade and the first automobile strangely sharing honors. The old style crank phones were replaced by battery run ones, and as I told you, we discovered how we could make much noise on that. Two Ames streets were paved with wooden blocks dipped in creosote. They used tar in hot weather and it swelled in rainy weather to make huge breaks in the street. But at least we began to come out of the famous Iowa mud.

Hoggatt Street became Grand Avenue as wags began calling it Pig Street! And even though it was named after the magnificent Squire Hoggatt, sheriff of Story County, the residents couldn't stand the ridicule In 1911 the Ames Golf and Country Club started with some twenty-four families spending the summer picnicking and building the clubhouse with their own hands. . . . So many children in the school that classes were held in the fourth ward in the Quaker Church. It stood at Sheldon and Lincoln Way where the Lincoln Apartments now are. And the old church was made part of the Apartment. I think it's still there. The bell tower shows in the wooden structure back of the Lincoln Apartments.

Realtors of the day advertised that there was a need for houses that could be rented for twelve to twenty dollars a month. Talk about the good old days! The Dinkeyhad been by this time--really in 1907--replaced by electric street cars. Pictures in AT THE SQUAW AND THE SKUNK show a wooden waiting room north across the street from Clyde Williams Stadium. Now Clyde Williams is the stadium that we used all the years until 1976. The Regents tried to give engineering and home economics divisions, as they were called then, to Iowa University. And you never saw so many enraged alums nor such a fight in the state legislature. We owe the fact that Home Economics is still one of the departments at Iowa State to Judge C. G. Lee and to Milo Manning, a banker of the town. They were both extremely incensed and they were very apt to get results when they were in that condition.

The first Ames movie theater, the Twin Star, showed inspiring silent stories for five and 10 cents admission. There were no sound films nor of course radios, and silent actors raced madly about, their actions seeking to show emotion by sheer activity. Tireless piano players and later organists played key selections such as "Hearts and Flowers" for sweet parts and frantic noise makers when stagecoaches, for example, were attacked. The Iowa State chemistry building burned in beautiful technicolor as bright chemicals took over the fire. Someone asked me how I could talk that way about the chemistry building, but you never saw such a lovely fire. It was right about where the hospital stands now and it was a wonderful, wonderful fire.

Central High was built between Clark and Burnett and on Fifth Street. That was the second Central or the one that they call the Annex today. In 1913 a transcontinental highway was routed through Ames, and open top touring cars took to the streets. Touring directions were a riot to follow out of town on trips where rain and deep Iowa mud might take over the scene at any time. The

Register at one time published directions from one of the early tour guides, and it was hilarious.

In 1914 an attempt was made to form a separate town out of Iowa State College and the residents west of Squaw Creek. The Fourth Ward had no water facilities; so the plan fell through. The University had never backed it anyway, and records don't show quite why the action took place.

Somebody was infuriated. A woman called in one day to the City Hall and said there were worms in the City water. In the book I laughed merrily that such a thing could happen, but the City Manager told me that it really could have happened--that evidently the eggs came through the sieves and purification and were born in the water after it was in the pipes. 1915, 1916 and 1917 the present City Hall was built. That's a long time ago. World War I was in progress. Women of the First Methodist Church served meals at seventy-five cents for soldiers en route to Camp Dodge. The women were notified by Washington when the men might be arriving by train, day or night, and the fire siren sounded and the women grabbed their aprons and ran. Grocery stores opened on demand and three hundred soldiers might be fed in an hour, with a brief time lapse before the next three hundred were marched in.

Cap Greeley gave the original wing of the hospital to Ames in memory to his wife. The Greeleys lost several children at birth, and this motivated the generous gift. The Sheldon Munn Hotel opened, and the first motor hearse came into use. There is a picture of the old hearse in the book. The Spanish influenza epidemic descended on the campus with its large contingency of trainees. The campus was quarantined for three months. I was teaching chemistry at the Iowa State College at the time and had to carry an identification card as all street cars were boarded at Russell by army men and they would check our identity and why we were going. The gymnasium was an army hospital, and many died there. Mary Greeley hospital saved townspeople who otherwise would not have survived. For this disease took good nursing care, and today we are thinking of swine flu and reminiscing on the 1918 epidemic.

A wedding of the time--Dr. Harriman's daughter--was canceled to the public as the mayor decreed no meetings. We couldn't decide how this was spreading. Guests gathered outside and watched the ceremony through the windows on the cold October evening. The commanding officer at Iowa State was an old Confederate soldier, General Lincoln, whose army methods during the flu epidemic brought about his replacement with a young naval man, Julius Beach, whose father had been an Ames educator. Beach Avenue was named for this family. The young officer arrived when the epidemic was fading, but passions ran so high on the care given the young World War I trainees that Lincoln was removed anyway.

I was a flower girl at General James Rush Lincoln Jr.'s wedding and they called on me this summer. They are in their nineties and are among the few original Iowa State College graduates that are still living. He, I think, laid out the Sioux City Air Force in the later wars, the son of the original General Lincoln. These stories remind me of comment regarding public figures. That is, the media is blamed now, for Nixon's demise and so forth. This comment was about memoirs being always vulnerable to charges of "instant historianism" when first published or more eloquently "tattling out of school"

or the obligation of not speaking critically of those unable to defend themselves. Later the same written words may be evaluated as the rocket that lighted up history.

In my case, where source material came from the faltering memories of oldsters, one had to realize from the affectionate chuckles of the folks who highlighted the lives of their long ago friends, that the story tellers thought as they recounted human and lovable qualities and truly were telling why they had had so much enjoyment living together. That impressed me so much; I think I have mentioned it before.

Armistice Day in 1919 was a wonderful occasion. Everybody celebrated. The story goes that an old man, who had long whiskers, was captured by some bright young boys who shaved them all off. They took him home to his wife who didn't recognize him without his whiskers and said: Here's your boy, home from war." It was just pure hysteria because the war was over.

The Memorial Union was built to honor the war dead. And the first airplane owned by an Ames man was flown in and the sirens were blowing because it was coming. A mail truck and train accident occurred at the dangerous Grand Avenue railroad crossing. A fourteen-year-old boy was almost killed.

It's 1920 and believe it or not, the first permanents were invented. The first one I had was a Nestle's home permanent, and it took six hours to give it to me because it only had one curler. You heated that one and wrapped the next one and sat till it was dry and so forth. President Harding's election was the first to include women voters, and Billy Sunday, well-known evangelist born here, was seriously considered as a running mate for William Jennings Bryan in that election.

Prices in 1920 were very, very low. Beef roast was twenty cents a pound, angel cakes you could buy for twenty cents. Street car fare was five cents and coffee, three pounds for a dollar. Tomatoes, nine cents a can, organdy was twenty-five cents a yard and an axminster rug could be bought for around twenty dollars. Gasoline was sixteen and a half cents a gallon. A new seven-passenger Buick sold for twelve hundred ninety-five dollars. A coal strike going on for several months brought rules for Ames residents. Electric lights were only on from five to ten at night and four-thirty to seven in the morning. Schools closed for lack of heat, and stores were only open from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. so you see we've had tragedies before. There were 6,000 automobiles in Story County . . . and the last horse-drawn fire engine was disposed of. But the police chief had no car and could only borrow one from the street department if it wasn't in use.

In 1922 Ames was dancing the Charleston, and believe it or not it was not the wild, shimmy type now considered the thing. Jazz replaced ragtime music. It was very hard to quit talking about ragtime and talk about jazz. Rudolph Valentino, Norma Talmadge, and Will Rogers thrilled movie and theater audiences and VEISHEA, a new all-college celebration, took the place of the May Day and the Engineer's Ball. And "Dogtown" was finally named "Campustown," in a twenty-five dollar name-winning contest. WOI radio first broadcast in June, and city milk inspection began.

The Iowa State College armory burned on December 16. A strong wind and cartridges exploding made it a fantastic evening. Someone asked me how I could get pleasure out of the chemistry building burning and the armory burning, but it was an exciting and beautiful fire. It was fourth of July in the middle of winter. Welch School also had a fire, and \$75,000 damage was done there and Champlains Garage was destroyed with forty-five cars inside. Now that was along what would be Lincoln Way--there where Cranford Apartments are.

It's 1924 and 1925, and one of Ames' oldest landmarks, Ben Reed's barn on Fifth Street, where Burnell's hair school is today, was torn down. Oak logs for this barn were brought from Ontario by bobsled in 1867. Two last chaumauqua meetings were held in the pavilion where the Catholic Cemetery is today. Terrible Santa Barbara earthquake happened that year, 1924, and the Graf Zeppelin tragedy was in 1928. East Brookside Park opened in 1925. And Thirteenth Street was extended. That was a landmark.

Between 1927 and 1929 the Gables was given for a foreign students' home. That was along Lincoln Way, south of the Knoll. In 1927 Ames residents heard the Dempsey - Sharkey and Dempsey - Tunney fights on the radio. An amplified radio was set up outside the newspaper office, and crowds of men listened. We had the Los Angeles Limited, the Santa Fe Overland, the Limited, that later became the City of Los Angeles. In each case they were crack trains, some speeding through Ames nonstop except as a flag stop. This was a little hard on our pride. Twenty-six bells were added to the campanile, and electric cars between Iowa State College and Ames were discontinued. This was in 1929 after twenty-two years of going to the school that way. Bus service began, completing the circle. They had started out with a horse-drawn bus, and now they had a gasoline bus.

Old Central was torn down and the fight was on over the high school's location. Now old Central means downtown Old Central. The Bandshell was built in a public work job during the depression at a cost of \$12,000. During some of this construction, as during the construction of Old Central, there were some half day sessions in order to accommodate the students. People in Ames were reading about Mae West and John Dillinger and his bank robbery in Mason City. Amy Semple McPherson was a California evangelist, and the Lindbergh kidnapping took place and the Dionne Quintuplets were born. And, of course, Bing Crosby, the crooner, was a much beloved singer. Women's shorts were introduced for beach wear, shocking many by their brief length.

The depression was on. Weather created a huge dust storm and animals were thin and the milk supply short. F.D.R. (Franklin Delano Roosevelt) was busy with his fireside chats and his admonitions that "all we had to fear was fear itself." Iowa was facing disastrous farm losses and the U.S. a food shortage. The subjects most talked over were the heat (it was 108° part of the time), the new social security bill, drought damage, strikes, Hitler, peace efforts, the low wages (as low as forty cents an hour), and three hundred eighty farms sold for forty dollars an acre. Many people lost money, money on that.

There were Civilian Conservation Camps here, and as nearly as I can remember, it was out at the corner of Franklin and Lincoln Way. In 1938 Margaret Hall burned. There were many tears over that. We got up and went

out to see it burn. It was a dear old relic of our past, and everyone cried. The college bank was held up and the bank officers taken hostages by a trio of men. Two thousand dollars were lost, but the bank officers were released at the edge of town. They weren't hurt in any way.

The Sheldon Munn dining room was dismantled. It had been a meeting place for dining deluxe for many years, but Old Man Depression clipped its wings. 1939 and Ames' first multi-practice medical clinic began in Ames with a fairly modest office building on Fifth Street. It was begun by Dr. Ernest McFarland. In 1940 and 1941 Captain Charles Hamilton reached his 100th birthday. The Captain was from the Civil War. He was Ames' only centennarian, and he died at the age of 102 two years later. There was a big birthday party. His house was up on the hill where the Gilchrists lived until recently, Duff Avenue and Seventh Street. They took up the organ from the band shell, and there was an all-day reception. Quite an affair. The Ames Woman's Club owned lots at the southeast corner of Fifth and Clark but voted against building a clubhouse and stage and kitchen offices there. The cost of \$12,000 was too much. If only foresight, so often clouded over, could have been used there.

Iowa State College offered the northeast corner of Welch and Lincoln Way for a U.S. Post Office, and I never really realized what happened. That would have been a better place for it than up on Welch where we are so crowded today. In 1942 Franklin Delano Roosevelt began the first national draft of men, ages twenty to forty-four, and 800 sailors began mechanic and electrical training at Iowa State College. One hundred fifty thousand pounds of scrap metal were collected for war usage and were stored where the University downtown bank is now. It was never used, and I remember it was just catty-cornered from where we lived. I remember going over and looking at the treasures that were there--omelet pans of aluminum, and so on. Tires were rationed.

In 1947 Newtimers was begun as a child of the Chamber of Commerce. I had felt for a long time that young people who came to Ames for the College were put into a Newcomers Club and that they got well acquainted, but Newtimers was for women who had no connection and whose husbands had no connection with the College. It has grown and prospered and today is still a good club. It was to organize and get acquainted groups of new people not associated with Iowa State and we had to check to be sure that Newtimers, which was a name I suggested, was not a name that had been used anywhere else.

On America's first war time new year's, twenty inches of snow fell, a not-to-be-forgotten blizzard! Iowa State College became the site of the Central War Research as Dr. Frank H. Spedding discovered the cost of cutting methods of melting and casting uranium. That had nothing to do with the storm, I ran that together a little bit there. I'm sorry.

Part of the chemistry building became sacrosanct. In fact, those of us teaching there had to have special identification even to enter the building after hours. Food ration books were in use, and I have one to show you today but it is not in the book. There was a big flood in Ames. In 1949 the Sixth Street road to Iowa State was completed after years of argument and stress, and it really had been argument and stress, too. The Chicago Northwestern Depot was modernized. And who would have thought it would be part of City Hall

and part Farmers Market and part parking ramp twenty-eight years later. Not only buildings but streets take years to change their identity.

In this year the City Council began actively considering extending South Fourth from Riverside to Beach and it has taken twenty-five years to get this done so you see how that goes. Meeker and Edwards Schools were built in 1951 in a country club atmosphere. Their realtor admitted \$150,000 worth of extras were built in each of these two schools. City ownership of Carr's Pool was voted down in 1952. At \$50,000 it was a bargain for the sale purchase included the Homewood Golf Course. They paid dearly for the "no" vote as prices soared. Now both pool and golf course are city-owned but at what a price.

1953. Service to seniors began with all Ames senior club formed by a cooperative board. I was the first president, and the executive secretary of this group for seventeen years. The Linger Lounge was opened five years later. Meals on Wheels and the Visiting Nurse services eventually began to function so that they were really very useful--through Mary Greeley Hospital. An observation tower had been built at the city airport, and the ground observer corps, mostly of Ames women, was organized to watch for enemy airplanes. It is hard to realize that we would be involved in anything like that. We were tied up with a like organization in Des Moines and learned how to track planes from other locations. I headed the Ames group and was mighty proud of our efficiency.

1955. Dial telephone service came to Ames and the first Salk Polio Vaccine was given. Wonderful, wonderful vaccine. In 1957 the Elks Lodge was built at Fifth and Douglas. And in 1958 the National Animal Disease Laboratory came to Ames. Their building was completed in 1961. The name of Iowa State College was changed to Iowa State University in 1959. In 1963 ground was broken for Northcrest which was opened for its first residents in 1965. I was on that first board, and I never was prouder in my life than the day the first residents moved in. Today it stands with 75 people and 50 on the waiting list.

Fourth Street was opened to Beach and another milestone effort was concluded. And that was in 1970, believe it or not. Residents of our town complain about taxes, landlords, weather, and arthritis, but we wouldn't willingly live anywhere else in the world. Archbishop Fulton Sheen commented once about history "that the British never remembered it, the Irish never forgot it, and the Americans never learned from it."

After this hour of recollection, I'm sure we've all learned from the history of our town for where is the heart that doesn't keep as time doth slip away some fond remembrance hidden deep of cheerful yesterdays. I hope you've enjoyed this tape and that those who listen to it years from now will get some idea of what the times are like in 1976 in Ames.

A B I R D ' S - E Y E V I E W O F I O W A S T A T E

April 15, 1976

by

Dorothy Kehlenbeck Bean

I am Dorothy Kehlenbeck Bean, and my topic is "A Bird's Eye View of Iowa State as seen Through Its Presidents." When I delivered this talk in front of the Town Hall audience--I believe it was in April--the tape recorder didn't work. And so today, October 13, 1976, I am re-recording it.

For many years I was archivist out at the Iowa State University Library, and this is where my interest in Iowa State really began. To try to tell one hundred eighteen years of Iowa State history in an hour is not an easy task.

Dr. Earle D. Ross, for whom Ross Hall was named and who was the University historian, wrote two histories of Iowa State, A HISTORY OF IOWA STATE COLLEGE in 1942 and THE LAND GRANT IDEA AT IOWA STATE COLLEGE in 1958, for the centennial celebration. Also for the centennial, I compiled a chronology of the important events of the first hundred years, and through 1973 a yearly supplement was published. They are available in the Department of Special Collections at the library.

It is perfectly obvious that we can take only a hop, skip and a jump through its history. I have elected to do this resume through its presidents. Many of these names will be familiar to you because of names of streets and university buildings on campus.

As early as 1848, two years after Iowa became a state, there was agitation for an agricultural college at Ft. Atkinson in northeast Iowa. In 1853 the State Agricultural Society was formed, and it was the leaders of this society who were promoting an agricultural college. Three young legislators, Benjamin Gue, Ed Wright, and Robert Richardson, wrote the bill. Seasoned legislators told them that there was no chance for the bill to pass, but they were young, inexperienced, and didn't know what couldn't be done; so they proceeded to do it.

Benjamin Gue gave the speech defending the bill which is credited with saving it. On March 22, 1858, the bill authorizing an agricultural college and model farm was signed. The appropriation was for \$10,000. You can see how close to the frontier we were as the Spirit Lake Massacre was in 1857, just one year earlier. The next year the site of the college was chosen; only six counties sought it. They evidently didn't think it was much of a prize. Story County won it by floating a bond issue for \$10,000, and with Boone County they raised the total to over \$20,000 by subscription. That was a lot of money in those days.

It was Nevada's influence which contributed to bringing the college here. They never dreamed that a rival town might grow up. If there was any speculation about a town, it would have been to the south and west rather than the east.

The area between the Skunk River and the Squaw Creek was low and swampy. Both were considered very difficult crossings.

I want to read you what Benjamin Gue said about the campus site.

A few log cabins of the early pioneers contain the entire population that then inhabited the country between the capital and the college farm. Arriving upon the ground that was designated by that classic name, it seemed to me that it must have been selected as a place of exile where students would some day be banished, remote from civilization and its attendant temptations. To study nature in its native wildness. When and how the great state college was to be built? Here was a problem too difficult for any of us to solve but we had gotten the idea, the land, and an endorsement of the legislature and we must work it out.

I believe you'll all agree that we have worked it out. I might say that they worked it out.

In 1859 and 1860 the Farm House and the barns were built. The building is still known as the Farm House today and until recently was the home of the Deans of Agriculture. They now had their model farm, but the college had to wait. Hard times from the panic of 1857 still plagued them. Then the Civil War came along and took up their time, their money, and their energies. For almost ten years Farm House and the barns were the only buildings. The cause of the college was given impetus by the signing of the Morrill or Land Grant Act of 1862 allowing 30,000 acres for each senator and representative. Iowa had eight so we were entitled to 240,000 acres. It just happened that the legislature was in special session so we were the first state in the nation to accept the provisions of the Land Grant Act.

Michigan State and Pennsylvania State consider themselves the first land grant colleges because there were actually schools in existence when they accepted the provisions. This Act committed the country to mass education. The bill stated that it was to promote the liberal and practical education of the industrial classes in the several pursuits and professions of life. Here was democracy's college, and the idea caught on. No money was appropriated by the legislature for running the college; the income from the land grant was to be used for this purpose. Iowa used its lands well by leasing them. However, by 1900 most of the original land had been sold and the money reinvested.

The first wing of Main Building was built on the site of our present Beardshear Hall. And the preparatory session opened October 21, 1868. The first regular term began on March 17, 1869, with the dedication of Main Building and the inauguration of its first president. There were one hundred seventy-three students, one hundred thirty-six men and thirty-seven women, with six teachers. The president's salary was \$3,000 a year. Several professors were paid \$2,000; assistant professors, \$1,500; and several instructors were paid \$500 per year plus board.

In their first president, they chose well. Adonijah Welch graduated in the second class at the University of Michigan. He was trained as a lawyer but preferred educational work. He was a man of fine appearance, an excellent

speaker, and a gentleman to his fingertips. He was much beloved. He had been president of Michigan State Normal at Ypsilanti. Because of his wife's health and his own, which never was too rugged, he had moved to Florida in 1865 where he became a lumberman and a fruit grower. She died in 1867 and he was elected as a Reconstruction senator in Florida. When approached about being the president of an infant agricultural college, he agreed if he could serve out his term.

He evidently remembered a lovely young widow whose husband had been a mathematics professor for him at Michigan State Normal. He married Mary Beaumont Dudley, but more of her later. He believed in coeducation as did Benjamin Gue who said that the college was to be open to any of God's people; so we were coeducational from the first. Imagine, if you can, a farm house, a few barns, and a lone college building, Main Building, which housed the whole campus. Dormitories, classrooms, offices, library, even some professors' residences--you name it. It was there.

Student life was much different in those days. Students brought their own bed ticking, for instance, and there was a pile of clean straw in front of Main Building from which they filled their ticks. Before the end of the term, students complained of feeling the hard slats of their beds when the straw disintegrated. Boys could use the front entrance which was the girls' entrance only on weekends. I understand they found ways to communicate by tying notes to strings and hanging them out of the windows. Students were up at 5:30 each morning to do manual labor. This was required of every student. Boys worked on the farm and helped build buildings. Girls worked in the kitchen or the library. For this they were paid the magnificent sum of seven to nine cents an hour. Not seventy-nine cents; seven cents.

The school year started in March and ended in November. There were several reasons for this. In planning the building, the architects failed to put in any heating or plumbing. The heating system that was added was hardly adequate. And it was almost impossible to keep warm in very cold weather. Also there was not much work for the students to do. They could earn much of their expenses by teaching school during the winter vacation. It cost one hundred twenty-five dollars a year to go to school.

The first term, President Welch taught rhetoric, German, and landscape gardening. He started us on the way of our beautiful campus. There is a legend that President Welch took a bushel of potatoes on the campus and planted trees where potatoes landed when he tossed them out. Now there may be a kernel of truth in this legend. He had a master plan for the campus, but it is entirely possible that in order to get a natural grouping of trees he did toss potatoes in a particular area and planted trees where the potatoes landed. But he did not go around the campus willy nilly tossing potatoes for our landscaping!

This young, struggling school had an unusually good faculty, if they could have kept them. There was criticism from agricultural interests in the state who wanted this primarily an agricultural college. Much depended on the professor of agriculture. In I. P. Roberts they had a good one. He said it didn't take him long to tell his students all he knew about agriculture; so he took students to good farms and bad farms, a technique still used today. He said he might as well have looked for cranberries in the Rocky Mountains as

for books on agriculture in our library. It was not the fault of our library as the science of agriculture had not yet been developed.

However, he was a man of imagination. When a farm animal died, he carefully placed the class to the windward and used the animal in anatomical lectures. He accepted a position at Cornell University and later became their Dean of Agriculture. As early as 1870, he and President Welch held three-day farmers' institutes--the earliest in any land grant institution and a forerunner of extension. I. P. Roberts tells in his autobiography of staying in a farmer's home one cold, cold, wintry night. He said they could have written their names on the wall in the frost, and as they were getting ready for bed Welch said to Roberts, "Well, Roberts, if we're going to keep warm tonight I guess we'll have to sleep spoon fashion." And so they did.

Mary B. Welch was asked to instruct the girls in domestic economy. When she professed no training, the Board told her that she would be doing the girls a favor if she could teach them to run as gracious a home as she did. To prepare herself, she went to a cooking school in New York. And the next winter she went to London to the South Kensington School of Cookery. It was really a school for maids, and the other students couldn't understand why she was there when her husband held such a fine position. She had to learn to clean stoves and to wash pans and to learn to lay a fire properly. Her girls weren't always too happy to have to do all that Mrs. Welch required of them, but later they told her that their husbands were delighted that they could cook meat as well as make cream puffs. She taught the first home ec course for which college credit was given in 1872. In 1876 an experimental kitchen was established. In 1882 she gave a series of lectures to women in Des Moines, and this seems to have been the earliest extension in home economics. Welch Hall on the campus is named for Mary B. Welch.

Agricultural interests weren't too happy with President Welch, and while he was in Europe making a survey of agricultural institutes for the United States government in 1883, he was asked to resign. He did continue teaching until his death six years later in 1889.

The Board appointed Seaman Knapp as president in 1884. He was then professor of agriculture and acting president while President Welch was in Europe. Knapp was a native of northern New York and came to Benton County, Iowa for his health. He attracted public notice as a stock raiser, speaker, and a writer on practical farm topics. It wasn't too happy a situation, and he stayed on as president only one year. He went on to Louisiana to make a great reputation as a founder of America's system of county Farm Bureaus. He is considered the father of extension. There is an arch named for him in Washington D. C.

In 1885 they tried to get William Chamberlain, who was secretary to the Board of Agriculture in Ohio. But he wasn't interested. Instead they made a political appointment in the person of Leigh Hunt, a young man of not quite thirty years of age who had qualities of true genius but not one of them academic. A native of Indiana, he headed the school systems in several Iowa cities and was at the time of his appointment superintendent of schools in the West Des Moines School District. His name wasn't really Leigh Hunt; it was John Smith Hunt and no relation to the English poet.

He had no formal education and so no degrees. He would never give any personal history about himself. Perhaps because of his youth and the realization that he had no qualifications for the job, he overreacted and ran the college like an old-time, well-disciplined, country school. He was not familiar with college customs or procedures, and the faculty was most unhappy with him. The president was expected to conduct the chapel services that were required of the students, and he really wasn't very comfortable in the pulpit. In his prayers he started practically every sentence with "O Lord."

Now Dr. Wynn, a beloved English professor and an ex-minister, often conducted chapel, also. One day Professor Wynn quoted from the Bible: "Not everyone who says to me 'Lord, Lord,' will enter the kingdom of heaven." It wasn't long before the students began to titter. Hunt was glad to leave at the end of one year on the pretext of poor health. He was married while he was president to a student from Des Moines--Jessie Noble. I suppose he could best be described as a soldier of fortune.

He went on to Seattle, bought a newspaper on a shoestring, and made a fortune. He traveled all over the world. He had a gold mine in Korea, grew cotton in Africa, explored the Nile, and was a promoter of irrigation homesteads in Nevada. He was an advisor to President Theodore Roosevelt in the Russo-Japanese War and even went with him on a safari in Africa. He was certainly a colorful character.

This time, in 1896, they were able to interest William Chamberlain in coming. He was born in Connecticut but raised on an Ohio farm. He was graduated from Western Reserve and taught classics in small colleges until failing health caused him to move to the country. He was a successful farmer, wrote on farm topics, and was in demand as a lecturer in farmers' institutes. Personally he was a man of strict integrity, kindly nature, and deep religious convictions. They had such high hopes for his administration. Perhaps because of unsettled times, he was not a conspicuous success. He was conscientious but got bogged down in detail and lacked the ability to make decisions. They needed a man of vision and personal appeal.

This they got in their next president in 1891, President William Beardshear. He had been president of Western College in Toledo, Iowa, and later was superintendent of schools in the West Des Moines School District, the same as President Hunt, but there the similarity ends. Beardshear was born in Ohio and studied for the ministry at Otterbein College and Yale University. He served in the Union army throughout the Civil War. He has been described as "great in stature, great in intellect, and great in heart."

He was a giant of a man, a born leader, and an inspirer of men. He was not a scientist but a poet and a mystic. He was trained as a minister. Critics called him sentimental. He was an eloquent speaker. An Oskaloosa newspaper described an address as magnificent. It was an overture, an anthem, a grand chorus. Imagine journalists today describing an address in those words. He pleased the agricultural interests by bringing in "Tama" Jim Wilson, so-called to distinguish him from other Jim Wilsons in the state. Wilson was able to recognize ability in others and inspire them. He went on to become the U. S. Secretary of Agriculture under three presidents. But he left the work in the capable hands of Charles Curtiss who built up the division and started it on

its way to its present greatness. In 1965 the Farm House was made a national landmark largely because "Tama" Jim Wilson and Seaman Knapp had lived there.

Beardshear further strengthened the college by bringing in Anson Marston, who became an inspiring leader of the Division of Engineering. He is credited with taking Iowa out of the mud. The Highway Commission in those days was part of the college. Perhaps Beardshear's most significant contribution was getting the first support fund of \$25,000 from the legislature. Previously money was given only for buildings, and money from the land grant paid for operations. He also got a one-tenth mill tax which had been granted to the University of Iowa in Iowa City four years earlier. Later it was increased to one-fifth mill. Funds from this built Beardshear Hall, Curtiss Hall and helped finish Marston Hall. Beardshear was a promoter. He persuaded the railroad to give rates for people to come from all over the state for excursion days. The first one was held in 1898 and 6,000 people showed up. They used a large tent, the same one they used for graduation. According to the newspaper account, many people did not bring food with them. Since restaurant facilities were very meager, faculty wives were frantically making sandwiches out of almost anything they had on hand. In many respects excursion day was a lot like our present day VEISHEA. There were entertainment and educational features. These "days" continued for eight or nine years; then the railroad discontinued giving these excursion rates.

Beardshear changed the school year to start in September and end in June to coincide with other schools. He felt we were losing students when they had to wait until March to begin their schooling. This was the time of expansion. Enrollment passed 1,000 students. Athletics, as we know it today, began. The Bomb, the college yearbook, started in 1894 and The Student, now The Daily, started a few years earlier. Fraternities and sororities were banned. There had been much friction on campus between Greeks and non Greeks. President Chamberlain didn't know what to do about it. But President Beardshear ruled that no new members could be initiated. So in four years there was a slow death of fraternities on campus.

There are many stories about Beardshear but I'll tell only a few. The chairman of the appropriations committee of the legislature invited him to come down and present his askings. He took some professors and deans down, and after they had prepared their material, he noticed that no one was paying any attention to them. When they started, the members of the legislature continued to read, or to visit, or even to sleep. This angered Beardshear so much that he told his deans they were going home. They hadn't come down here to be ignored. The chairman of the appropriations committee ran after them. He knew what a powerful, popular man Beardshear was in the state. When he urged Beardshear to return, he thought for a minute and said: "Well, all right, but it will cost your another \$50,000!" And that's how they got Margaret Hall, a woman's dormitory.

The spirit of fun was rampant on campus even in those days. Some students put powder in an old cannon on the campus and blew out many of the windows. Beardshear called a special chapel and read Edward Rowland Sills' poem, "A Fool's Prayer." Practically every stanza ends with "O Lord, be merciful to me a fool." Then he dismissed chapel. Soon the ringleaders came to him and apologized.

It seems that there was a favorite watermelon patch west of town which students liked to raid. Beardshear joined a group of fellows who were headed west and asked if he could join them on their walk. Of course they had no choice. They walked and they walked and they walked and they walked some more. He walked them all the way to Boone. He brought them back the next morning on the early train. Another indication of Beardshear.

Two students were caught disobeying a college rule. The infraction isn't the significant part of the story. President Beardshear called each student in separately. One he expelled; the other escaped with a reprimand. Mr. Knapp told him that he didn't think that was being fair, but President Beardshear said that the first student was truculent and wasn't sorry he had done wrong but sorry he had been caught. The second student apologized and wondered how he could make amends. That first student was hopeless, said President Beardshear, but that second student . . . "Now I can make a man out of him."

Although some segments were pleased with Beardshear there were others who criticized him for emphasizing agriculture. Dr. Ross says it is difficult to judge a man's work when he was cut off right in the middle. He died of a heart attack at age 51 in 1902. Given time, he might have rectified some of the things for which he has been criticized.

It seems that from the beginning there have been two factions on the campus: those who wanted this a purely agricultural college and those who chose to interpret a broader meaning of the land grant idea. Professor Stanton and Professor Curtiss represented these two factions and there was rivalry between them for the presidency. Stanton was actually elected by one vote. He did not accept it. He said it had always been his dearest wish to become president of his alma mater, but he loved the school too much to take it on so slim a majority. He was acting president four times and probably gave more service to his school than had he accepted the presidency. The opposition surely would have forced him out with a few years. Many of you are aware that Stanton graduated in the first class in 1872, but I never could understand why he received the first diploma. His name certainly wasn't the first in the alphabet. He came to the campus as an upperclassman; he hadn't started with the class--so he couldn't have been the first to matriculate. I finally read how it happened. By the time these twenty-three students were ready to graduate, President Welch felt he knew them so well that he would not need a list of names in front of him. When the time came to award the diplomas, he had a mental block and he couldn't think of a single name. The first one that came to him was Edgar Stanton and that's why he has the honor of receiving the first diploma. It seems to me that makes Dr. Welch delightfully human, don't you think?

Stanton stayed on in various capacities, as math professor, secretary to the board, and dean of the junior college. He was on the campus for over fifty years. He gave the bells in the Campanile, which was built in 1899, in honor of his first wife, Margaret McDonald Stanton. His second wife decided that the Campanile should be a memorial to him also and it was enlarged. Stanton envisioned students walking to class in the morning listening to hymns. Secular music was played in the afternoon. For many years that tradition was adhered to.

One of my favorite stories about Professor Stanton has to do with an athletic event. He was an avid enthusiast for all athletic events, but being

almost the original "Mr. Five by Five," he was really more comfortable if he had two seats. He wrote to Iowa City for his two seats for a football game and when he arrived in the stadium he had his two seats, all right, but they were on either side of the aisle!

Instead of Stanton or Curtiss, they chose a man of neither faction. They chose Albert Storms, minister of the First Methodist Church of Des Moines. He was a Michigan farm boy and had been graduated from the University of Michigan. He was a brilliant speaker and a man of great intellect. He took a liberal view of the land grant idea and proved well suited to continuing the advancement of the college along the same lines as President Beardshear. He set up the divisions for colleges as we know them today.

The Engineering Experiment Station was begun in 1904, the same year as Illinois, and the first in the country. The Agricultural Extension service was established. Fraternities and sororities were allowed to come back on the campus. With expanding enrollment the added housing was helpful. His administration saw the organization of the Iowa State Alumni Association. The Knoll had been built before Beardshear died, but it had to be furnished for the Storms since they had always lived in furnished parsonages. Mrs. Storms was a great reader and named the house "The Knole" for a castle near Seven Oaks in England, not because it stood on a knoll. Later President Pearson said that was no way to spell "knoll"; so he changed the spelling to Knoll. The Storms family was always sorry about the change and felt that some of the romance of the name was lost.

At that time each school in the state had its own governing body, but there was agitation to have one governing body for all the state schools. President Storms was not in favor of this and when it went through and the State Board of Education, the forerunner of our Board of Regents, was formed, he sent in his resignation saying that he thought they should have a president who agreed with the new system. He resigned in 1910. After a few years as a minister in Indianapolis, he became president of Baldwin-Wallace College in Berea, Ohio, and remained there until his death.

For the third time Edgar Stanton served as acting president until Raymond Pearson was appointed in 1912. He served as acting president in 1890 when Chamberlain resigned and in 1902 when President Beardshear died. The last time was during World War I when President Pearson was in Washington, D.C. Pearson was a graduate of Cornell University, Department of Dairy, and was Commissioner of Agriculture in the State of New York at the time of his appointment. At the age of thirty-nine he had shown great ability in organization and administration, and the Board thought him capable of handling the problems of the institution. His mother acted as his hostess until his marriage here to Alice Dunsford, a gracious lady who had taught in a New York State Teachers' College in Albany. She came back to Ames for the dedication of Pearson Hall in 1964. She's still a lovely lady.

The Board of Education was still trying to find ways of decreasing expenses and made a survey. They recommended that agriculture be kept here and all engineering go to Iowa City. Once before in 1912 an effort was made to have all of the girls in home ec go to Iowa City, but it failed as this recommendation, fortunately, also failed. While he was president, the school made its transition

into a well-organized technical college. Enrollment increased from 2,500 to 4,500. It was a time of great expansion. Many buildings were built. Campus roads were paved at this time with convict labor from Anamosa. The Graduate College was established.

A chapter of Phi Kappa Phi was established in 1911, the sixth one in the country and the first one west of the Alleghenies. The Veterinary Research Department was begun. WOI began in 1921. VEISHEA began in 1922. Pearson's ambitions for the institution were boundless. Perhaps in his enthusiasm for the school he was not able to get on well with the board or the university at Iowa City. Relations between the two schools were at a low ebb. He resigned in 1926 to become president of the University of Maryland.

It was during President Pearson's term that LaVerne Noyes gave \$10,000 to construct Lake LaVerne and for landscaping the campus. LaVerne Noyes graduated in the first class in 1872 and made a fortune from his inventions. He might have done a lot more for his alma mater if it hadn't been for this one incident. In 1903 when the old wooden flagpole blew down, he offered to give one of his inventions, a windmill, to be used as a base for the flagpole. Now I don't know what the administration or the ag students thought about this, but you can be sure that the engineers didn't like it. One night some students pushed the windmill down a hill and at the bottom of the hill that windmill had scarcely one straight piece of metal in it. LaVerne Noyes was annoyed, to put it mildly, and shortly thereafter gave the University of Chicago \$500,000 for a dormitory in honor of his wife. In all he gave almost a million dollars to the University of Chicago which Iowa State might have received if the incident of the windmill flagpole had not occurred.

Another man who gave many years of dedicated service to Iowa State was Herman Knapp of the class of 1883. Although never president, he was acting president several times. He was the son of Seaman Knapp, the second president, and father of the late Seaman Knapp, of Ames, who was an insurance man for many years and the husband of Laura Storms. For many, many years Herman Knapp was the business manager of the college. After his graduation he was professor of agriculture but preferred the business side of the college. Everyone trusted Herman Knapp. He had sound judgment, balance, and was always impartial. Many times he calmed troubled waters. He was acting president until our next president was appointed in 1927--Raymond Hughes.

Hughes had been a professor of agriculture and dean and for fifteen years president of Miami University at Oxford, Ohio, his alma mater. Hughes's interests were primarily those of educator and administrator. The councilor system, the ward system, and personnel service were organized with the students' well being in mind. He encouraged the cultural, religious, and artistic life on campus. He saw the college through some of the depression years, and he told me that his wife dyed some of the worn places in the living room rug so they wouldn't show so much. It was probably that same rug which had been purchased for the Storms more than twenty-five years earlier.

He knew tragedy. He lost his son and his wife within a year and a half of each other and asked to step down several years before his retirement due to ill health in 1936. He remained in Ames much of the time until his death in 1958, beloved by many.

President Hughes brought Charles Friley here as Dean of Industrial Science in 1932. He instituted expansion and revision of teaching and research which were to bring the division considerable status. Many felt this was long overdue. He was President Hughes's choice for president. In training, experience, and educational philosophy, he was well-suited to guide the destinies of a land grant school. His concept of a land grant college was a more liberal one, a fuller up-to-date application of the philosophy of President Welch. President Friley was a native of Louisiana and a graduate of Texas A and M. When he took over as president in 1936, there were 4,500 students. With a gradual financial recovery from the depression, there was no occasion for rivalry for students so relations with the University improved. He guided Iowa State through the difficult war years. We were one of the schools to have extensive war training programs.

The college played a significant role in the development of the atomic bomb. The Manhattan Project under the direction of Dr. Frank Spedding devised an economical preparation of pure uranium. Several million pounds of it were produced in Little Ankeny, a temporary building so-called because of the Ordnance Plant down at Ankeny. It was all very secret and not very much talked about. Since then there have been many stories about it. Dr. Spedding says that they were supposed to have anything that they needed and no question asked from the business office.

They were having trouble disposing of contaminated materials. One of the men had previously worked for Seagrams and remembered heavy oaken barrels which were discarded after they were emptied of whiskey; so they decided to order a thousand whiskey barrels. But when the secretary wrote the order; she wrote a thousand barrels of whiskey. The business manager called and said: "I know I'm not supposed to question any of your orders but do you have to buy your whiskey through the University?"

Fortunately only the empty ones arrived. At one time this temporary building had housed the popcorn laboratory and it was close to the press building where the Daily reporters were always looking for a story. Sometimes their experiments backfired, and they'd have a fire on their hands that they had to take care of themselves. Even an explosion would sometimes blast the walls out. And the men had to take care of that, too, and they'd go outside and try to push the walls back together again! Students from the Daily would come running over thoroughly expecting a good story but they were told: "No, it was just a bad batch of popcorn."

Of course you're all aware of how the atomic institute has grown since those small beginnings during the war. Iowa State made great strides in research in almost every area of the college. In 1950 Iowa State owned and operated the first educational television station in the nation. For several years it was the only station in central Iowa because of a freeze. WOI-FM started the year before in 1949.

Dr. Friley was a man who enjoyed the arts. In fact, he played the piano himself. And we're indebted to him for keeping Christian Petersen on the campus. Dr. Hughes was the one who brought him here. All of the beautiful sculpturing on the campus was done by him: the union fountain, the fountain in front of home ec, the statue of the veterinarian holding the dog, and so

forth, to name just a few. Dr. Friley's tenure was the longest of any president--seventeen years. He had some stormy years when there was agitation for his dismissal, but he survived them and retired in 1953 when President Hilton took over.

Dr. James Hilton, a native of North Carolina, was the first alumnus to become president. He was also the first president to have an earned Ph.D. He received his Master's Degree at the University of Wisconsin and Ph.D. from Purdue. He had been Dean of the College of Agriculture at North Carolina State at the time of his appointment here. His is an impressive record. He made contributions in expanding the curriculum. Several new departments as well as majors and graduate programs. Majors were approved in english and speech, foreign language and physical education for women. New departments were nuclear engineering and metallurgy. Independent doctoral programs were approved for agricultural engineering, child development and psychology. The program was broadened in child development and education to permit graduates to be certified as elementary teachers. A personnel office was established.

The Center for Agriculture and Rural Development was begun in 1957. The biomedical engineering program was initiated jointly also in 1957 by the College of Engineering and the College of Veterinary Medicine. Faculty insurance, hospitalization, retirement programs, as well as salaries were strengthened. For the first time Iowa State had something akin to a sabbatical leave which is called "faculty improvement leave." All these improvements made for good esprit de corps among the faculty.

The faculty increased from around 900 to 1,500. Many faculty members were granted leaves of absence for professional missions abroad. We have had contracts with the Agency for International Development to provide technical assistance to Uruguay, Peru, India, Egypt, and Brazil. Our name was changed to "University" in 1959. The student counselling service and the office of student affairs were reorganized. Faculty Council was organized, and the Faculty Newsletter was begun. The honors program became university-wide. The physical plant doubled in value, and enrollment practically doubled from 7,800 to 14,000.

When Dr. Hilton first became president he said he felt the need to have an adequate facility to house the student, cultural, and faculty activities. He dreamed of an Iowa State Center. He told me that he wasn't aware of this lack as a student but as president he realized how very much we needed good facilities for attracting concerts, lectures, etc. Every president for almost a hundred years had voiced the wish for an adequate facility, and now we have it. No more graduations in the Armory or in the stadium. I'm not sure that any one of us had an idea just how much the Iowa State Center would mean to Ames, to Iowa State and even the surrounding country. Dr. Hilton retired in 1965 and Dr. Robert Parks became the eleventh president.

A native of Tennessee, he graduated from Berea College, received his Master's at the University of Kentucky and his Ph.D. from the University of Wisconsin. He is the first social scientist to become president. He had been Vice President for Academic Affairs since 1961 and Dean of Instruction since 1958. He had previously been a professor in the Department of History,

Government and Philosophy but had left to go to the University of Wisconsin. Dr. Hilton brought him back to ISU. When Dr. Parks was named president, there was an article in the Daily. "Who's Parks?" Dr. Parks had been in Des Moines the day of the announcement, and when he returned a group of his friends and colleagues organized an impromptu welcome for him on the steps of Beardshear. He told them that if he ever needed to be cut down to size all he needed to do was to remember this article. "Who's Parks?" I suppose that's rather typical of students and their administrators. Unless they have them as a professor in class, they're not so likely to know them.

In his inauguration speech he set forth his goals of excellence, diversity, and service. He wants to make this a broad-based university. More majors were approved in the liberal arts with majors in music and philosophy. For the first time a student may graduate with a bachelor of arts. New graduate programs were begun with Master's and Ph.D. degrees in computer science and biomedical engineering. Independent doctoral programs were approved for aerospace engineering and mechanical engineering. The names of some departments were changed, some divided into separate departments. For the first time since 1913 there was a major addition to the academic structure with the formation of the College of Education in 1968. A design center was organized. It coordinates the work of three departments--applied art, architecture, and landscape architecture. The home economics research institute and also the industrial relations center were approved.

Many areas of the administration were restructured by naming a vice president for business and finance, a vice president for student affairs, and a vice president for information and development. Dr. Hilton started the system of vice presidents with the vice president of academic affairs and the vice president for research. The extension service was organized under a single administrator as dean of University extension. Other changes of titles included a director of library science and director of admissions and records, who were made deans.

Expansion of the physical plant continues. The College of Veterinary Medicine is moving to a twenty-five and a half million dollar facility on South Beach, a fine facility which the oldest veterinary facility in the country deserves.

The faculty has increased to over 3,000. Phi Beta Kappa chapter was installed in 1973 to go along with a Phi Kappa Phi chapter which has been on the campus since 1911. The Order of the Knoll, a new organization to assist the advancement of the University, was formed in 1968. Members signify their intention to contribute a minimum of \$1,000 a year for ten years. At present there are two hundred forty names on the roster. A Black Cultural Center was dedicated in 1970. Our football team and basketball teams find consistent victories elusive, but the wrestling and gymnastic teams continue in the national limelight. Enrollment has passed 21,000, and there is expectation of over 22,000 for this fall. Sounds as if Dr. Parks has made a lot of progress in the eleven years he has been president. From this birdseye view of the university through its presidents, I think you'll agree that we've had very able men guiding it and it's understandable why we have an institution of which we're all very proud. APPLAUSE.

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WHEN WAS THE CAMPANILE BUILT?

1899.

HOW LONG DID THEY CONTINUE TO REQUIRE CHAPEL?

An educated guess. I know it was gone by World War I. And I think maybe until that time it was voluntary (it had been compulsory and then was voluntary).

WHERE DID THE DINKEY STOP?

If you know where to look on central campus, in front of Botany Hall, there is a depression where you can see where the tracks have been. And the station was located a little south of the present Hub.

It's hard to know what to put in and what to leave out in such a brief thing as this. I'm sure that there are lots of areas where some of you would have enjoyed hearing more but I just elected to do it through the presidents and left it at that. There are many angles you could take and have a whole program on instead of trying to be so comprehensive.

WERE THERE ANY PARTICULARLY INTERESTING CLASS MEMORIALS GIVEN THROUGH THE YEARS THAT YOU CAN THINK OF OFFHAND?

One is still around. It is the grandfather clock at the Union. There are many memorial trees on campus with plaques. And there are some benches around in various places for people to sit. In fact the one that used to be at the front of the library--I'm sure that when they put them there they didn't dream that that wouldn't always be their front door and it isn't even an entrance now but I expect they're used some.

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WHAT KIND OF TRANSPORTATION DID THEY HAVE IN THE EARLY DAYS?

First off, they had a carriage, they called it the Black Mariah, that took students back and forth to downtown Ames and around the college. This was before the Dinky, this little railroad, started. And somehow that name "The Black Mariah, always tickled me. It was kind of an awesome looking thing. It was black and looked almost like a hearse but it had seats inside and I think it was enclosed--maybe it had flaps on.

*(Question inaudible on tape but assumed to be above because of answer.)

WHEN WE WERE IN SCHOOL

April 22, 1976

by

Margaret Sloss

The first draft of an agricultural college bill was presented to the Assembly on February 5, 1858, and the act was passed on March 22, 1858. However, because of hard times and the Civil War, classes did not begin until March, 1869. In the meantime, a Vermont legislator, Morrill, sought to legislate federal support for the "people's college" movement, and in 1858 the Iowa Agricultural College received its charter. President Lincoln finally signed the bill on July 2, 1862. On September 11 Iowa became the first state to accept its terms. The charter directed that the college admit women on an equal basis with men, and its first class of ninety-three college and eighty preparatory students included thirty-seven women. This was the first land-grant institution to be coeducational from its beginning.

The sixteen young women in that first class had little interest in the degree programs of agriculture and mechanics; so they received training in the household arts while fulfilling their compulsory labor requirements under the supervision of the college matron.

Initially all the students (men and women) as well as the faculty lived in "Old Main." Water was supplied by a windmill. The building's gaslight system was unreliable, and as a consequence distribution of candles became a nightly ritual. The heating system could not raise the temperature above sixty degrees. Ventilation and sewage systems would not even approach the worst standards of today.

Students were awakened at 5:30 a.m., and from then on their daily activities were closely regulated. With classes, study hours, chapel, and at least two hours of compulsory manual labor, their only leisure time during week days was a short period just before dinner. They all had to be in their rooms by 7 p.m. with all lights out at 10 p.m.

In 1876, it was necessary to impose rent of three to four dollars a semester depending on the condition of the room. In 1880 rent for men in South Hall was two dollars and board was two dollars and ten cents per week.

Margaret Hall (this stood where the new Helen LeBaron Hilton Hall wing of Home Economics building is now) was Iowa State's first dormitory exclusively for women. The women could have gentlemen callers until 10:30 on Friday nights, but Saturday nights were reserved for "college functions" (these were debate societies and literary societies).

There was a rule that "no young woman who is a college student shall attend an assembly nor any public dance."

"Old Main" burned in two different fires. After the first fire the legislature refused the money to replace it, and it wasn't until the second portion burned that the money was appropriated and Beardshear Hall was completed in 1906. There were no housing facilities. This made it necessary for male students to find lodging off campus.

The 240,000 acre grant totaled \$800,000, and the earnings on these funds paid all college operating costs until 1900.

In May, 1879 the Board of Trustees appropriated \$200 to meet the expenses of the School of Veterinary Medicine. As late as 1909 the five people comprising the staff were paid salaries ranging from \$2,200 to \$2,700. At the present time the salaries range from instructors at \$10,000 to full professors at \$32,000 and above. Imagine hiring a whole teaching staff in 1909 on the salary paid just one person at this time!

The initial freshman class at Iowa Agricultural College in 1869 numbered 173. By 1900 the enrollment had reached 800, and the figure for 1975-76 is over 21,000.

I will try to show you in pictures the growth of our university and make you cognizant of the good work our predecessors did with a minimum of facilities and equipment.

NOTE: Dr. Sloss told anecdotes and stories related to the slides as she projected them. An identification of the slides shown in this program follows.

1. T. R. Agg, Dean of Engineering, 1932-1946
2. A. L. Anderson, Professor of Animal Husbandry, 1920-1961
3. F. W. Beckman, Head of Journalism, 1911-1927
4. E. A. Benbrook, Professor and Head of Veterinary Pathology, 1918-1967
5. H. D. Bergman, Dean of Veterinary Medicine, 1943-1952
6. S. W. Beyer, Dean of Science, 1919-1931
7. H. A. Bittenbender, 1917-1921
8. R. K. Bliss, Director of Agricultural and Home Economics Extension, 1914-1946
9. F. E. Brown, Professor of Chemistry, 1917-1959
10. R. E. Buchanan, First Dean of Graduate College and Director of Agricultural and Home Economics Experiment Station, 1901-1972
11. O. H. Cessna, Chaplain, 1900-1932
12. Mark Cleghorn, Professor of Mechanical Engineering, 1902-1942
13. Blair Converse, Professor and Head of Technical Journalism, 1919-1939
14. W. F. Coover, Professor and Head of Chemistry, 1904-1944
15. C. H. Covault, Professor and Head of Veterinary Medicine and Director of Veterinary Clinics, 1917-1951
16. J. C. Cunningham, Professor of Horticulture, 1911-1948
17. C. F. Curtiss, Dean of Agriculture, 1902-1932
18. J. B. Davidson, Head of Agricultural Engineering, 1919-1956
19. Louis DeVries, Professor and Head of Modern Languages, 1913-1950
20. A. H. Fuller, Professor of Civil Engineering, 1920-1938

21. Henry Gilman, Distinguished Professor of Chemistry, 1919-
22. J. E. Guthrie, Professor of Zoology, 1901-1935
23. Oscar Hatch Hawley, 1920-1938
24. Knute Hegland, 1879-1946
25. M. D. Helser, Dean of Junior College, 1933-1955
26. J. H. Hilton, President, 1953-1965
27. P. G. Holden, First Director of Extension, 1906-1912
28. H. D. Hughes, Professor of Farm Crops, 1910-1947
29. C. A. Iverson, Professor and Head of Dairy Industry,
30. H. H. Kildee, Dean of Agriculture, 1933-1949
31. Herman Knapp, Acting President, 1926-1927; Business Manager, 1920-1933
32. G. B. McDonald, Professor and Head of Forestry, 1910-1948
33. C. MacKay, Professor and Head of Home Economics, 1910-1921
34. T. MacRae, Professor and Head of Music, 1920-1948
35. A. Marston, Dean of Engineering, 1904-1932
36. W. H. Meeker, Professor and Head of Mechanical Engineering, 1907-1934
37. M. Mortensen, Professor and Head of Dairy Industry, 1908-1938
38. H. S. Murphy, 1908-1927
39. Nellie Naylor, Professor of Chemistry, 1925-1955
40. A. B. Noble, Professor of English, 1898-1936
41. L. H. Pammel, Professor and Head of Botany, 1889-1929
42. F. D. Paine, Professor and Head of General Engineering, 1912-1934
43. R. A. Pearson, President, 1912-1926
44. Herbert Plagge, Associate Professor of Physics, 1909-1965
45. C. D. Rice, 1913, 1917-1929
46. A. Richardson, 1922-1926
47. Maria Roberts, Dean of Junior College, 1922-1933
48. E. D. Ross, Distinguished Professor of History, 1923-1958
49. L. B. Schmidt, Professor and Head of History, 1906-1945
50. Fredrica Shattuck, Professor of Speech, 1907-1956
51. P. S. Shearer, Professor and Head of Animal Husbandry, 1913-1954
52. Tom Sloss, Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds, 1910-1932
53. C. H. Stange, Dean of Veterinary Medicine, 1909-1936
54. Julia Stanton, Dean of Women, 1924-1928
55. W. H. Stevenson, Vice Director of Agricultural Experiment Station,
1913-1948
56. Tom Vance, Professor of Psychology and Child Development, 1914-1950
57. Vifquain and LaGrange, Professors of Animal Husbandry
58. F. E. Walsh, Associate Professor of Veterinary Obstetrics,
59. Aerial view
60. Aerial view
61. Old Office Building
62. Carver Hall, 1969
63. Old Vet, 1895
64. Veterinary Quadrangle, completed in 1912
65. Veterinary Quadrangle
66. Veterinary Complex
67. Campanile in snow
68. Campanile, completed in 1897
69. Old Ag, 1893-1909
70. Seed Labs, 1927
71. Bessey Hall, 1967
72. Station A, 1892

73. Victory Bell, 1871
74. Old Main, 1869-1872; burned, 1902
75. Women Cadets
76. Beardshear, 1906; named 1938
77. Trolley, 1907
78. Science, 1915
79. Science, 1955
80. Curtiss Hall, 1909
81. Marston Hall, 1901
82. Morrill Hall, 1891
83. Margaret Hall, 1896; burned, 1938
84. Home Economics including addition, 1911 and 1925
85. Sewing Class
86. Home Economics Cabinet 1924
87. Memorial Union, 1927 and 1939
88. Armory, 1932
89. Women's Athletic Council
90. Winifred Tilden, Professor and Head of Women's Physical Education, 1903-1943
91. Basketball
92. Hockey
93. Mortar Board
94. National Col. Player
95. Pearson, 1965
96. W. O. I., 1964
97. Stephens interior from stage
98. Inside Hilton - empty
99. Inside Hilton - filled
100. Computer Science, 1969
101. Lodges
102. Friley Hall, 1927
103. Men's Towers, 1965
104. Old Gym - men, 1912
105. Beyer Hall, 1964
106. Early football team
107. New stadium, 1975
108. Center
109. Iowa State University Center
110. Coliseum, 1971
111. Fisher Theater, 1974
112. Scheman, 1975
113. C. Y. Stephens, 1969
114. C. Y. Stephens

WHO WERE THE REVOLUTIONARIES AND THE LOYALISTS?

April 29, 1976

by
Clair Keller

I thought I'd comment on my visual aids. I seem to have gone wild. These are some posters that I got from the People's Bicentennial Commission. I don't know whether you know it or not, but we have two bicentennial commissions. We have the one that's funded by the federal government--that's the regular American Revolution Bicentennial Administration, and through that we get all sorts of things like bridges painted, in red, white and blue, and fire hydrants, painted in red, white and blue, and other kinds of hucksterism as I one time described it. I haven't been too excited about it except that I did get some money. . . . Iowa has, in fact, spent, at least part of the money in what I consider to be a very good way, the development of some materials for classroom use, and Dorothy and I have been engaged in some workshops involving them. They also help sponsor these Town Hall lectures.

But the People's Bicentennial has been trying to talk about the meaning of the Revolution in terms of a revolutionary spirit rather than having old men dress up in uniforms and shoot at one another like they do at occasions which celebrate battles. So what I did was take money from one grant and use it to buy some of these posters, and I'm waiting for Lloyd Smith to start auditing the accounts that I have and wondering why I have checks written on the Bicentennial Commission for the People's Bicentennial Commission.

I think the money was well spent; when I give these lectures and workshops I have these posters. I also use them in classes. I've been really heavy on visual aids this year. I go in and put two of those up beside me like this, and it gives you a spirit of the revolution.

At a recent meeting of American historians in St. Louis during the first part of April, one historian, Bernard Bailyn, who is one of the real creative historians on the American Revolution, was taken to task for glorifying Thomas Hutchinson in a book called The Ordeal of Thomas Hutchinson. Thomas Hutchinson was the archenemy of Sam Adams, one of the real early leaders of the American Revolution and of the Boston patriots who thought Thomas Hutchinson was the personification of the Tory-Loyalist personality. The person who took Bernard Bailyn to task was another historian, of course, Richard Morris, who said this:

Sympathy for Tories epitomized for many in the recent biography of Thomas Hutchinson, a Colonial governor, by Bernard Bailyn of Harvard, was the cry by, among others, Professor Richard Morris of Columbia. "You must keep in mind," Dr. Morris admonished Dr. Bailyn, to applause from the audience, "that the Tories were fifth columnists who served the British against the patriot forces. Unless you think of the Revolution as devoid of value, you cannot make heroes out of the Tories!"

And this is what has happened in our writing, recently--we have started to look at Loyalists and Tories and perhaps maybe to make heroes out of them. So you see the American Revolution continues not on the streets in Boston but in the minds of the historians. In this euphoria surrounding the Bicentennial, it is probably hard for today's American to accept the idea that many colonists were reluctant to join their neighbors against the British. In fact it becomes even harder to accept the fact that a large number of colonists fought with and not against the British . . . fought in regiments against their own countrymen.

Carl Becker, an eminent progressive historian who has spent some time in Iowa, summed it up fifty years ago when he stated that the American Revolution was both a struggle for home rule and who should rule at home. And so it was more than just a movement towards independence; it was also in many ways a civil war or a struggle to find out who was going to run this country. Tonight's lecture explores the nature of that internal conflict. What issues divided the colonists; who were people who were Loyalist; what were the consequences of their actions? I hope to deal with those three points, but before I do I'd like perhaps to deal with some other general introductory topics first--to review a little bit about what I said last time--not to repeat but to review this whole idea of the decision-making process.

In my last lecture I talked about some points that I thought were important to remember when you're dealing with this whole decision-making process. In terms of having to make the decision of whether to become a Revolutionary or to become a Loyalist or to remain neutral, probably most colonists, I would think,--and again we have very little evidence to find out what most people were thinking at that time--but using evidence and inferring, which is what we have to do, we probably feel that most colonists undoubtedly tried to avoid the decision as long as possible. The reason we think that is because that is human nature and the colonists were human. We don't think human nature has changed all that much in two hundred years.

Now during the debating phase of the struggle, that is, from 1763 to 1776, during this phase when there were lots of rhetoric and lots of discussion on the part of the colonists, it was perhaps possible to tolerate within the community differences of opinion--that is, you could disagree with your neighbor, and it was an honest disagreement--although there were many instances where it went beyond rhetoric. Of course we have mob coercion trying to force people to do things during this whole period--way back in the early 1760's we had mob coercion, pulling down houses of people (as I mentioned last time what they tried to do with Thomas Hutchinson's house, pulled down Peter Oliver's building on the wharf) and things like that.

But, in general, a lot of it remained at the debating level. As the intensity of debate increased and moved, after Lexington and Concord, from the meeting place to the battle field, toleration for those with whom honest differences of opinion arose diminished, and as the stakes on both sides were raised, it became increasingly hard for an individual to equivocate on the issue. In other words, when one group has placed its property and its lives on the line, it is very difficult to harbor within one's midst a potential fifth columnist! That is just not human nature. So what we begin to see here, as we move through this period and as the struggle gets warmer and

people are more committed, is that more coercion is going to take place and you're not going to allow people the luxury of saying: "Gee, I can't make up my mind." That won't be done. That's one of the things I hope to point out.

Now this moment of decision, of course, came at different times for different people. If you were a Boston merchant, you probably had to declare your intentions as early as 1765, long before Lexington and Concord, during the Stamp Act Crisis or later during the Townshend Act. When you were asked to sign an importation agreement and if you did not sign an agreement, you were making a signal to your neighbor that--okay, this guy has to be watched. Ostracism probably began at that moment if not outright violence and coercion against those individuals who refused to go along. If you were in the Massachusetts legislature, your moment of truth came when you were asked to vote on a resolution to rescind the circular letter which was demanded of you by the British authorities. But if you did go along with the British authorities as nineteen did, your name would be placed in the public record, and you were ostracized and they went out to get you in the next election.

So early in 1766 you had to be put up--or 1768 or later maybe if you were an importer of tea, like Jolly Allen, and you purchased tea and as a result of purchasing tea in 1773 before the Boston Tea Party, you saw your customers begin to dwindle and only the friends of the government and the army would come in to your place and buy your goods.

And so for Jolly Allen it came very early. Or maybe if you were in a community where the ladies decided they wouldn't drink tea and you would not go along with the group--that may be the moment for you to make up your mind whether or not to join in the Revolution

Or perhaps whether or not later on you signed solemnly a covenant which was a non-importation and a non-exportation agreement, later expanded by the First Continental Congress, so that by April, 1775 committees were established in every town and every county with the purpose of coercing individuals to sign the non-importation and non-exportation agreement or face ostracism, public scorn and being discredited in any number of other ways.

These committees and I like to think of these committees as vigilante committees, extra legal bodies having no authority in law, a group of individuals who appointed themselves as caretakers of the revolutionary mood would see that everybody either sign or pay the price for not signing these oaths of allegiance. Or maybe you've had to decide whether to sign a letter of appreciation to Thomas Hutchinson when he left as governor of Massachusetts, or a letter welcoming General Gage or perhaps you faced that moment of truth when you had to decide whether to vote on a motion to elect delegates to the First or to the Second Continental Congress.

If you were a clergyman, your moment of truth came in 1775 when you were asked to hold a service--a day of fasting and a day of prayer in honor of the revolutionary movement. Or in Massachusetts where you were asked to collect money for the oppressed people of Boston. This was your moment of truth when you

had to make your decision and many Anglican clergymen, especially Anglican clergymen, as a matter of conscience at that moment and because they felt that disloyalty to the king contravened their own vows of loyalty that they had taken when they were ordained. The result was that they then preached not in favor of the revolution but admonished their congregations to compromise, to submit to Parliament.

If you were in Boston during the siege, perhaps your moment of truth came a few days before March 17, 1776, when General Gage says, with about five days notice; "We're pulling out." And you had to decide what to do, whether to stay in Boston, remain in Boston and face the consequences of the rebels when they took the city over or whether you were going to leave your property, leave Boston, leave your homeland and be exiled and go with the British to Newfoundland, to Halifax or to London.

Later on as we move through this period, every colony would pass a test oath in which they would as a result have you sign this oath or face banishment, loss of property or imprisonment. Or maybe you were a merchant and you were asked to accept continental currency that had depreciated and was of no value but refusing to accept it as legal tender to pay debts meant that you had indicated and signaled that you were not a genuine rebel.

For some, of course, the moment of truth perhaps was not quite so dramatic. Maybe, like John Hopkins, one loose-tongued mariner of Savannah, Georgia, who muttered while drinking a toast, "Damnation to America." For these words he was hauled out of his house while eating supper, stripped, tarred and feathered, carted around town for three hours, taken to the Liberty Tree, had a rope placed around his neck, and then asked to recant by drinking a toast, "Damnation to all Tories and success to American liberty," or hang! Well, he decided that he had only one life to give to his mother country, but he wasn't planning on giving it at that moment and recanted. As I heard someone say on television recently: "faced with a choice of liberty or death, take liberty." That's what he did.

Okay, well, what I've tried to set up then is that the moment of truth, the moment of decision, varied for individuals. It varied depending on how lucky you were, where you lived, and so forth. But as we move through the revolution, it became more and more difficult for individuals to avoid making that decision. Colonists went out and in a sense put people up against a wall. So I'd like, now, to move back to where I started, that is to my original point and take a look at the issues that tended to divide the colonists and maybe perhaps identify the issues that tended to be important for your Loyalists.

In the beginning the thing that separated most Americans was not the goal of the protest but the method. Of course that is not unusual. I think whenever we've had protest movements in this country a lot of times when you start getting people lining up on one side or the other, it boils down to method not objectives. And this is the same sort of thing you begin to see here. That they were divided not on opposition to what they considered to be British arbitrary action but the method, because even Thomas Hutchinson, already identified as arch Tory, enemy of the patriots, opposed the Stamp Act, vigorously opposed it, not only on its efficacy but on its principle. What he disagreed with, of course, was the method being used by the rebel. But as we

move closer to independence, of course, the issue becomes the goal of, as well as the method of independence. Now I'd just like to show you--kind of illustrate this movement--with some beautiful overheads. What I want to show here is to try to point out how this whole debate occurred over a period of time and in a sense kind of look at the groups. This is impressionistic history. The numbers are meaningless; so don't be fooled by the numbers because I've got a barometer of feeling towards the British and I have it numbered off. Don't be fooled because that's very impressionistic. It's my feeling but it's not evidence and there might be a historian around who would want to question the validity of these things, and I'm not going to defend them because I can't defend them.

Before we get to the Stamp Act crisis, it seems to me that if we were to take a poll in 1763 and we could ask people, "How do you feel about the mother country?" most Americans would have a sense of love of the mother country to varying degrees, but at least most would have some affection. Now maybe love is overstating it; it seems hard to love anything like that, but the point is that they felt positive (that maybe is what I mean) towards the mother country. Only a very few would have negative feelings towards the mother country.

But as we move towards the Stamp Act and the Stamp Act was the first event where you had real colonial-wide violence, when people were involved in rioting in the streets and the mobs were tearing down houses, and people were being forced to come in front of the Liberty Tree and publicly denounce and resign their offices as stamp collectors with a mob howling around during this period that heated up feelings and a lot of disaffection occurred.

But when the law was repealed, then we begin to move towards more positive feelings again; most people tended to support Great Britain. Remember, I've moved from love to support so we're getting this softening of feeling. Meanwhile the opposition has moved from disaffection to what I call radicalism, which is more of an anti-British feeling, and moved in the direction of independence. And so what has happened is that the character of the debate is beginning to change where we have here it's a matter of love and not love, positive and negative we get up to here and it gets into support v. radicalism and we can follow this trend, then, through the various events.

We have the Townshend Acts in 1768 and their repeal and of course when they are repealed that brings things back again somewhat to about the same place; that is, having the hard core there but still most people being supportive of the mother country.

Then, of course, we get into the Tea Act. In the Tea Act controversy we have the ultimate conclusion being the Boston Tea Party. The Tea Act or the Boston Tea Party is like the Stamp Act and the Stamp Act crisis because it was a colonial-wide protest that occurred in every colony; and where violence was needed, it was violent and of course you know about the dumping of the tea and everything that followed.

But the mood of support changes from support of mother country to one of conciliation. That is, saying, it's not a matter of being against Britain or for Britain, but an attitude that states, "Hey, we ought to try to work out the differences. Let's conciliate." Then you begin to have moves toward independence.

So we've gone from radicalism to an outright "We want independence" to conciliation, meaning "Hey, let's send over the olive branch petition; let's try to come in with some kind of compromise; let's do anything possible to stop an outright break." And that's your conciliatory group and your independence group. By 1776, of course, we move to where they are dominant or at least they have the power in sufficient amount to get the Declaration of Independence resolution passed on July 2, 1776. Some people will argue that they maneuvered that, that most people did not support independence, that it was maneuvered by a small group of people who tricked the colonists into independence.

Well, that line of argument has been used many times in many places. You now find Loyalists (and here are your hard core Loyalists) who are going to leave. So we have three groups: people who want conciliation, independence, and Loyalists. As I have pointed out, as we move through the struggle and the fighting and the "bang, bang" and all that stuff, obviously the independents will grow until 1783; everybody is for independence when the war ends. The people who are conciliatory are forced into independence, and I have the high point of Loyalism as probably 1777 because that was the high point of British occupation.

If the British would have been able to win the war, they would have won it in 1777. After that it was pretty late and chances for success were pretty bad. All right, so that's what I'm trying to point out here, to show how this took place.

The essential character of this Loyalist sentiment to me was temperament, a temperament that abhorred violence, preached caution, and finally advocated above all else the virtue of law and order. I think this temperament was best summarized by a New York Loyalist, Isaac Low who was himself a delegate to the First Continental Congress. He was a prominent New York merchant who opposed British action. He must have had some inclination in that direction or he wouldn't have gone in the First Continental Congress, but when it came to independence that was too far for him to go. He balked at independence; he was then later proscribed as a Loyalist and his estate was confiscated. In an address to a committee in New York like a committee of correspondence, it wasn't called that but it was New York's version he wrote the following which I think is a good summary of this feeling that they had.

It is but charitable to suppose that we all mean the same thing and that the only difference amongst us, or at least ought to be, is the mode of effecting it. I mean the preservation of our just rights and liberties. Zeal in a good cause is laudable but when it transports beyond the bounds of reason, it often leaves room for bitter reflection. We ought, therefore, gentlemen, to banish from our hearts all little party distinctions, feuds and animosities for our unanimity and virtue we must at last recur for safety and that man will prove himself the best friend of his country whose highest emulation is to indicate those principles both by precept and example.

So temperament; a temperament which says go slow; a temperament which says we must do this in a rational sort of way characterized most Loyalists. Many feared, of course, the leveling tendencies of the rebels. They didn't like the people who were in the mob. They looked at that group of ruffians,

the mechanics, and the artisans; and they were bothered by it. It wasn't really as much what the mob wanted to do as much as the mob itself--the people who were in the mob.

John Adams revealed this attitude in the following. On his return from the First Continental Congress, he was stopped by a couple of these ruffians (lower classes) saying, "Oh, Mr. Adams, what great things have you and your colleagues done for us! We can never be grateful enough to you. There are not courts of justice now in this province and I hope there never will be another." "Is this the object for which I have been contending?" said I to myself, for I rode along without any answer to this wretch. "Are these the sentiments of such people and how many of them are there in this country? If the power of the country should get into such hands, and there is the great danger that it will, to what purpose have we sacrificed our time, health and everything else?" So even John Adams--fervent leader of the revolution, numbered among the radicals--feared this leveling tendency, feared the people who were supporting the revolution.

Who, then, were these rebels? And these Loyalists? Well, historians obviously debate this sort of thing. Because we can't go back and talk to them, we have difficulty in identifying them. A recent study of over two thousand revolutionaries by an USC historian (and these were Massachusetts revolutionaries) found contrary to what I have just read--or at least contrary to perhaps what John Adams was concerned about--that a Massachusetts revolutionary was a prosperous, middle-aged farmer or businessman who feared for his own political independence as well as for his economic well being. In other words, to many historians people who were the revolutionaries . . . they look at it and say, "Well, gee, it seems to me this is a middle class revolution." And certainly, a middle-aged, prosperous farmer or businessman is not our vision of a twentieth century revolutionary.

John Schultz argues that the revolution was no revolution at all . . . more of a restoration movement, an attempt to restore what they already had. But to many historians, especially those on the left (the New Left historians), this view obscures the real nature of the struggle. And again this was debated in St. Louis as well, that is "Who were these people?"

One of the New Left historians is Jessie Lennish. He says, "Historians propose that conventional notions erred in regarding the revolution as a work of a few elitists. The three million ordinary people in the colonies at the time of the revolution, they said, constituted the active citizenry."

"There was political participation in the revolution across all ranks," argues Richard D. Brown, another historian. "Leaders in the revolution were very close to their followers," he said, "and made many democratic concessions to popular will."

And so the debate continues. Gary Nash arguing in attacking Bernard Bailyn's interpretation of the American Revolution as an ideological revolution, that the people went to the barricades because they feared that the British were engaged in a conspiracy against their liberty and takes issue with this position. He says:

Recent studies of the American Revolution have relied heavily on the role of ideas to explain the advent of the American rebellion against England. The gist of this ideological interpretation of the Revolution is that colonists inherit a tradition of protest against arbitrary rule became convinced in the years after 1763 that English government meant to impose in America not merely mis-government and not merely insensitivity to the reality of life in the British overseas provinces but a deliberate design to destroy the constitutional safeguards of liberty which only concerted resistance, violent resistance if necessary, could effectively oppose. It was, according to this, Bailyn's view a conspiracy against liberty above all else which propelled the colonists into revolution.

And then he argues:

An important corollary to this argument which stresses the colonial defense of constitutional rights and liberties is the notion that material conditions of life in America were so generally favorable that social and economic factors deserve little consideration as part of the impetus to revolution. The outbreak of the revolution, writes Bernard Bailyn, again a leading proponent of the illogic school, was not the result of social discontent or of economic disturbances or of rising misery or of mysterious social strains as seem to beguile the imagination of historians straining to find peculiar predispositions to upheaval.

So Gary Nash takes issue with that position and argues that indeed the lower classes had motives; that it was more of a revolution than what we are willing to accept. And that seems to be the trend of the new writing of the history on the American Revolution, a movement towards making it more radical, getting the lower classes involved more deeply in the revolution.

Who, then, were Loyalists? I think by looking at Loyalists we may be able to get at the other side of the coin of who the rebels were. Obviously there were some people who stood to benefit by continuation of British rule. These were officials, people who were royal officials who had received their appointment from the Crown, had taken oath of allegiance to the Crown and felt a moral sense of obligation.

There were people in the military. Obviously they would be Loyalists. Members of the Anglican Church tended to be Loyalists more than those who were not members of the Anglican Church. Immigrants from Britain, more than native-born, tended to be Loyalists. Of the non-British immigrant group, the Germans tended to be Loyalists more than any other group, perhaps because of the language problem . . . their ignorance maybe . . . this might have contributed because they never really understood the revolutionary ideology.

Scottish born tended to be Loyalists more than any other of the English group. The irony is, really, that a lot of the Scots came into this country in 1715 and 1745 when they were exiled because of their activities or because they were defeated by the English. But now in the colonies they turned and became supporters of the English. As Wallace Brown suggests, "Maybe they just didn't want to be three-time losers." Having gone through that twice, they decided maybe they ought to try to back the British and obviously they ended up backing the wrong horse.

In many places people who were minorities within an area tended to be Loyalists more than people who were in the majority, as if, for example, they had depended upon the English to support or to, in a sense, defend their way of life within a majority system. For example, northern Anglicans tended to be Loyalists more than southern Anglicans where they were in the majority. The Dutch and German in New York and in Pennsylvania; French Huguenots, small farmers in New York; Baptist in Massachusetts--these were people who were minorities in the community and these kinds of people tended to be Loyalists.

What about slaves? If anybody had a reason to be a Loyalist it would be a slave because it seems hard to imagine that if one understood the issues, you would fight, if you were given the opportunity, on the side of the Patriots in order to remain a slave.

One of the colonial governors, Governor Dunsmore of Virginia, became one of the most hated men in the colonies because he issued a proclamation in which he offered to any slave who would come over to the side of the British, freedom. Ultimately several thousand, not necessarily in Virginia, but several thousand black, ex-slaves did find their way into the British lines and did leave with the British or went to Halifax or the Bahamas or various other colonies. There is a list of them.

One of the bones of contention in the peace agreement was whether or not Americans should be compensated for the loss of slaves whom the Americans said were enticed away by the British. The other issue, which the British stressed, was that Americans should have to pay off their debts to the creditors which was about two million pounds. Neither of these were ever done although promises, promises, promises were made.

Geography. Peripheral areas, regions already in decline or those not yet risen to importance, tended to have more Loyalists than the centers of economic activity or political activity, etc. Economic groups established lawyers who got fees from British officials or merchants who profited from certain kinds of trade. Merchants were a mixed bag and some tended to profit from their connections with Great Britain.

Farmers were the largest group of Loyalists. That makes sense. Why? Well, because 85 to 95 per cent of the people were farmers, especially in New York and North Carolina and South Carolina. These were recent immigrants who feared a loss of land titles if the British were defeated. So they had a motive in becoming Loyalists. Farmers were distant from the issues of tea and the issue of stamps and the issues of Parliament and the riots in Boston, etc.

Yet, in New York large landholders tended to be Loyalists. Doctors tended to be Loyalists. However, few teachers were Loyalists (that will make us feel good).

I've already mentioned the Anglican religion, especially among the clergymen. People were Anglicans because the Anglican Prayer Book continued to keep loyal thoughts in the forefront. As I pointed out more so in New England. There were about two hundred fifty clergymen and 90 per cent of

these became Loyalists. The least percentage of Loyalist clergymen who were Anglican were found in South Carolina, which was a very strong Anglican area or in Virginia only about two thirds so that where you had a predominance of Anglicans you found fewer Anglicans who were Loyalists. In other words, Loyalism on the part of Anglicans was inverse in proportion to their numbers.

There is also, of course, a correlation between British occupation and Loyalism, which was unfortunate for the Loyalists because what happened was that as the British went through an area they tended to flush out the Loyalists. They identified them. And, of course, one of the problems that you have in trying to fight this kind of war--which is the kind of war we tried to fight in Vietnam and failed--is that it is difficult to occupy and establish in a given area a stability. The result was that the British would come into an area, the Loyalists would come out, they would support them, they would flush them out, and then the British would leave. And of course everybody knew who the Loyalists were, then. And the rebels would come back in.

One of the most brutal battles ever fought in the revolution was at King's Mountain. King's Mountain was more of a civil war battle than any other battle because it was fought between the Loyalists and fought between the Rebels. And it was only after that battle that the American rebels refused to give quarter to the Loyalists. Only when the officers finally got in when it got so bad, after the butchery was going on for a while, did they finally stop it. What I'm trying to point out, you see, is that when brother starts shooting brother that is when you're going to have that kind of atrocity. That's probably one of the most bitter and brutal episodes in the whole war--the battle at King's Mountain. So you have that kind of group as well, then.

Let's move from identifying who these people were now to what happened. What were the consequences of being a Loyalist? I've been suggesting some of these as we went on: loss of property (every state passed a law confiscating property of Loyalists, identified as a person who did not sign the oath), that was one thing. It is very interesting that a lot of our Patriots (American colonists) used continental money to buy up that property and came out at the end of the revolution in pretty good shape.

Well, one of the early kind of exercises which the rebels enjoyed doing to the Loyalists was tar and feathering them. And we somehow, I think, have a tendency to look at this as kind of a "fun and games" evening. I mean, sure, somebody is getting a little sticky, a little dirty, and so forth; but it was kind of a good natured sort of thing--fun! I think that's kind of the feeling we get, not that we would want to be tarred and feathered ourselves; but it seemed like kind of a mild form of harrassment. Well, let me read you one of the most famous tar and featherings which took place, January 25, 1774.

At about eight o'clock in the evening, a club-wielding mob milled along Cross Street. Their objective was John Malcolm, a distinguished but hot-tempered veteran of the French and Indian War, a native Bostonian, an ex-overseas merchant turned Royal Customs Official, and a highly unpopular man for many reasons connected with both his personality (he was quarrelsome) and his job. His recent arrival in

Boston had been preceded by the unpopular news that in 1771 he had helped the Governor of North Carolina against those reputedly Whiggish rebels known as the Regulators and that in October 1773 he had seized a brigantine at Falmouth, now Portland, Maine

In other words, his reputation was not that of a guy who was well liked.

Although it was one of the severest cold nights of the winter, so cold that both Boston Harbor and even the very ink as it touched paper had frozen hard, the wretched man was put in a cart, stripped to buff and breeches and dealt the punishment of tarring and feathering, which American Patriots were soon to convert into the major spectator sport. Malcolm, self styled Single Knight of the Tar, as opposed to English Knights of the Garter, had already suffered the same indignity the year before for his conduct of seizing the brigantine.

A contemporary description gives a good idea then of what Malcolm and many others went through.

The following is the recipe for an effectual operation. First, strip the person naked. Then heat the tar until it is thin and pour it upon the naked flesh or rub it over with a tar brush, after which sprinkle decently upon the tar, when it is still warm, as many feathers as will stick to it. Then hold a lighted candle to the feathers and try to set it all on fire. If it will burn so much the better. But as the experiment is often made in cold weather, it will not then succeed. Take also a halter and put it around the person's neck, then cart him the rounds.

Which means, cart him around town. The result of this was often to end up being mutilated. There was one episode of an individual in South Carolina who lost his toes as the result of it. Others were hurt, and so forth. Tar and feathering was one of the kinds of things that happened to Loyalists.

Banishment was another form of punishment. People were banished from their homes; their property was taken; they were imprisoned. It was common for people to be imprisoned. Also, there were some murders. A lot of the murdering or a lot of the killing took place during the war when bands of Loyalists bands of Loyalists in New York, especially, in the so-called "no man's land," called "cowboys" were roaming around, out to rob and steal. The same thing with the rebels, named "skinners," who did the same thing. A lot of this occurred during the war as well. In other words, there was a penalty.

But finally, I think that I would close by looking again at the price of Loyalty. It is obvious that one paid a very heavy price. What is interesting, also, is that although the British were inept in their use of Loyalist support, they went to South Carolina in 1781 because of Loyalist support. That was their southern strategy, and it ended up in Yorktown in 1783. They went there because they felt there was a large amount of Loyalist support, but they were ineffective in using it.

Of course the nature of the war, as I pointed out earlier search and destroy missions had tendencies to turn neutrals into rebels. But the British,

I think, ought to be at least (I don't know whether you want to congratulate them) applauded for their treatment of Loyalists because they stood by the Loyalists after the war. Again, when General Gage left Boston in 1776 he took with him about a thousand Loyalists and that meant ships, that meant finding places for them. These people then went to Halifax. Of course going to Halifax was not peaches and cream because they complained about the conditions there. Remember that many of these people had lived in pretty fine conditions. Now they were forced to pay exorbitant rents in Halifax and so forth and there were these problems.

But the British did a lot later in providing for these people. For example, one of the things they did was to set up a commission in England, and the role of this commission (set up in 1783 with the Compensation Act of 1783 which established a five-man commission) was to review claims of Loyalists. So you can go down and they have these claims they have the transcripts and you can go through this and you can study these and you find, for example, that many of these individuals were compensated for loss of property, that the British government paid them generously for the loss of their property. Second, many were put on governmental pensions as a result. In addition to this, many were given acreages or land in areas in the New World.

So you had pensions, you had compensation for loss of property, and you had, then, outright land grants. And you had colonies like New Brunswick in Canada, established as a place for Loyalist exiles. Life was not easy. And you can read the diaries, as I have, of people who were exiled in London. They were Americans, but they were forced to leave their homes. And while some did find their way back, most never did. But I think it's important that perhaps the British spent (including land and provisions that they would provide provisions, emergency relief) about thirty million pounds. Now thirty million pounds in those times that's a lot of money! A considerable amount of compensation.

What's interesting is to compare British treatment of Loyalists with American treatment of Vietnamese, two hundred years later. That's one of the messages of the Bicentennial.

So it was not easy for the Loyalists. Many of these were people who had lived in established homes and lost all their property and now they were sent out and were starting in a frontier existence. It was not easy and it was a problem. But many felt that they could not stay in the colonies, that the revolution brought about changes which they themselves could not tolerate. Had they had foresight, they may not have left. But from their vantage point in 1776 in Boston or 1783 in New York--the two principal evacuations--from their vantage point looking at what was taking place, to them they could not foresee anything but destruction of basic principles and ideas which they felt were very important. So the struggle, then, was a struggle for not only home rule but who should rule at home.

I'll stop. I'm not going out with a bang on this; I'll go out with a whimper. My son is going crazy down here. You don't have to bring an alarm clock if you want a speaker to quit; you bring your son and put him in the front row and it drives you crazy after a while.

HOW LONG DID IT TAKE FOR HEALING TO TAKE PLACE?

I think it depended on the community. New England, in a lot of ways, sat out the war. They started it but after that, the Battle of Saratoga, it was all over in New England. You never had intensity of fighting, whereas in New York the bitterness lingered a long time. In New York the British occupied it from 1776 until 1783 and, of course, you had this "no man's land," and it was very intense. You had the same sort of struggle for British-occupied Pennsylvania and of course in the South. In places where the British did not occupy I think it was less intense. In a sense you had a normality of relations. You can see why if you had confiscated people's land and you had taken that land away from them, you're not about to start giving it back. Because somebody else owns it. They don't get it back. Loyalists tried to do things like this to try to save it. There was one episode of a brother living in the same house--one room was Loyalist, one room was rebel. One had all sorts of paraphernalia demarking the British Loyalism and the other had rebel stuff.

WHAT EFFECT DID THE "TIDE OF BATTLE" PLAY?

Where it turns the tide is in public opinion like the Boer War when you read material on the Boer War. I've read a lot of biography and autobiographies of the Boers engaged in the Boer War and ultimately when the conservatives are in power but when Chamberlain and his group is kicked out and liberals come in they'll liquidate the war and we'll win. That's exactly what happened. The same sort of thing you could argue with Vietnam. The same sort of thing happened in Britain that eventually Lord North gained power in 1770, stayed in power until 1782 in came a new government and he immediately started liquidating the war. And Yorktown did not defeat the British. What Yorktown did was to say to the British: "All right, you have to answer this question. Is it going to be worth continuing the war?" And they decided at that point that it wasn't worth continuing. There were still thirty thousand troops in the colonies and they had already defeated the French navy. Within six months of Yorktown the British had regained the advantage on the seas that the French had. Yorktown is a very, very interesting situation. It is the only time in probably a hundred years where the French defeated the British and had mastery of the sea for about three months in this one area, and it was that that did it. Many of the British reinforcements went back, and of course there were five or eight thousand (something like that) French troops at Yorktown along with the others. So the French were very important to Yorktown. Without the French there would have been no Yorktown. There is absolutely no doubt about it. The British just decided they were tired of paying for it. The average citizen was taxed to his neck in 1765 when this whole thing started. And they were tired of it. I have a book at home entitled Letters Written by British Officers in the War and they are always critical of their generals and so forth. But one of the things that's amazing the number one topic in every letter is seeking higher office I mean higher officerships in the military being transferred to this ship or this regiment. And the letters are to influential politicians, the government people in Britain, to "look out for my boy." It's just letter after letter after letter, and every single letter may talk about the war going badly and all the problems they are having, but they all deal with "I want to get a better rank."

THIS RELATED TO THE WAY IN WHICH THE BRITISH OFFICERS GOT THEIR COMMISSIONS.

Oh, yeah. Right. They bought them. Sure. And this is where younger sons went. They had to do something with the youngest sons.

THIS WAS MORE THAN A CONFRONTATION FOR THE BRITISH WITH THE AMERICANS. OTHER NATIONS WERE INVOLVED.

This is true; the British were fighting everybody. We were fighting them. This was a minor engagement. Actually the French attempted and almost successfully launched an invasion of England during this period of time. Again, the British were lucky. Evidently the channel the weather was so bad that seems to be the saving grace. But there was a real invasion fleet ready and the weather stopped it and the French never got up to do it again. But you are right. They were engaged all over. They had lost all of their friends because again they were stopping Dutch ships and they were doing all sorts of things. They decided finally that the American Revolution was not the most important thing to them. They had other things that were more important. India would return so much more ultimately in terms of value than the colonies did anyway.

IS THERE A SERIOUS CONTENTION THAT IT WAS A POPULAR REVOLUTION?

Oh, yes. The New Left historians are developing this idea. Gary Nash from whose article I read earlier is in a book called Explorations in the History of American Radicalism, and every article in here deals with the whole idea of a "popular revolution." The newest research, Gary Nash for example, goes through Boston, goes through New York, and he says: "Hey, things were not economically good." You did have frustrations, you did have lower classes that saw the revolution as a vehicle for improvement of their economic condition.

THEN WHY WASN'T THERE A REVOLUTION IMMEDIATELY AFTER?

Well maybe not, but it may have paved the way for a revolution which occurs at various times. I think 1800 was a crucial point in American history because in 1800 it was decided that we would not have an elitist society; had we followed the dictates of the Federalists, that was the direction it was going, and I think it did make a difference when they elected Jefferson. What I'm talking about is a leaning, a mood; and I think the revolution did make a difference in that way. The debate was not over yet but was going on and Jackson came along. These are tendencies and I think the country would be a lot different without those tendencies.

WELL, I'M TALKING ABOUT APPROXIMATELY THE SAME SPAN OF TIME FROM THE END OF THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WARS TO THE BEGINNING OF OUR REVOLUTION. THAT WAS THE PERIOD WHERE IT WAS IN THE INCUBATION STAGE AND THEY FOUGHT.

That's the period when, if you take a look at Boston for example, you find the rich getting richer and the poor getting poorer. And you find the creation of a landless class--you find this in Philadelphia, more and more; you find this in New York, the rise of a poor class; and so forth. That's why they're arguing that the impetus to the Revolution was the condition of people who saw getting rid of the British and getting rid of some of the guys who were in the positions of Governor and so forth as a way of improving their own condition. Now it might have been betrayed.

IN 1783 AT THE WAR'S END, 1789 WHEN THE CONSTITUTION GOES INTO EFFECT ABOUT THE SAME LENGTH OF TIME AND THE POOR PEOPLE ARE STILL POOR, THE ONLY THING THAT SEEMS TO BE MISSING IN THAT TEN TO TWELVE YEAR PERIOD ARE THE ACTIVISTS--THE PEOPLE WHO CAN INSPIRE THE MOB AND CONTROL IT.

Well, it was a conservative revolution, I agree. Its significance might be what was set in motion. I think the country is a different country because of the revolutionary trend. Unfortunately as historians we can't run it "with" and "without." It would be good if we could and see what the differences would be.